

OCTOBER  
1 9 3 5

# Chatelaine

Ten  
Cents

In This Issue:

A Magistrate  
Defends "Bad Girls"





# STILL *her* ADORER

THE years are adding up . . . soon their children will be grown . . . yet he is still her adorer . . . she holds him as completely as when they were first married. More women should know her secret.

\* \* \* \*

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units." And the protein you know your family must have in their diet every day.

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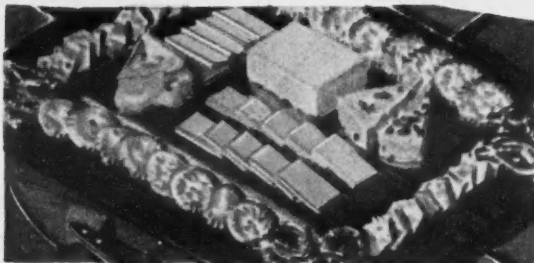
*It takes more  
than a gallon of rich  
milk to make a  
single pound of  
Kraft Cheese*



● **Mexican Loaf** Drain liquid from a 1 lb. can of kidney beans. Run beans through food grinder with  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Kraft *Canadian* Cheese. Cook one onion, chopped fine, in one tablespoon of melted butter and combine with beans, cheese, 1 cup bread crumbs, 2 beaten eggs and seasonings. Pack firmly in buttered baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and bake in 350° oven until brown. Garnish with green pepper rings. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

● **Asparagus and Cheese on Toast** Melt one package of Kraft Creamed Old English Cheese in the double boiler. Add one small can of evaporated milk gradually, beating constantly. Season. Pour over green asparagus tips on toast.

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**"ADMIRABLE!"** SAYS YOUR OWN DENTIST



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"THAT'S a very shocking and unpleasant picture," says the Beauty Editor of a famous woman's magazine. "Any woman who behaved as badly as that would soon find most doors closed to her."

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"I'm for that picture," would be his prompt verdict. "I hope Ipana publishes it everywhere. For if people ate more rough, coarse foods—gave teeth and gums more work, more exercise—we dentists would not be forever warning them about the dangers of tender, sensitive gums—about 'pink tooth brush.'"

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If you are wise you will begin today the *double* duty you must practice for complete oral health. For gums need massage as much as teeth need cleaning. So follow the teachings of modern

dentists. Rub a little Ipana into your gums when you brush your teeth.

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P 114



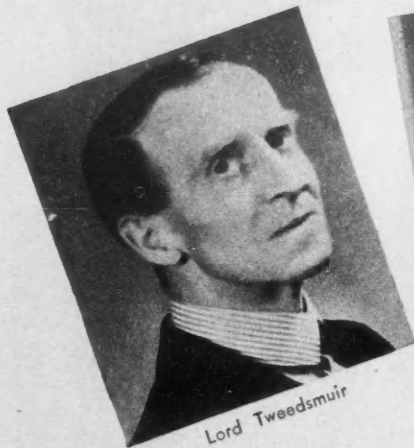
# Chatelaine

A MAGAZINE FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor

N. ROY PERRY, Advertising Manager



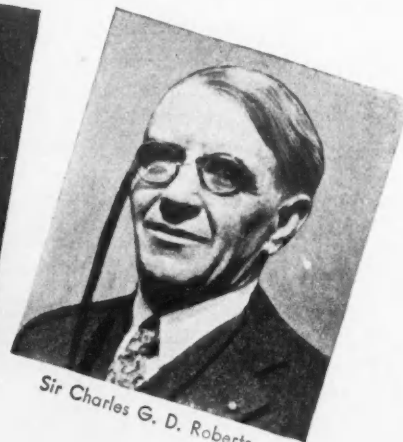
Lord Tweedsmuir



Kathleen Bowker



Dr. Margaret Patterson



Sir Charles G. D. Roberts

Dr. MARGARET PATTERSON'S article on bad girls has a comment on good wives that is worth thinking about.

In discussing the eternal problem of the woman who has lost her husband to some selfish girl, Dr. Patterson says (page 9):

"When she (the wife) comes for help, one listens with heart-sickening frequency to the story of the wife who had economized and denied herself in order to help meet expenses . . . deprived herself of clothes that the children might be as well dressed as others. As she talked, one wondered whether it would have been different if she had not worked quite so hard, but had taken her share of the profits accruing to the partnership into which she and her husband had entered."

Plenty to argue about there. And it's only a tithe of the vivid interest you'll find in this description of the girls who throng our courts, told by a woman, who, as magistrate of the far-famed Women's Court, Toronto, has a rich understanding of her subject. It's one of a series of articles written by internationally known figures, to be published in *Chatelaine*.

There's another thrilling feature in the latest nature story by Sir Charles G. D. Roberts. It's a beautiful and dramatic bit of writing. I hope that teachers as well as parents will be able to make use of this, for it would make an unforgettable reading period for the young people.

Melanie Benett, of Westmount, has a poignant story in "Mrs. Dacier." I have learned from past experience that this is the type of story most of you enjoy. For here are the people we know, stepping from our own communities. Do you play bridge? Or enjoy afternoon teas? Then you know full well what Mrs. Benett describes as those "intimate, murmured, thrillingly confidential talks" . . . Perhaps you know, too, the cruelty and heartbreak they can bring in their train!

In utterly different mood is the gay account of the modern young Ann who is as "Unwise as Possible," on page ten. Nancy Barnes recounts her penchant for planning her life with hard-headed sense—and upsetting it with casual good humor. It's an interesting way of living, if you like that sort of thing.

"I HAD one of the pleasantest and jolliest interviews out of hundreds," says Kathleen Bowker, our London correspondent, describing her afternoon with Lord and Lady Tweeds-

## THE CHATELAINE

"MISTRESS OF HER CASTLE"

In olden days the mistress of the chateau was called the chatelaine, and by wearing the household keys at her girdle she became known as the keeper of the keys. So "Chatelaine" was adopted as the name of a magazine designed to serve the modern chatelaines of Canada. The tradition of the Keys is symbolized by the Seal of the Chatelaine Institute.

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### CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Cover by George Rapp

muir who come to Canada this month. And she has caught this spirit in her article, for it contains an account of Lady Tweedsmuir as given by her own family, the people who know her best of all. It's a vivid picture.

"The Thirty-Nine Steps" to be released this month is the new Gaumont-British film based on the novel by John Buchan, who as Lord Tweedsmuir will be Canada's new Governor-General. With the author's approval the film is not in the least faithful to the original novel. The main plot remains, and many of the individual situations. But a pretty girl has been introduced—who'd want a movie without one! Director Hitchcock felt that the story as it stood was dated with the tricks of its age, many of which have become banal in the movies. Everyone will be talking about it, so *Chatelaine* brings you the fictionized version to put you "in the know." It's a nice place to be, isn't it?

Don't miss Annabelle Lee's discussions of good style in our Beauty Culture section. Most women seem to feel they know just how to dress themselves. Few do. Annabelle Lee went to a well-known designer, a stylist and very successful saleswoman, and asked them what mistakes most women make. Their answers are worth remembering.

BUT I'M already immersed in the rich fiction programme that has been scheduled for the next issue. Each story is something special. Velia Ercole, the popular magazine writer, is in the November issue with "Two Sisters and a Man"—a dramatic love story that would make good movie material. Christine Jope-Slade, another international favorite, brings the intensely emotional story of a mother who struggled to save her daughter from repeating her own mistakes. Cushing F. Wright, who appears frequently in the big magazines, has a rollicking adventure to tell in "Father's Night Out."

It concerns a happily married man who was forced by his doting family to go on a spree. By himself. In Venice. No questions asked. It all sounded beautiful, but what happened will make you chuckle with enjoyment.

*Byrne Hope Sanders.*

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# Mrs. Dacier



A POIGNANT STORY OF WOMEN WHO, AT THEIR BRIDGE CLUBS, COMMENT TOO EASILY ON THE MISUNDERSTOOD TRAGEDIES IN THE LIVES OF OTHER PEOPLE

"As I was shown into his office his secretary was standing by the desk. It was the beautiful Mrs. Dacier!"

MRS. BRAID gathered up the cards with a little sigh of pleasure. This was the best moment of the good week, when, the Saturday afternoon contract over and her neat Scotch Mary deftly putting the last touches to the tea table, they settled down, just the four of them, for an intimate, murmured, thrillingly confidential talk. This was her chosen background; she was proud of her home, of the familiar, gracious things that filled her drawing-room—the subdued gleam of tenderly cherished old walnut, the rich plum color and dull green of damasks and broadloom, the modest distinction of good paintings deeply framed in antique gilt. She felt herself, in fact, serene and handsome and happy, secure behind her great-grandmother's Queen Anne tea service.

Miss Penderill slid away from the card table and held her hands to the fire. "Such lovely birch logs. Maudie," she remarked brightly, and sat down again with an absent-minded air in the most comfortable chair. Mrs. Jones subsided plumply on the chesterfield. And Mrs. Jestico perched uneasily beside her.

The star chamber was in session.

"Did you hear," said Miss Penderill, as usual starting the ball rolling, "did you hear that the little cottage on Truro Street is rented?"

"No, really," said Mrs. Braid.

"Well, I do think Theodore might have told me about it," said Mrs. Jones; her Theodore was president of the real estate firm whose neat official placard was nailed on the cottage door. The cottage itself was a tiny grey stone affair with a lilac at the front step, built on a narrow lot between two handsome homes. It

had been enormously popular in its day, harboring a sequence of young couples just starting out in life, until their ambitions or their families outgrew it, but the arrival of the smart small apartment had practically ended its career. The four ladies in the drawing-room had all an interest in it. Mrs. Braid had lived there as a bride. Mrs. Jestico and the archdeacon had spent six months in it while the new rectory was being completed. Miss Penderill had called at the little white door under the lilac tree countless times, leaving her correctly engraved post-nuptial card. And Mrs. Jones, of course, had always an interested finger in her husband's business.

"So he might have, dear," said Miss Penderill, pleased to have forestalled Mrs. Theodore so unexpectedly. "My good old char told me only this morning that her husband had been doing a little papering and so forth for the new tenant. Poor man, he's been out of work so long—"

"Yes, but who, Livvy?" Mrs. Braid persisted, anxious to keep the conversation from drifting among the familiar woes of Miss Penderill's charwoman.

"Oh, a Mrs. Dacier. Youngish and quite attractive, they say. Has a position in the city, so she'll be a commuter."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Jestico. "I do hope she won't expect the Rector to call. It's so terribly difficult about business people. Because naturally Saturday is always his sermon, and our evenings are generally so much engaged."

"Dacier? Rather a pretty name," said Mrs. Braid reflectively. "Any family, I wonder?"

"My dear, I honestly don't know. I've told you every single thing I heard—"

"And now I'll tell you something," Mrs. Jones interrupted, sitting up very straight and bright-eyed with eagerness. "I knew Theodore had said something about the cottage. Only the other day. He told me Hugh Waldon was enquiring about it. Hugh Waldon of all people!"

"Such a handsome man," Mrs. Jestico murmured. "I wonder if the poor fellow has lost all his money or something."

"I can't imagine Hugh Waldon losing all his money," said Mrs. Braid crisply. "He has too good a head. But I can't imagine why he should be interested in a poky little place like the cottage. . . . Oh, Althea darling! Come in and say how d'ye-do to mother's friends. And would you like some tea?"

"I've had tea, thank you," said Althea. She looked utterly young and slim and lovely in pleated skirt and leather jacket, with a scarlet beret tilted on her honey-yellow hair. She had tried hard to cross the hall unobserved, but now surrendered gracefully to necessity. She said: "How do you do, Mrs. Jestico? . . . And Mrs. Jones. How do you do, Miss Penderill?" with a little cold smile.

"Do have one of Mary's dear little scones, Althea. They're still quite hot."

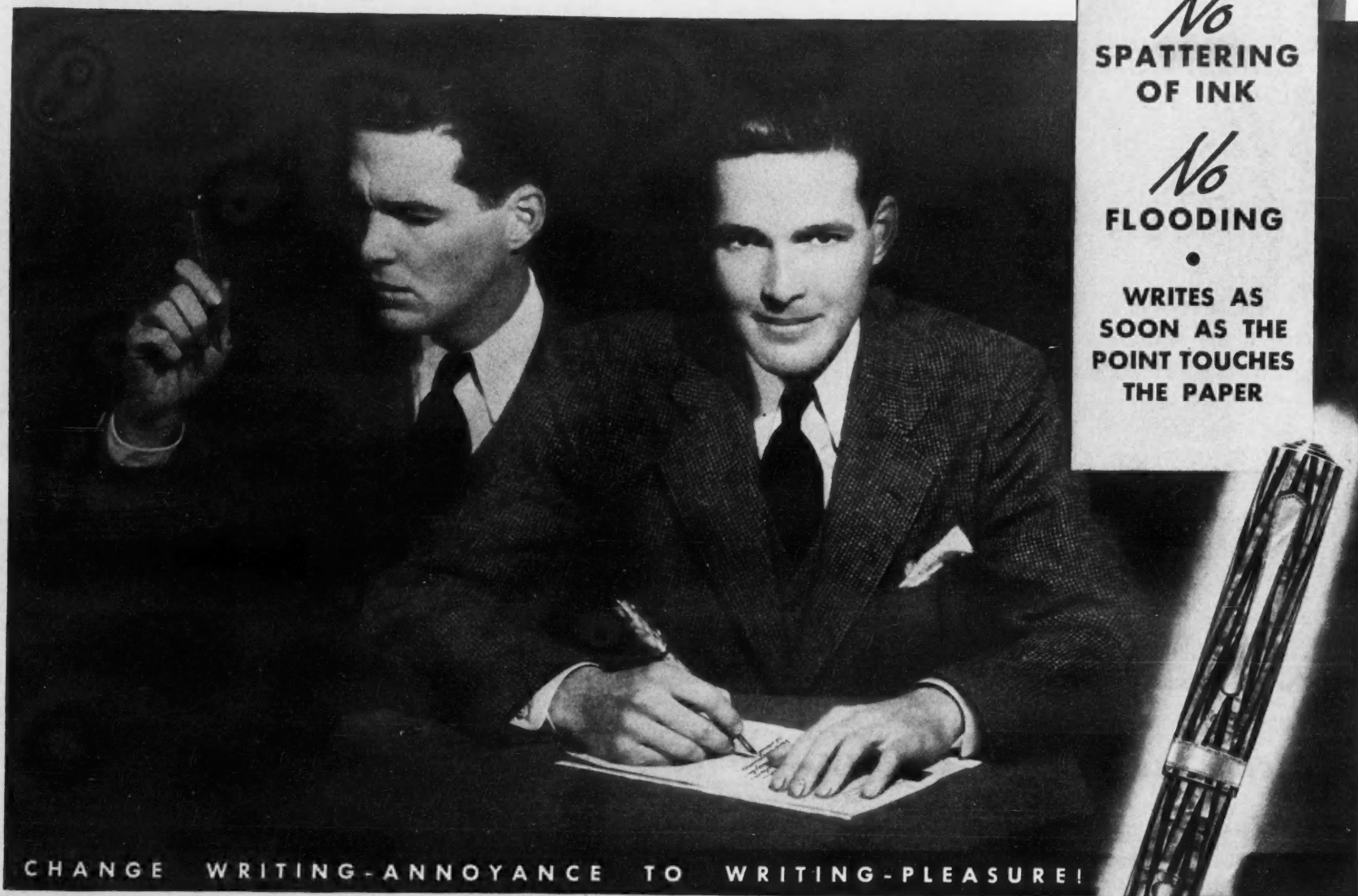
"No, thank you, mother." A year ago, Mrs. Braid told herself, the child would have had to be restrained by force from devastating the muffin dish and all the good things still standing in the curatè.

by MELANIE BENETT



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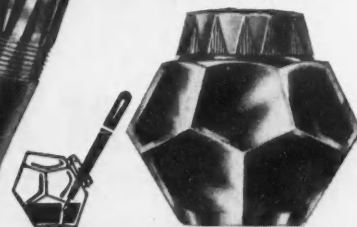
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Theodore was hostess. The living room of the Jones's big house was ugly, comfortable, and shabby; not a penurious shabbiness, but simply because recurring new furniture and re-upholsterings could not withstand the cheerful energies of the five young Joneses. As the four ladies settled to the bridge table, Elinor and her brother Hal came pounding down the stairs, arguing with violence. They were on their way to play badminton. Hal stood outside and saluted them with his racket, but Elinor came into the room and kissed them all, beaming. "Hullo, Mrs. Jestico! And Aunt Livvy! And darling Auntie Maud! Goodness, it's ages since I've seen you, Auntie Maud." Her legs were a little too sturdy under her short white pleated skirt, but a more attractive, friendly, sonsy creature could not have been found in three counties. The honorary auntships dated back to the days when she and Althea were babies together, playing in each other's sandpiles. It was only recently that Althea had reverted to more formal titles. Mrs. Braid said: "Elinor, my dear, I do miss you around. It's too bad you and Althea don't see more of each other."

"I'm not in Althea's class just now, Auntie Maud. I'm just one of these big athletic dumbbells."

"Indeed you are not a dumbbell," said Mrs. Braid. "You're a very dear girl, Elinor, and Althea is the stupid one—letting her best friends drop her."

"Don't worry about our dropping her, angel. I'll be sticking around when she wants me—"

Her brother said from the doorway, with indignation: "Are we playing

Illustrated by  
John Clymer



"I don't know anything about her. I just know she's charming and funny, and a tiny bit sad."

today, Hellion? Or was it next week?" And they departed with hasty good-bys, resuming their argument immediately, loudly but without rancor.

"My dreadful children," Mrs. Theodore murmured in a voice that purred with pride.

THIS WAS a good beginning for the afternoon. Mrs. Braid was warmed by Elinor's loyalty and the friendly atmosphere of the familiar room. Nevertheless, as they began to play, she found herself distraught, concentrated on a disturbing conversation she had held with Althea earlier in the day.

It had seemed an opportunity. Althea, childlike, was sprawled in a favorite armchair with a book, while her mother at the desk dealt competently with household accounts. They were in the upstairs sitting room, filled with morning sunshine. On the window ledge a tall blue jar held the last hardy chrysanthemums, copper color and bronze. Mrs. Braid had asked leading questions with an admirable unconcern, and Althea had been almost frank, in her own strange fashion, giving the empty shell of fact and withholding intimacy. Yes, she had met Mrs. Dacier again. Yes, just by chance. Tommy and she had met her outside the Library one night, and because it was raining and utterly beastly had driven her back to the cottage. Yes, they went in. Of course she was hardly settled yet. Things still stood about in packing cases, and there were no curtains.

"I should think a little apartment in the city would be so much more convenient for a business woman," Mrs. Braid murmured.

"She doesn't sleep well. Nerves, or something," said Althea absently. "She was saying how marvellous the quiet was at night. No traffic, practically."

"I see. Just the same, darling, I wouldn't be in too great a hurry to make friends. Wait at least until mother has had a chance to call."

"Oh, who bothers about calls? I wish you could have heard her taking off old Penderill paying her call."

"Has Olivia called already?"

"Naturally. Sunday morning after church, with apologies and good advice. Telling her which shops to patronize and where to find [Continued on page 24]



"If you will excuse me, please. I have to dress—and it's late."  
 "Ah!" said Miss Penderill archly, "I believe our little Althea is going to the Country Club dance. Are you, Althea?"

Althea said "yes," reluctantly, and looked at her mother for permission to retire. When Mrs. Braid nodded she slipped through the doorway, and they heard her feet, swift with relief, go flying up the staircase.

"Oh, these Country Club dances!" exclaimed Miss Penderill. "What a lovely time the young girls do have nowadays!"

"Too lovely a time," said Mrs. Jestico, with a characteristic, petulant little jerk of her head. "The Rector has always said, if we had been blessed with children, he would have been most particular about where they went, and with whom they associated."

"My Elinor tells me," Mrs. Jones added comfortably, "that she hardly ever sees Althea these days. Althea runs around with a much older crowd—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Penderill again. "Tell me, Maudie, when are we going to hear some very interesting news about our dear little Althea? And Tommy?"

"My dear Livvy, when there is any news to hear you will be sure to hear it," Mrs. Braid retorted rather more sharply than usual. But her heart constricted with a sudden terror. What if Tommy were not merely one of the endless procession of beaux who had tagged after Althea since High School days? He was so much older—thirty-two or three, was it?—to Althea's nineteen. And people had talked about Tommy rather a lot at different times, because he ran around with some of the gayer young matrons. But this was simply small-town nonsense. The girls he had gone to school with were practically all married; there was nothing more in his taking one of them to lunch or a show in the city than in her own faithful George—she thought with a faint flicker of malice—driving Olivia Penderill home on a rainy evening. But how much did Althea like Tommy? They were always together now, and Althea was absent-minded, concentrated on her inward life. Mrs. Braid found herself envying Mrs. Jones her lively, boisterous brood, who shouted everything at the top of their voices and had no reticences about their own affairs or others'.

She was thankful when Mrs. Jestico, who for some moments had been inching herself forward to the extreme edge of the chesterfield, rose with a jerk and announced that she must simply run. The good-natured Mrs. Jones volunteered to drive her back to the Rectory, but Miss Penderill declared that she, for her part, would walk, needing exercise. She would probably go along by Truro Street, just to see what was being done at the cottage. Mrs. Braid closed the front door behind them with all her pleasant serenity shattered. Their three heads nodded and bobbed together as they walked to the curb, where the Theodore Jones's big car was standing. Were they talking about Althea and Tommy? She hurried upstairs to Althea's pretty green and silver bedroom.

ALL THE lights were on—the bedlight, the two at either side of the dressing table, the delicate little glass-lustre fixture in the centre of the ceiling. From the bathroom next door came the sound of rushing water and the pungent sweetness of bath salts flung with a reckless hand. A white evening frock, a trailing wispy thing of chiffon, lay on the green taffeta bedspread beside a pair of small white moiré pumps with rhinestone buckles like two brilliant butterflies. Althea, clad in one brief garment of peach color silk, went clattering over the floor in feathered mules. She said crossly: "Please shut the door, mother. This isn't a lingerie exhibition."

Mrs. Braid lifted a fold of the chiffon dress, tenderly, loving it because it was like a part of Althea. "I believe this is the prettiest dress you ever had, darling. It's perfectly sweet. But isn't it just a little too fussy for the Country Club?"

"You know it isn't," said Althea. "Not for this party."

"You're going with Tommy?" She tried to make it casual. She knew how Althea hated questions, maintaining passionately secret her most trivial activities. Reserve had grown between them, destroying the sweet understanding they had shared in Althea's childhood. And Mrs. Braid found herself helpless, without any weapon. But she simply had to know about Tommy.

Althea said: "Of course." Her pretty mouth tightened. Her eyes were wide and ingenuous, withholding all expression. Like cool grey depths of water, transparent and yet utterly concealing. No use to cry out: "Why, 'of course?' Althea. . . tell me. . ." She stroked the soft flounces about the shoulders of the white chiffon dress, surprised to see that her hand was shaking.

"Poor Livvy Penderill!" she murmured, sliding away from more dangerous topics. "Why do you have to be so short with her?"

"That silly old carp," said Althea. "I detest her."

"Oh, my dear! You know she adores you. She's loved you ever since you were a baby."

"Not any more. She hates me now, because I'm young and pretty and having fun. So does old Jestico."

"Althea! What a horrid way to talk about mother's friends!"

"Well, they are horrid. Sitting around the fire biting all the backs in town. And you're getting to be just as bad."

"Althea!" Nothing in the world could have hurt her as much as that careless accusation. She felt the intolerable tears pricking behind her eyelids. "How can you speak so?"

"Oh, darling, don't make a fuss. I'm sorry. And I've got to get dressed—"

"Very well, dear. We'll say no more about it." She crossed the room with dignity, but at the door—because under her concern about Althea one cell of her brain was still busy with the earlier discussion in the drawing-room—she said eagerly: "Oh, Althea! The cottage, the little stone cottage on Truro Street, is rented at last. To a Mrs. Dacier."

"I know," said Althea indifferently. "I met her."

"You met her, darling? Where on earth did you meet her?"

"She was having tea at the Club this afternoon. With Hugh."

"Were you at the Club today, darling? You didn't tell me you were going."

"Oh, Tommy and I played golf." Impatiently, with a shrug of her slim bare shoulders, she turned and vanished. Mrs. Braid sighed sharply.

But even as she sighed something in her mind clicked suddenly. Odd that Hugh Waldon, who had been enquiring about the cottage, should escort this Mrs. Dacier to the Country Club.

BEFORE THE next meeting of the bridge club Mrs. Braid met Olivia Penderill in front of the market. Seen in the cool clear sunlight of the autumn morning, which was rather like seeing through the cool clear eyes of youth—Althea's eyes, for instance—poor Livvy, with her common-sense shoes and prancing gait, with brown paper parcels clutched to her negative bosom, with her inevitable dusty black velvet toque, was undoubtedly a figure of fun. Her long nose had a seeking look. She was overjoyed at meeting Mrs. Braid.

"My dear Maudie, I am so thankful to see you. I nearly telephoned to ask your advice, but, my dear, you know in this town one simply cannot trust the operators. And there is something I simply must ask you about. Tell me, have you met Mrs. Dacier?"

"Not to speak to," said Mrs. Braid. "I've seen her at the station. You know George likes me to meet him with the car. She's extremely good-looking. Everyone is conscious of that."

honor—financially. This is something quite different. As I was shown into the office his secretary was standing by the desk. And he said to her—I quote his exact words, Maudie—"That will do now. Thank you, Miss Grey."

"Well?"

"So I leaned forward and looked her in the eye, and I said. . . just like this: 'Good morning, Mrs. Dacier!'"

"You mean she's Hugh's secretary? And he calls her Miss Grey?"

"Exactly. And what I want to know, Maudie, is what we are to do about it. Bringing a woman like that right into our midst, introducing her at the Country Club—" really, Livvy did know everything!—"expecting us not to see what is going on—"

Mrs. Braid interrupted firmly: "A woman like what, Livvy? Surely you are taking a great deal for granted."

"I'm taking nothing for granted. Look at the facts. He installs her at the cottage, practically around the corner from his own home. Installs her under a false name, too, because people ask questions about a single woman living alone—"

And Miss Penderill bridled slightly, conscious that her own solitary existence could stand nobly in the fierce light of publicity.

"Yes, but, Livvy, what happened when you said that? It doesn't sound to me, from the way Hugh spoke to her, that he could have had any sense of—of guilt."

"Oh, they are quite shameless. They feel themselves secure and unsuspected. She just said: 'Good morning, Miss Penderill,' as cool as iced tea as she went out, and Hugh began to talk about business. If I had not been a single woman, Maudie, though I am old enough almost to be his mother, I should have asked him, right straight out: 'Hugh Waldon, is that woman your mistress?'"

"Livvy!" exclaimed Mrs. Braid in a voice of horror. Then the humor of it struck her. "My dear, he would have answered you, quite properly: 'Miss Penderill, none of your business.'"

"You may laugh, Maudie, but I assure you this is no laughing matter. He has insulted every respectable woman in this town."

"Oh, nonsense. The thing looks odd, I'll admit, but that's all we know. And I hope you won't say a word about it."

"Well, I certainly intend to ask Mrs. Theodore exactly what her husband knows about Hugh Waldon and the cottage. It's something I feel we have a right to know."

A BEAUTIFUL, ALOOF FIGURE, MRS. DACIER WALKED ACROSS THE BACKGROUND OF THE LITTLE COMMUNITY, NOT REALIZING THE UPROAR SHE WAS CAUSING . . . LOST IN HER OWN TROUBLES, SHE DID NOT KNOW OF THE CRUEL GOSSIP . . . UNTIL IT SEEMED AS IF LIVES WOULD BE WRECKED AND HOMES RUINED BECAUSE OF ITS MEANING

"Oh, good-looking! But not young Maudie, do you think?" Mrs. Braid laughed. "Young compared to old ladies like ourselves, Livvy. Thirty-five. . . at a guess."

"Forty!" said Miss Penderill fiercely. "But it doesn't really matter. What I wanted to tell you—it's really rather strange, Maudie. Of course you know Hugh Waldon looks after my—my financial affairs. As his father did before him. And the other day I had to go to town to sign something at his office, and. . . well, this struck me as very queer, Maudie."

"Don't tell me you suspect Hugh of embezzling your funds, Livvy, because I simply won't believe it."

"Certainly not. I'm ready to admit Hugh is the soul of

"I wouldn't, if I were you. Be discreet for once, Livvy."

Miss Penderill started as though a knife had been thrust in her ribs by a trusted hand, but retrieved herself swiftly.

"Well, I'm surprised at you, Maudie, condoning with this sort of thing. But, of course, my dear, I understand how you feel about it. . . seeing your little Althea and Mrs. Dacier are such bosom friends. . ."

She scurried down the street, tossing her head in triumph, and leaving Mrs. Braid completely stunned by this disclosure.

THE NEXT Saturday they foregathered at Mrs. Jones's. There was for Mrs. Braid a particular enjoyment when Mrs.





male," for these girls know they are taking the husband and father out of the home. They allow a man to spend on them the money that should be spent on food and clothing for his children, and for their own selfish pleasure they encourage his attentions, regardless of the misery it brings to the home.

With heart-sickening frequency one listened to the legal wife, who as a last resort would come to tell her story. It was usually a story of the proverbial wife "who looked well after the ways of her own household." She had economized and denied herself in order to help meet payments on the home, deprived herself of new clothes that the children might be well dressed and have all that other children had. As she talked, one wondered if it would have been different if she had not worked quite so hard, but had taken her share of the profits accruing from the partnership into which she and her husband entered through the "holy bonds of matrimony." However, she had done her duty and been a good wife and mother. She tells her pitiful story of past happiness, of the pride they had in their children, of the financial struggle of the early years, and of their hopes for the future.

Then he seemed to change and began phoning that he was detained in the office and would not be home to dinner. She was disappointed that he could not get home and worried lest he was working too hard. Finally her suspicions were aroused and she did a little detective work—earth has no better detective than the wife who has her suspicions aroused. Very soon she has found out where and with whom the evenings are being spent. Having found this out she naturally thinks all she has to do is to let the girl know that he is married. She is shocked to learn that this is no news to the girl, who coolly says: "Don't bother me. You had him first, why didn't you keep him?"

In desperation she comes to us for help. Alas, all we could do was send for the girl and try to appeal to her, but moral suasion does not mean much to this class of girl. With a shrug she answers, "If he is fool enough to spend his money on me, why should I worry?" The only thing you can admire about that girl is her ability to diagnose the man. Certainly he is a fool to spend his money on her. One cannot but feel the pity of it all; we know that no one can sow destruction in other people's lives without some day reaping it tenfold in their own.

I PUT the army of girls, the sex delinquents, commonly known as "bad girls," under the class of defective, incompetent and lazy. Many of these girls are unmoral. They drift in the avenue of the least moral resistance and have no standards by which to measure their conduct. Many of them are so mentally different from the rest of us that they cannot fit into organized society. As children they were difficult and in many cases were either pampered or treated with undue severity in their homes. In our schools, they were expected to conform to the education and training of the normal child.

All of them possess certain talents, which, had they been discovered and developed, would have fitted them for some useful occupation. We failed to develop the talents that they possessed. They were not trained to do any kind of work well enough to enjoy doing it, nor to have really saleable labor to offer. The only thing they can sell is their body, and in spite of the vigilance of the police they peddle that on the streets, not only destroying themselves but also endangering society, for they are the most prolific carriers of venereal disease, the only disease inherited in all its virulence by the children of the infected.

It was the heartbreak of my work to have these girls constantly appear before me charged as criminals and having no place other than penal institutions to which to send them, knowing that in a short time they would again be free in the community to swell the ever widening stream of moral and physical infection.

To the public one appeared very callous and hard-hearted not to listen to their pathetic pleas for "another chance;" but when one realized that another chance simply meant letting them out on the street to be preyed upon by the unscrupulous and to become the mother of an illegitimate child, one felt that, inadequate as our existing institutions are, it was kinder to give them even this protection than to let them go unsupervised and uncared for.

This has been called "the age of the child," and citizens and government alike are anxious to safeguard in every way the one who is a child in years. Surely the one who is mentally a child should also receive the care of the state.

Not all our sex delinquents are of low mentality. One is happy to recall the many girls of normal mentality who today frankly say that their appearance in court and the short remand in custody was the turning point in their life. It was our policy not to register a conviction in first offense cases, but if possible to remand in custody for a day or two just to give them an idea of what custody is like and to show them the end of the road they were travelling. You may wonder how did they ever get into this life. Loneliness, lack of proper information regarding the facts of life, and in some cases just for adventure. They wanted to see life but did not know that they were courting disease and death. A remand in custody often brought these girls to a realization of what they were doing. Among my most treasured possessions are letters of gratitude from numbers of these girls who are now leading respectable and useful lives.

IN A SEPARATE group come the unfortunate, unhappy and underprivileged. This was the most varied group of all, and from their number came some of the greatest disappointments but also the encouragements of one's work. Here we have the girl who was unfortunate in her choice of companions. Perhaps her mother had devoted too much time to giving her daughter material comforts to have the energy or time to devote to her in a way that introduced her to the fields of creative adventure or character training in helpfulness and in thoughtfulness of others; had never realized the importance of being chums and keeping her confidence. So the girl as she comes to the romantic stage of her development is quite unguided by older and wiser friends, and having no constructive programme offered her, is tempted by the glowing accounts of the adventure and romance of "hitch-hiking" and night life, to venture forth. Mothers do not realize just how common this has become or how disastrous it may be.

There are, of course, girls of various characters who start out as "hitch hikers." I recall one whose picture appeared in several of our papers, who was written up as being so brave, adventurous and attractive, that one would have thought she did a most meritorious thing when she "rode the rods." She appeared in court charged with "stealing a ride"—an offense for which only a fine is provided. Imposing a fine would not help the situation as it is always necessary to detain the girl long enough to find out why she left her home, or the place where she was living, so as to be able to intelligently dispose of the case.

I was severely criticized for remanding the case and demanding bail, but it was done in the hope of finding some solution of the problem. Perhaps her head had been turned by the attention she had received from seeing her picture on the front page of the paper, for she positively refused to give us any information; but the picture of which she was so proud nearly proved her undoing, for it was seen by an officer in her home town where she had deserted a child. However, the authorities of her home community decided that as long as she stayed away they were satisfied. She was remanded for sentence and put in touch with the denomination to which she claimed to belong. She was assisted by them and a position secured for her, but work

was not in her line and she walked out the second day. I fear she has not any intention of trying to lead a decent life, and has become a charge on the city.

LENA AND LILLY, two village maidens, were of an entirely different type. Having quarrelled with their respective boy friends, they decided to punish them by "running away," and managed to make the hundred odd miles to Toronto by the thumb method. They were "put down" near the centre of the city about dusk, with no home, friends or money. As they hesitated on the street not knowing where to go, they were soon spotted by a "curb cruiser" who told them to go to a certain place and he would call for them later and drive them to some friends of his who could give them work.

Fortunately all this was observed by one of our officers, who followed them to the appointed tryst and had a talk with them. On learning their story he offered to take them to the Salvation Army for the night and advised them to return home the next day. The glamor of what they were doing was so strong that they refused this kindly offer. The arm of the law, however, saved them in spite of themselves and they were lodged in the police station under the protection of our genial matron. They appeared in court next morning charged with vagrancy and this time were quite willing to go with the Salvation Army officer, who communicated with the parents and arranged their return home. I had a talk with the girls, pointed out that it was not the boy friends but the parents they were punishing; told them of the fortunate escape they had, gave them my address, and asked them to write and let me know when they reached home. They got home safely and wrote: "It was just as you said. Mother had almost fretted herself sick, could neither eat nor sleep, and gee, I felt bad to see how terrible she looked." One of the girls still writes to me, for she says if I had not "scared" her as I did she might have been tempted to go away again. She is now happily married and has settled down as a safe, sane citizen.

IN THINKING over the girls with whom I have been able to keep in touch, at least half of them have made good. The lesson I have learned from twelve years of intensive work with girls is that it requires the personal touch. You must gain their confidence, make them feel that you care, and that you will be disappointed if they do not make a real effort to do better. To do this effectively you must care tremendously and realize the value of the girl to her country. The greatest danger to any girl is to feel that nobody knows and nobody cares. You must make her feel that while you despise the sin that is ruining her, you still believe in her and expect great things of her.

Much preventive work is done through the court, but is it not just a little late to begin befriending girls when they get there? Remembering the splendid organizations that stand ready to assist any girl, one wonders why she has never sought their friendly aid. I have listened to case after case of the girl who desires to do something for herself, but with no clear idea of where to go or what to do; and who arrives in the city with only enough money to support her for a few days and as a rule is prejudiced against housework. She looks for a cheap room regardless of the district and tries to conserve her meagre funds by eating in the cheapest restaurant, thus exposing herself to all manner of temptations she is not prepared to meet. I have always felt it was a great pity she had not been warned of the futility and danger of such a course before setting out.

It is true we have the Y.W.C.A. always ready to help a girl and try to secure work for her and put her in touch with the right kind of associates. The W.C.T.U. has a boarding home for girls where any girl may stay as a guest of the institution for a short time; and these two organizations support a Travellers' Aid worker who meets all the trains and is ever ready to give advice and help to anyone. But the girls do not wish to appear new to the city, and so walk by the worker with an air of "no help wanted" and then out into the bewildering rush of the city street. When she finally realizes the need of obtaining information and advice it is too late, for she is with the wrong people.

If the girl is quite young the Big Sisters stand ready to supply her social needs. The various churches have church homes to which girls are welcome. There is the Girls' Friendly Society and many other associations all anxious to be helpful, and the Salvation Army never fails the girls who appeal to them.

These are city organizations, and although many of them have branches in the country there is a missing link in this chain of protection. The city organizations are working independently of the country and the country of the city, and this breach will exist until their work is so correlated that before the girl leaves her home she will be in touch with the people best fitted to direct her. There are few if any parts of the country where there [Continued on page 61]

"THE GREATEST DANGER TO ANY GIRL IS TO FEEL THAT NOBODY CARES"



# Bad Girl

WILFUL . . . SELFISH . . . IGNORANT . . . UNDERPRIVILEGED . . .  
YES! BUT HOW MANY OF THE GIRLS WHO POUR THROUGH  
THE COURTS CAN BE DESCRIBED AS "BAD"? . . . HERE'S AN  
UNFORGETTABLE PICTURE BY A WOMAN WHO WAS, FOR  
TWELVE YEARS, MAGISTRATE IN A WOMAN'S COURT

by DR. MARGARET PATTERSON

**N**OW THAT you are no longer with the bad girls" . . . said a friend to me the other day. This so impressed me that I asked myself the question, "Were those bad girls with whom I had come in contact during the past twelve years?" And my heart cried out, No! not all of them were "bad."

Many were underprivileged. More were wilful, selfish and ignorant. Others were incompetent. Many were lazy, but only a few were "bad" in the sense that they were lacking good qualities and were wicked, unprincipled, immoral, pernicious, unwholesome, corrupting and noxious.

In this latter class I would mention first "Leta." A tall, dark, rather distinguished looking girl who posed as a "foreign student," and frequented the places of amusement where students were wont to go. She was an adept at making friends, and maintained a comfortable apartment which soon became quite a social centre for "young men away from home." In this apartment they were treated to liquid refreshments and cigarettes. So pleasant were these cigarettes that the craving for them was soon established. As one became a devotee, he was urged to bring other friends, and so her popularity increased.

But her zeal for notoriety overcame her cruel calculating judgment, and perhaps to gain publicity, or for some reason known only to herself, she staged a fake hold-up. She was walking with one of her admirers when she suddenly left him, ran into a shed or garage at the rear of a vacant building, tore her clothes, dishevelled her hair and screamed for help. The young man wisely called an officer. In a very wild and excited manner she told a story of having been held up and dragged into the shed. Unfortunately for the success of this plot the officer, on calmly investigating the case, observed that there were no evidences of any struggle having taken place near the spot. There were only her own tracks to the shed. Thinking her a mental case he took her to the police station where a charge of vagrancy was laid.

When the charge was read and she was asked for her plea, she played the roll of the injured, innocent maiden, saying she had absolutely no recollection of anything that had happened the previous night, that she was subject to terrifying dreams, and it must have been in one of these that she had run out screaming. The officer, however, spoiled this story by stating that she was in street attire and fully a mile from her place of residence.

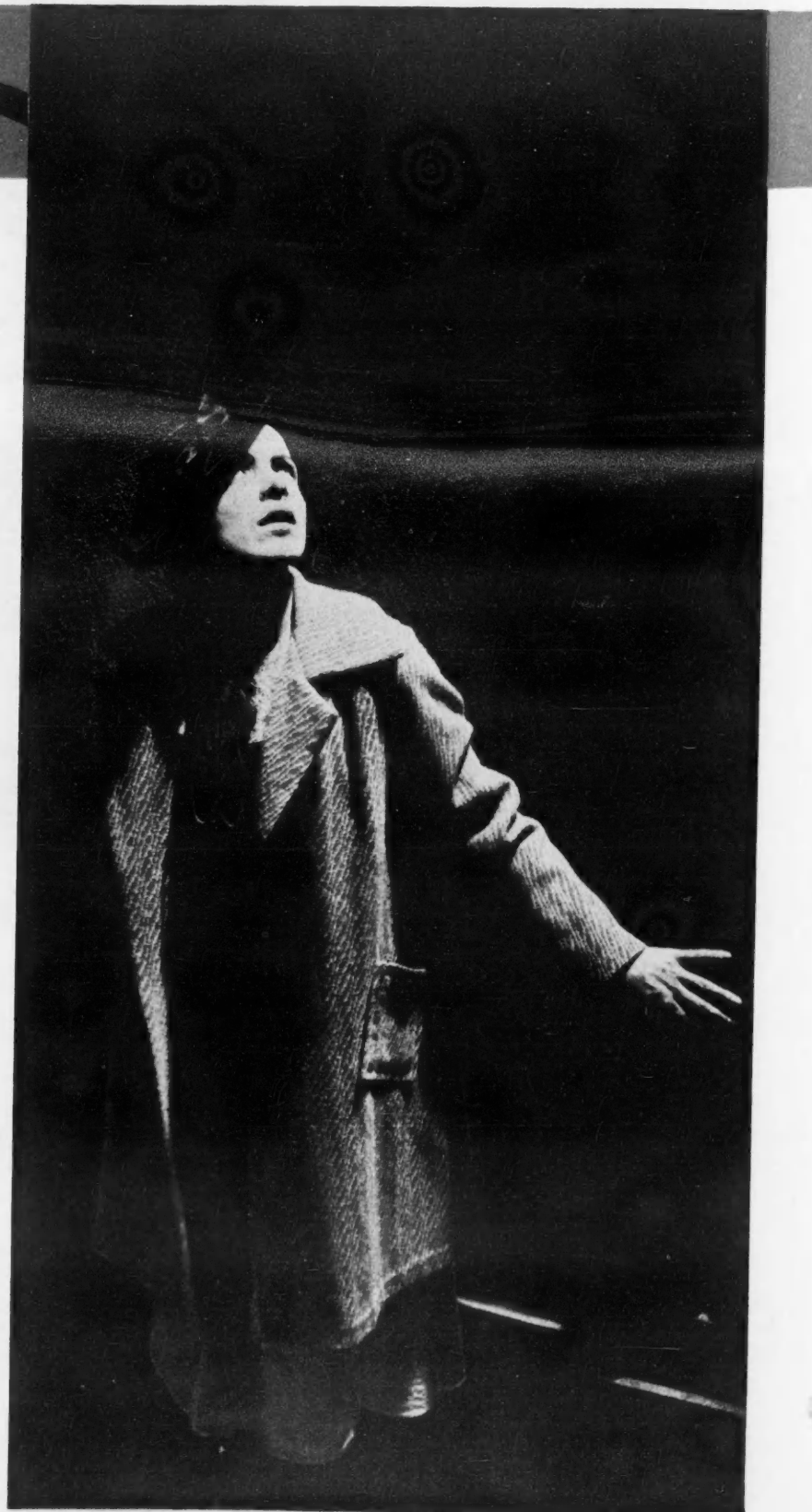
Realizing that she was either a mental case or a member of a "gang" she was remanded for psychiatric examination. Further investigation revealed that she was a recruiting agent for a noxious drug ring, and had in her possession a notebook with the names and telephone numbers of scores of young men. Beside some of these names, she had made notes as to whether or not they were good prospects. She positively refused to answer any questions or give any information as to her confrères, and it was only after weeks of intense investigation by the detectives, the psychiatrists and the immigration department that we found out who she was, but never found the higher-ups in the ring.

This case came first to mind as a sample of a "bad" girl, for what could possibly be worse than for gain to plot deliberately

to destroy youth in such a despicable way? For the horrors of drug addiction cannot be described. The thug who shoots his victim is kind compared to the noxious drug agent who kills his victims just as surely, but by slow torture. It must have been of just such as she that Harold Begbie in his book, *The Life of the Convict*, wrote: "We must accept the unchallengeable fact and act upon it, that there are men and women in the world who, for their own sakes as well as the community's sake, never should have a moment's freedom. The minds of these incurables are definitely anti-social."

Next in memory crowd the girls and women—and oh! there are so many of them—the girls who for their own selfish ends deliberately encourage the attentions of men whom they know to be married. These come from all walks of life, some educated, some ignorant, some rich, some poor, but all equally loathsome and leprous in their unprincipled selfishness. I do not think there is any one thing on which I feel more keenly than "women's inhumanity to women," and I do think that in very many ways "the female of the species is far more cruel than the

To the public a magistrate seems callous not to listen to their pleas for "another chance."



Photographic Arts

SO . . . ALTOGETHER IT'S A MAD AND MERRY TALE OF THE COMPLICATIONS THAT CAN ENSUE WHEN A PRETTY WOMAN IS BETROTHED TO ONE MAN, FRIENDS WITH ANOTHER, AND BENEFAC- TRESS TO A THIRD,—TOLD BY A POPULAR WRITER

My other guests behave like gentlemen, if you'd know what I mean."

Nick obligingly hung his feet over the edge of the bed. "I didn't know you dyed your hair, Ann. Why do you? Is it grey?"

Ann laughed. "I haven't an idea," she admitted. "I haven't seen it for years. And I didn't suppose there was anything you didn't know about me. Seems to me I've gone autobiographical on you plenty. If I forgot to tell you my grandmother was a Presbyterian and that my last husband suggested I'd go big as a red-head, I apologize. He was right, anyway, wasn't he? The poor lamb always *was* right about things like that."

"As a matter of fact you've never gone autobiographical on me," Nick assured her. "Except to mention your husbands as if you'd married them in series when we both know you never had but one. What was he like, Ann?"

Ann brushed her damp hair straight up, staring thoughtfully at Nick in the mirror and looking rather like a startled cat with its fur on end. "Never encourage a woman to talk about her first husband, Nickie. It's harder to stop than about her operations. Why, Larry was fun; exciting, sort of. He'd adore me madly one minute and hurl a vase at me the next, likely as not." When Nick said: "Nice guy!" she protested, "Well, he *was*. His aunt left him fifty thousand dollars so we fibbed to eighteen years each on the marriage certificate and fled to the city before our folks caught up with us. We'd each had a year of university so we were educated." She shook her head, smiling. "We'd never seen so much money in all our lives and we thought it would spend for ever. And it did, for him. Go on into the living room while I get decent."

"Must I? I'll turn my back." He did and grinned impudently at her reflection in the long closet mirror.

"Get out!"

Nick went, protesting, and Ann made herself presentable in clean pyjamas. "Tell me about your trip," she called. "Yell, I can hear you."

"Couldn't possibly. The part I could yell isn't interesting and the best parts I refuse to share with your neighbors. Wait till you hear! I've at last found me a model who is put together. Ann, you should see her. She's a moron and mean as the devil, but is she paintable! I'm thinking of offering her a home just so someone else won't get her."

ANN, HER hair beginning to dry in rings and her face scrubbed to a clean, little-boy shininess, came up behind him and said "Liar," softly in his ear, startling him so much that he leaped half out of his chair.

"Liar, am I? I tell you she's the most beautiful wench the Lord ever made. Why shouldn't I fall in love with her?"

"You should. But you won't," Ann said serenely. "I've heard you threaten before. Nick. Guess where I'm going. Out to John Rodgers's for the week-end."

Nick raised his eyebrows. "Surely that's unconventional,

my dear, is it not?" He sounded so exactly like John that Ann hooted with laughter.

"Idiot! His sister invited me."

"I should have known," Nick mourned. "The Gilded Lily couldn't have been so enterprising as to ask you to visit just him."

"I wish you wouldn't call him that. Besides it's *paint* the lily."

"You've been reading books again. Anyway I notice you got my point. You must've got a little weary of perfection piled upon perfection, or you wouldn't. Why don't you tell him to get the devil out of it, Ann?" He stared at her intently for a moment. "Good Lord, you aren't serious about him?"

"I like him very much."

"You *don't*! But why?" He seemed as bewildered as if his pet spaniel had bitten him.

"I do. I'm crazy about him."

"Oh, come! He's crazy about you all right. But don't try to tell me you *like* a stuffed shirt like that. Why, Ann, he's not—he just isn't our kind of people. He doesn't know what it's all about."

"And that's just fine. I'm sick of knowing what it's all about. Life in the raw bores me stiff." Nick glanced round at the austere perfection of her living room with a sardonic expression and Ann scowled. "I don't care. You know what I mean. I *want* cushions between me and reality. I want dignity and— and knowing what's going to happen tomorrow and the day after. I want . . . continuity—"

"And a rocking chair—or better—a nice padded wheel chair," Nick finished bitterly. "Or a padded cell. You'd go nuts, darling. Look, you said Larry was fun. Didn't you?"

"And I said we were seventeen. It wasn't so much fun, racketing round race-tracks betting on horses that never won, not when we were twenty. It wasn't even as much fun as that, when we got to be twenty-two, living in hotel suites that all looked alike and throwing parties. No, Nick, I want to be conventional and raise my lorgnette and stare at some poor devil and say: 'My dear, [Continued on page 27]



Nick appeared in the doorway looking very much surprised.

# AS POSSIBLE

by NANCY BARNES





John stood stock still goggling at her, and she saw his neck get purple.

HE . . . WAS HEIR TO A FABULOUS FORTUNE. SHE . . . WAS AN IMPULSIVE YOUNG RED-HEAD THEY . . . WERE A TRAMP AND A NICE YOUNG MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

AND WHAT an acrobat you'd have made, my girl!" Ann muttered, redoubling her efforts to stand on her head over the bathtub without falling into it. She poured henna in a warm thick stream on to her hair, rubbing it in and moaning with rage as it ran down her forehead. When, thoroughly besmeared, she sat back on her heels to watch the clock she was able to be more philosophical. You couldn't, after all, have the distinguished attentions of a John Maidstone Rodgers without taking trouble. If that meant standing on your head, then you stood on your head, and liked it.

The doorbell buzzed and her heart turned over. Love, she wondered? Probably not. Fear, more likely. John was hardly a dropper-in, but you never knew. She wound her head in a towel and quavered: "Who is it?" at the closed door. Nick Chalmers's voice reassured her warmly. Fumbling at the bolt she was, she found, astonishingly glad he was back.

"For heaven's sake, Ann," he protested, eyeing her gory appearance with alarm. "What on earth are you doing?"

"You guess. My darling, you disappoint me. I always supposed you knew all the facts of life. This stuff has been on too long now, by half a minute. If I'm ruined it'll be you that caused my downfall." Ann's words trailed after her as she ran for the bathroom.

Nick followed and leaned against the door, laughing at her. "I wish I could count on that. Here duck down and let me work the spray. Lord! You're a sight."

Ann ducked and spluttered as, with one big hand on the back of her head, he pushed her nose down into the basin. Spluttering being of no avail she kicked him vigorously on his nearest shin and his resultant leap backward soaked them both.

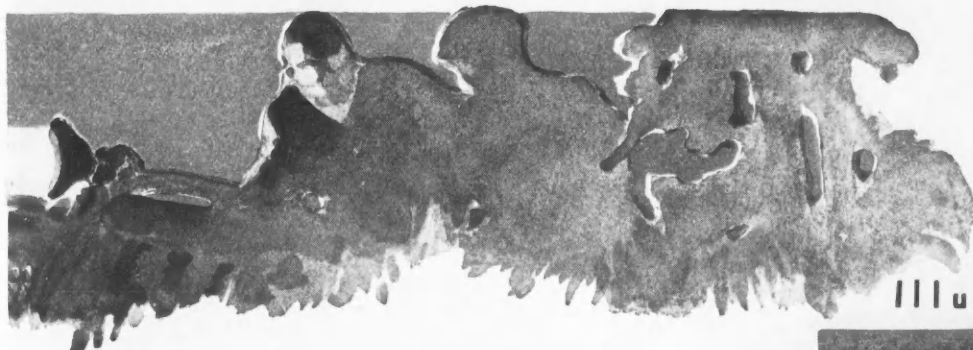
"Serves you right, you big ape," she said, mopping him up. "Thanks a lot, though." She rubbed her head vigorously with a dry towel and went in to sit before her dressing-table.

Nick sprawled on the bed, watching her. "Gosh, it's good to be back. Miss me?"

"Did I? Not a cigarette burn in one of my chairs for a week. How many times must I tell you, pig, not to put your dusty shoes on my bed? Certainly I missed you.

# UNWISE

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY



"At the crest of the hill the machine made a halt. Otho began to run, and as I watched, they were gone into the night."

Illustrated by W. V. Chambers

# HEAD

by PAUL SCHUBERT

"Do you mean you don't know, or that you don't care to tell me?"

"I don't know."

"Was he in the habit of taking sudden journeys?"

"He and the Baron decided that it would be better if he went away for a few days. To be candid, everyone felt it was the best thing to do after his quarrel with his grandaunt."

"And he left at ten o'clock?"

"Most unfortunately. If he had stayed, he would probably have saved her life."

"Let me know as soon as the Baron can be questioned," Till admonished the elderly doctor, and left the room to go back downstairs.

One of his detective sergeants had just returned from a tour to question the village night watchman.

"Any news?" Till asked.

"Nothing to speak of. The Watchman didn't see anything. Put there were a Gendarme and a Forester out looking for poachers, and the Forester says he saw young Otho von Popperthal, dressed as though he were going away."

"What time was that?"

"Oh, it was late—about two o'clock or a little after."

"About ten o'clock, did you say?"

"No—about two. The Forester and the Gendarme didn't go out until after midnight. The Forester says von Popperthal was coming from the Schloss, hurrying toward the road."

Till's expression darkened and his mouth drew into a hard line.

"Issue a general order for Otho von Popperthal's arrest," he said shortly. "Notify all border patrols immediately, and apply for an international warrant."

"What charge, sir?"

"Suspicion of murder."

FOR HALF an hour, during the questioning of the people within the Schloss, Major Vilem Janska had been walking up and down in the sunlight on the front terrace, smoking one cigarette after another and listening impatiently to the mumble of Criminal Commissar Till's voice through the near-by window. As a man of action, the Major had long made up his mind that the investigation of Baroness von Popperthal's murder was taking futile courses, and that the time had come for the Gendarmerie's active participation in the affairs of justice. His lean, reddish face turned for the fiftieth time to a gap in the trees, and his eye lightened at last as he recognized a service motor-car coming through the lane.

The motor-car was the answer to a telephone conversation between Major Janska and Gendarmerie Headquarters in the city. Its occupants, apart from the chauffeur, were three: one a uniformed Sergeant of Gendarmes, commonly nicknamed the "Dog Professor" because of the nature of his

duties; the others a pair of highly trained police dogs, of fine breeding and excellent manners, graduates of a stern school which had taught them to aid the authorities in the pursuit of criminals. They sat upon the rear seat in obvious enjoyment of the pleasant rush through the green countryside, their long well-shaped muzzles smiling with satisfaction, their slender tongues hanging out, and their clever eyes ranging from side to side, pausing now and then to look at the "Professor" eagerly before returning to the beauties of the strange landscape.

Word had travelled far and wide that the Gendarmerie intended to employ dogs in searching for the murderer, and a crowd of villagers was gathering at the edge of the Schloss grounds, peering through the bushes and trees at the proceedings. A shuddery sense of apprehension filled the peasants at the promise of this most dramatic of all police spectacles—the pursuit of an invisible scent left by an unknown murderer.

In the Major's hand there was a bit of cloth—a cloth with a thick, distinctive odor, the odor of Baroness von Popperthal's dried

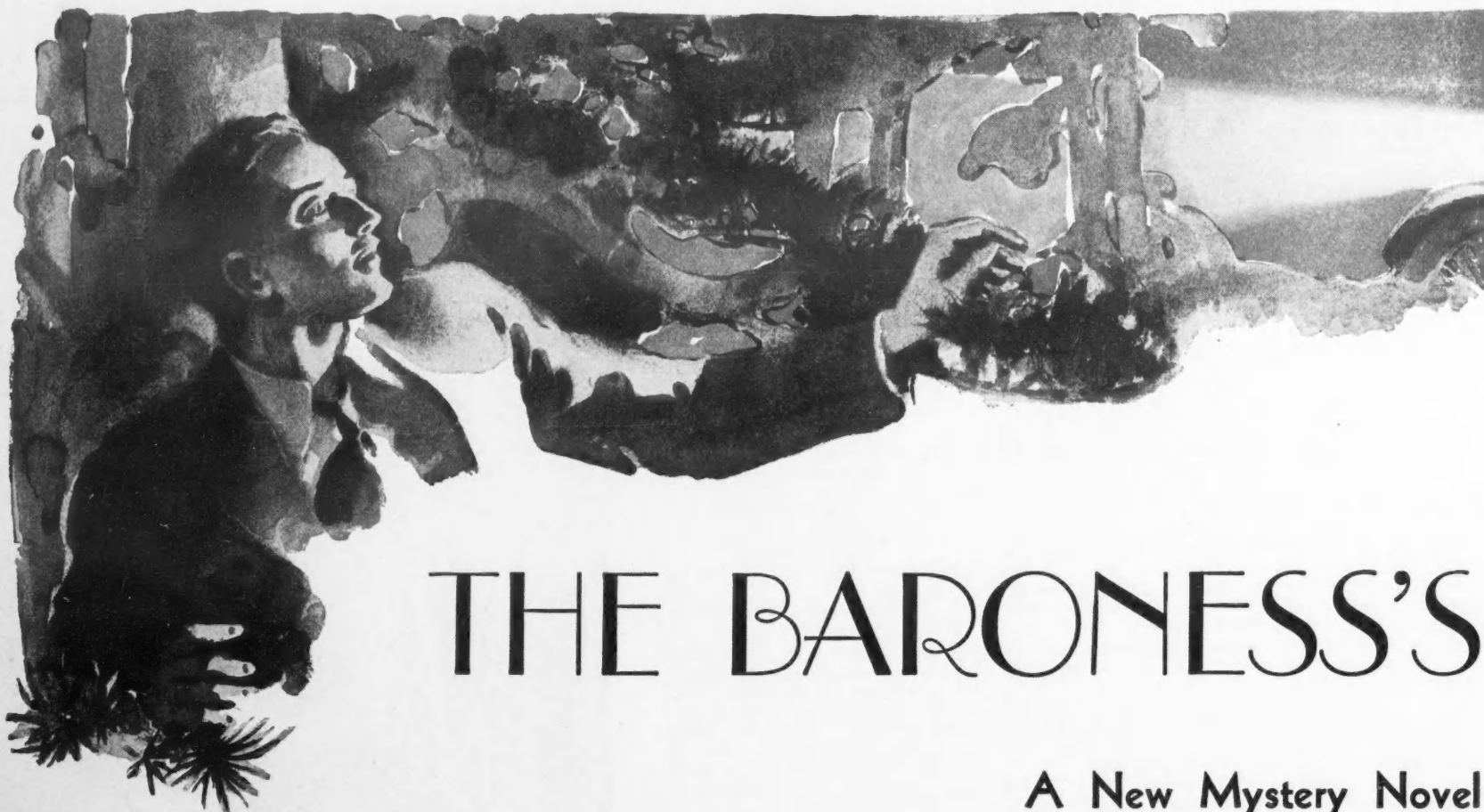
[Continued on page 39]



"She waited a long moment, then turned and went down the stairs to the basement. A second later I was outside."

BLOODHOUNDS TRACK DOWN A SUSPECT,  
GEOFFREY REVEALS THAT HE IS A SECRET  
SERVICE AGENT . . . AND SOME STRANGE  
DISCOVERIES ARE MADE IN THIS THRILLING  
INSTALLMENT OF OUR MYSTERY NOVEL





# THE BARONESS'S

## A New Mystery Novel

### INSPECTOR TILL'S SYNOPSIS OF THE CRIME AND THE PEOPLE INVOLVED IN IT.

This will give you at a glance what has happened in previous installments.

**BARONESS VON POPPERTHAL**; aged 71 years. Murdered in her bed between 2.00 and 2.30 a.m., Tuesday, June 29. Cause of death, knife wounds in heart; instrument, heavy hunting or gardening knife. Murderer severed head from body and escaped, taking with him all instruments and the head.

**Murderer's Entry:** Doors of room ordinarily unlocked all night. Window open. If doors were used for entry, ladder was previously placed against window to provide escape.

**Murderer's Escape:** Via window. Only probability, since doors to hall were found locked with keys on inside. Ladder used previous day by gardener, found leaning against side of house.

**Murderer:** Presumably male, used to climbing, callous to blood; possibly lunatic or degenerate, intelligent enough to conceive and carry out ingenious criminal plan. Familiar with Popperthal mansion; apparently wore gloves to conceal fingerprints; possibly known to watchdog.

**Search:** Sand in carpet identical with sand on walk under windows. No signs of struggle. Rings and purse all lying prominently on dressing table. Blue flannel dressing-gown and contents of drawer where valuables kept, missing.

#### Suspects

**Otho von Popperthal**, grand-nephew of the Baroness, missing since the night of the crime.

**The Baron**, above suspicion as murderer, but may be accessory. In a state of coma under care of Dr. Albrecht.

**Geoffrey Tuttle**, Englishman. Motive lacking but apparently interested in sheltering Otho.

**Anton**, man-servant, under cross-examination reveals that he is secretly engaged to

**Anna**, the maid, who claims to have been asleep in same room as the cook all night.

**Miss Evangeline Forbes**, Canadian guest, aged 44. Strong character but lacks intelligence for crime of this sort.

**Miss Agnes Vincent**, her Canadian niece, age 21. Presumably above suspicion.

**Josef Travnik**, former gardener and coachman, dismissed on day of crime for drinking.

(This synopsis will explain all that has happened in the first installment.)

Working on the investigation, in keen and jealous rivalry, are:

**Commissar Till**, of the metropolitan police force,

**Major Janska**, of the rural police force,

**Corporal Gritz**, of the village police force.

**T**ILL'S heavy body climbed, with the silent movement peculiar to all good detectives, up the stairway leading to the bedroom floor. His thoughts were occupied with young Otho von Popperthal; his immediate curiosity was concerned with the location of Otho's room and the interior arrangement of the upper house.

As he appeared at the top of the stairs, Anna, the maid, gasped, almost dropping the tray she was carrying. Her startled gaze found the detective's ominous black patch, at which she stared, fascinated, until she became aware of the sharp eye which was fixed upon her penetratingly from the other half of the Commissar's face.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Anna Sroubkova, sir." Her hands trembled so violently that the dishes on the tray jingled together.

"Put that tray down," commanded Till. "You're the girl who found the body?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you know about this affair?"

"I don't know nothing at all, sir. I don't know a thing!"

"What were you doing last night?"

"I was asleep in my bed all night, sir, upstairs in the servants' quarters with the cook, sir."

The detective shook his head impatiently, irritated by her panic. Countrywomen, he thought, always go all to pieces when you question them. Silly fools.

"Show me Mr. Otho von Popperthal's room. And stop snivelling. Nobody's going to hurt you!"

The long hall which traversed the bedroom floor ran through the building to turn down the ell leading to the Schloss tower. To either hand, the doors of bedrooms opened off. The house was large, and Till discovered that several of the rooms were unoccupied pending the arrival of further guests.

Otho von Popperthal's room was directly across the hall from that of the Baroness—and he and she occupied companion chambers, hers at the front and his at the rear of the building.

The detective looked into the fugitive's room, seeking to gain a general impression of his character. Then, postponing a detailed search for the time being, he turned back to the hall.

"Where do the guests sleep?" he asked the maid.

"At the other end of the hall, sir. Their rooms are side by side."

"And the Baron?" The detective pointed to the door next to that of the Baroness. "Is that where he lives?"

"No, sir. That's the clothes cabinet. The Baron's is the next door along."

After a moment's reflection, Till stepped to the Baron's door and knocked.

He heard footsteps within, and found himself confronted by Dr. Albrecht, whose dignified appearance and white

beard were the essence of character and trustworthiness.

"Are you Baron von Popperthal?" Till asked.

"I am Dr. Albrecht. The Baron is confined to his bed."

"I would like to question him about the happenings last night."

The Doctor shook his head protestingly, but then, with a gesture, invited Till to enter the room.

It was a bare, almost Spartan chamber, in marked contrast to the rest of the Schloss. To lend a soldierly touch there was a stand of rifles and shotguns, together with an old-fashioned array of foils and sabres attached to one wall. The Baron was lying in a simple, white iron bed, his wrinkled face visible above the coverlet, the cheeks fringed with snowy white whisker and mustache in the manner of the late Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, his eyes closed under blue-veined lids—a face ineffably removed from the turmoil of life, breathing the heavy slow breath of slumber.

"The Baron is seventy-nine years old," said the Doctor quietly. "His health is good, but I am treating him for shock, and have given him an opiate."

"When will he wake?"

"Probably not for six or seven hours."

The Commissar frowned. "Did he give you any information? Did he hear anything last night?"

The Doctor made a deprecating gesture. "The man is stone deaf," he said.

"Hmpf! And he appeared surprised by the news that his wife was dead?"

"If he survives the effect, it will be thanks to a marvellous constitution."

"When did he see her last?"

"He says she came into his room at about eleven o'clock last night."

"Does he have any idea who murdered her?"

"He doesn't know yet that she was murdered—I let him believe she had died a natural death. But I'm sure he could throw no light on the subject. I have been one of his most intimate friends for many years, and if he had any particular knowledge, I would certainly share it."

Till's mouth closed, and he scrutinized the physician searchingly, as though weighing the value which could be given to his words.

"Did you notify the Baron that young Otho had disappeared?"

"But that wasn't necessary!" replied Dr. Albrecht, mildly surprised. "The Baron knew that Otho was absent from the house."

"He knew that?"

"But it was no secret. The Baroness knew it as well! The young man left at about ten o'clock last night. Before he went, he saw his granduncle."

"Where did he go?"

"That I can't say."

A STRANGE DISCONTENT AND RESTLESSNESS HAD SEIZED  
THE GREAT OWL . . . AND AN ANCIENT INSTINCT SENT  
HIM ON SWIFT WINGS FROM HIS ARCTIC MOUNTAINS TO  
THE FERTILE NEW BRUNSWICK VALLEYS . . . AN EPIC OF  
THE AIR FROM THE DEAN OF CANADIAN LITERATURE

As it happened, now for a month past the great white owl had been suffering from a strange discontent. In the first place he had lost his mate, who, in an unwary moment, had been struck down and devoured by a lurking bear. He had grieved for her, as most of his monogamous kind will, for a couple of weeks. And then a curious restlessness and distaste for his surroundings had seized upon him. His tribe were not generally migrants. But occasionally there would stir in one or another of its members an age-long dormant instinct, a dim ancestral memory of long flights to milder skies and scenes. Some such instinct was working now deep in the subconsciousness of the lonely owl. On strong swift wings, flying unwontedly high, he forsook his frost-scoured ranges and sped away, not north or east or west but almost directly southward.

Impatient, though he knew not what for, he paused only when he had to forage for his meals or rest his wings. Sleep he was wary of, except when he could find some rocky height inaccessible to his four-footed foes. But food was another matter, for he was always a huge feeder, and now, because of his unusual efforts, he needed more than ever to keep his vital fires well stoked. When he detected far below him a huddled covey of ptarmigan he would descend upon them like a soundless thunderbolt, with his slashing talons strike down three or four of them before they had time to scatter, hurriedly tear them to pieces, and bolt them feathers and all, rejecting only the claws and shanks, the wings and beaks. The feathers, and such bones as even his hardy stomach could not digest, he would later cough up in the form of round pellets of refuse. Now and again a big Arctic hare would furnish his banquet; and if there were a safe roosting-place near by, he would hide the remnant in a cleft of rock, sleep a few hours, and return to it for another hearty meal before continuing his journey.

AS DAY followed on day the hours of darkness dwindled rapidly, the sun swept in an ever widening arc above the desolate horizon. But this made no difference to the great white owl, for, unlike most others of the owl kindred, he and his tribe were equally at home in daylight or in dark. He came to the vast expanses of Hudson Straits, and in blind confidence ventured out across the fields of heaving and grinding ice-floes, fronting the steady pressure of a wind which streamed up from the south. He came to open water, a tossing, white-capped sea with no shoreline visible beyond; but still he winged onward dauntlessly. At last, his unquestioning faith rewarded, he came to a rocky shore looming high and dark above the crawling flood. Suddenly weary, he settled himself in the top of a stunted and wind-battered spruce which jutted out from a fissure in the cliff overlooking the waves.

For perhaps an hour he sat there dozing and recovering his strength. Then hunger awoke him. He stared, searchingly, all about him, taking account of his novel surroundings. The southerly wind which had been blowing for nearly a week had pressed the ice-fields over, far out of sight against the northern shores of the Straits, and he looked down upon a great sea of open water, dotted with here and there a diminutive floating iceberg, here and there a great bowhead whale, lazily spouting, or rushing along the surface of the water with cavernous jaws agape, scooping up the myriads of plankton and capelin and tiny squid which formed its food. Flocks of white gulls and grey whirled and screamed on all sides, plunged down to capture their prey, or floated, resting a while, on the long-rolling surges. The great owl launched himself from his tree and flew out over the water. In all that confusion of whirling wings he attracted little attention. He planed lower, marked a smallish

grey gull which floated carelessly on the waves beneath him, and suddenly pounced down upon it. Its scream instantly choked by his talons he bore it off to his perch and avidly devoured it.

Feeling still far from satisfied he sailed forth again. But now he was marked. Some of the gulls had seen his capture of their fellow and signalled it about that there was a killer among them. Whichever way he flew the birds on the wing gave him a wide berth, and those resting on the water took to instant flight as he came near.

But unlike all his cousins, great and small, the white owl was a fisherman as well as a hunter. He promptly gave up the hope of catching another gull, for the gulls were as swift and agile of wing as he. He had seen them pluck quite sizable little fish from the smooth breasts of the rollers. He ignored the gulls and went slowly quartering the water, just above the wave crests. He snatched up a three-inch capelin, deftly transferred it from talon to beak as he flew, and swallowed it head first. This he repeated several times, to his great satisfaction. But he was not yet quite content. Presently he caught the flash of a silver belly in the trough between two rollers. He swooped on the instant, grabbed forth a big herring, writhing spasmodically, and triumphantly bore it off to his perch on the stunted spruce.

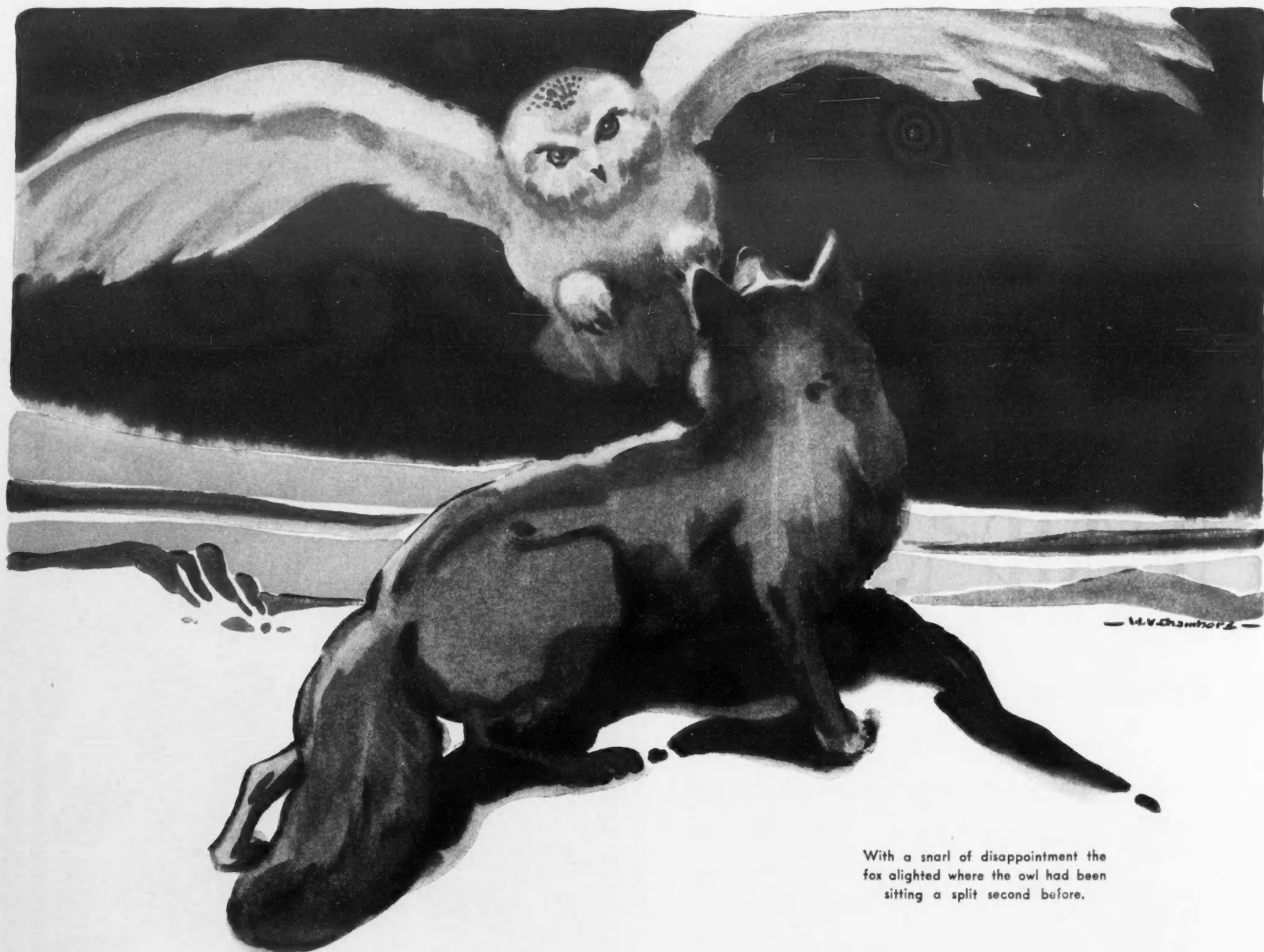
Pleased with this fish diet and its abundance, he decided to stay here several days. But that same day the wind changed round into the north-east and blew fiercely. Within twenty-four hours the ice was crowding down upon the south shore of the Straits, with groaning and crashing and loud explosions. The bowheads were gone, and the gulls, seeking open water. And there was no more easy fishing for the great white owl. To be sure, he picked up a few squid and capelin, washed ashore by the sudden change of wind. But while he was briskly hopping about among the rocks, around a neighboring point of rock came into view a strange animal, busy at the same occupation as himself.

The two caught sight of each other at the same moment. They were perhaps fifty feet apart. The stranger was about the build of an ermine, which the great owl knew very well and had condescended to eat upon occasion, though its flesh was rank and stringy. But this fellow was several times larger than the little ermine, of a blackish-golden color, and decidedly formidable looking. It lifted a savage, wedge-

What appeared to be its  
fur revealed itself as an  
alarming array of spears.







With a snarl of disappointment the fox alighted where the owl had been sitting a split second before.

# THE GREAT WHITE OWL

by SIR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

**W**INTER. And the far North, far beyond the icy desolation of Hudson Bay. And cold, so cold that the very air seemed frozen to stillness. And the long, long Arctic night.

But it was not dark. A low moon, waning and misshapen, poured a glassy radiance across the low, undulating stretches of black rock and thin, impacted snow, while all across the upper sky flamed the glory of the Northern lights—flamed, and shivered, and danced, ran together with a sibilant whisper as of crushed silk; advanced and retired as if a vast curtain of light was being shaken out over the world.

Alone, stiffly erect on a black, needle-like upthrust of rock that commanded an outlook over the glimmering waste, sat a great white bird. Very slowly, with a motion as imperceptible as the minute hand of a watch, he turned the white globe of his head from side to side. His immense round pale-golden eyes, far-visioned as those of a vulture, and each set in a wide, circular, flattened disc of white feathers, were searching the spectrally lighted expanses of the waste.

Suddenly he bowed himself forward, spread his broad wings, and was gone from his observation post, winnowing soundlessly but at terrific speed. He had caught a silvery blur of movement on a stretch of snow some hundreds of yards away. You would have said it was but a shifting play

of light. But to his instructed eyes it was much more than that. It was a much-needed meal. Almost instantly that blur burst into frantic flight, away from the snow and in among the low huddle of rocks.

The big Arctic hare, with its long hind legs and powerful hind quarters, is capable of splendid speed. He must be, to have any chance of escape from the foxes and wolves who prey upon him. But he was no match for this great owl with the hunting methods of the duck-hawk and the falcon's lightning dash. In hardly more than the time of telling it he was overtaken. His shrill screech of panic was choked off short as sharp black talons, thick-feathered to their tips, clutched his throat. More than twice the weight of his captor, he was too heavy to be carried away. But the fiercely-flapping wings lifted him half into the air so that his struggles, his desperate kickings, were all in vain. He was slowly being strangled, when a knife-edged claw pierced his jugular and with a last spasmodic kick he straightened out and hung limp. The victor let him down, glared about for some moments to make sure that no other marauder had witnessed the struggle, and fell hungrily to his meal. Having gorged himself to the utmost he wiped his beak on the snow and flapped back to his observation post, reluctantly leaving the remnant, still too heavy to be carried away, as a prize for

the first fox or ermine that might come by hunting food.

Though the great white owl was now full fed and drowsy, his watchfulness was unsleeping. Suddenly he caught sight of a fox, that had come into plain view about fifty feet distant. The creature was going through extraordinary antics, chasing its tail, rolling over and over, and jumping high into the air. For an instant these capers held the owl's attention, then they excited his suspicion. He glanced about for the frolicsome animal's mate. Just then his miraculously keen ears, ears that could catch the squeak of a mouse a hundred feet away, caught the faint whisper of padded feet behind him, and he sprang into the air as if snatched up by a gust of wind. And with a snarl of disappointment a second fox alighted on top of the rock where a split second before the white owl had been sitting.

Hissing angrily and snapping the black scimitars of his beak, the great bird circled slowly just out of reach, and glared down upon the discomfited foxes with his round unwinking stare, till presently, with a fine assumption of indifference, they trotted off together and were lost in the luminous obscurity. The owl did not resume his perch. For a few moments he hovered above it, hesitating. Then, as if he had lost conceit of it, he rose higher into the air and on slow wings headed away due south.



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shaped head, and then came darting for him with amazing speed, undulating over the rocks as smoothly as a flame. The great owl watched motionless till the darting flame was within ten feet of him, then sprang smoothly into the air, just in time. And with a harsh snarl the fisher—for such it was—hurled itself straight upward after him and barely missed seizing one of his talons in its snapping jaws.

Unafraid, but surprised by the swiftness of the attack, the owl circled slowly just overhead, his big round yellow eyes staring down impassively into the darkly murderous ones of his assailant. Could he master this furious beast? For some moments he contemplated accepting the challenge. But, after all, he was not hungry. And he had no incentive to a doubtful battle. Presently he winged upward and winnowed away to his refuge in the spruce. But he little knew the obstinate ferocity of the fisher, who had mistaken his prudence for fear. He had not been settled on his perch for more than two or three minutes when he heard the scratching rush of claws on the trunk below. The yellow fury was almost upon him.

In a rage he bounced from his branch. Then in a flash, swift as a sparrow-hawk for all his bulk, he zigzagged back at his assailant, who was now out on the branch. The fisher half rose, with bared fangs, to meet him. But he whirled again, and struck heavily with his wing in passing. The animal, snatching merely a mouthful of feathers, was swept ignominiously from the branch, and hurled end over end to the rocks some fifty feet below. Vindictively the victor swooped after it but it had landed in a deep crevice, safe though half stunned, and with no more stomach for the fight. The great owl flew back and forth a few times, glaring down into the crevice with fixed wide eyes, and then went winging away disdainfully, still toward the south, never guessing how redoubtable a foe he had discomfited. For the fisher is so swift and murderous a little beast that animals of twice its size hesitate to come to grips with it.

NOW AS he made his way ever southward through the heart of Labrador the great white owl traversed a different landscape from that of his treeless and windswept Arctic barrens. Barrens there were here, naked iron ridges of lofty rock from which the wind licked off the snow as fast as it fell. But there were also deep canyons, and lofty waterfalls now encased in ice whereunder imprisoned torrents grumbled and roared. And there were also low-lying valleys dense with spruce and fir where the snowshoe rabbits gambolled in the glades, woodmice crisscrossed the snow with their tiny trails, and grouse roosted out of reach of the prowling foxes or burrowed deep in the snow for warmth. Game was so abundant that he lost little time in hunting for it, and never before had he fared so well. But enemies also were abundant; and he soon found that if he devoured his prey on the ground, as was his custom, he must be forever on the lookout, not only for bigger and swifter foxes than he had ever seen before, but also for wolves and lynxes, to say nothing of the fishers, which he now rated as dangerous. Sometimes he roosted in the tree-tops; and found to his annoyance that even there the lynx or the fisher would follow him. Thanks to that phenomenally keen hearing of his, which never slumbered however he himself might sleep, he always woke up in time to wing away like an angry ghost. But he soon found it best to revert to his old habits, and take his repose on some naked, wind-swept height where there was never any game to tempt the prowlers and where his eyes could search a wide horizon. To him the terrific cold of such a perch meant less than nothing.

And now, arriving at the heavily wooded regions lying about the Peribonca and Lake St. John, he had his first view of those strange upright creatures called men. First it was a lone trapper, knocking on the head a wolf which had been caught by the paw and had not yet had time to gnaw itself free. He straightway conceived a vast respect for this two-legged, erect animal who could, with the utmost ease, make such short work of a wolf. Another day he flew over a busy lumber camp, and saw several men dragging in the body of a huge bear. The bears he had seen hitherto were white, and this one was black. But bears had always seemed to him the

rulers of the world. He was greatly impressed, and swerved eastward to give the camp a wide berth. He found that the men were noisy folk, shouting and forever knocking loudly on the trees with axes, so he had no difficulty in avoiding them.

Another day he came across a moose family, a giant blackish-brown bull with a cow and two calves, strolling up and down their deep-trodden paths in the snow. These great creatures were busy pulling down the branches of trees and feeding on the twigs. They did not look at all dangerous, so the white owl paid them small heed. On the very edge of one of their paths he struck down a little fat rosy-headed pine grosbeak and bolted it whole. And the great moose only waved his ears at him.

Throughout the later stages of his journeying he had frequently seen a squat black-and-white animal either curled

Now the great white owl was no altruist, and he cared not a whit for the fate of the porcupine. But he loathed—and feared—the fisher. Here was too good a chance to be missed. He swooped from his branch. Only the fisher's hindquarters were in view. Into these he sank his knife-edged talons murderously, dragged the yellow killer forth in his onward swoop, and dropped him, screeching with rage and anguish, fairly on top of all those dagger points. Then he soared back to his perch, well pleased with himself. The fisher, stuck full of quills as a pin-cushion with pins, limped away into the underbrush to rid himself of the torturing barbs as best he could. And the porcupine, grunting and squeaking with relief, made all haste to climb into the tallest tree, trembling at his narrow escape.

Shortly after this very satisfactory adventure the great owl arrived at the shores of the St. Lawrence. He struck it at a steep and desolate spot some distance east of Tadoussac. Far away to the south, across a waste of turbulent waves and plunging ice-floes, he could just make out the low line of the southern shore, coppery red in the last of the sunset. That shore, he felt at once, was just where he longed to be. He pounced upon an unwary cock partridge, hurriedly dismembered and bolted it, feathers and all, and set forth across the flood.

It was a wide, flat shore where he landed, with gradual hills far in the background, some of them well covered with forest, others almost bare. Here and there, along between the line of high tide and the uplands, were scattered cottages with lights beginning to shine in their windows. These cottages the white owl intended to avoid, and to make for the wooded uplands away from the works of men. But first of all he was hungry. The tide was out, far out across the flats. He flew low over the bare rocks and stranded ice-cakes, foraging eagerly. There were doubtless a few fish stranded in the pools, but the pools were frozen over. At last he caught sight of a lean rat, poking about among the ice-cakes, scavenging for scraps and dead fish. The great owl scorned to eat carrion but he did not scorn to eat the eater of carrion. He pounced upon the rat, strangled it quickly, settled down on a flat rock and made a leisurely meal. Then he flapped into the air and made off inland for those wooded hills.

These woods, when he reached them, he found to be rather open, consisting partly of fir and spruce, which he knew, and partly of naked trees wearing no foliage and affording no seclusion, which puzzled him for the moment. However, there was good hunting, and he speedily captured a fat rabbit. Having gorged himself to satiety, he lazily betook himself to a dense spruce-top for a much needed rest. Far off, resonant across the stillness, he heard a strange *Whoo-hoo, Whoo-hoo-oo-oo*, and straightened up alertly to listen. The voice sounded dimly familiar to

him, as if from the throat of some distant kinsman. He presently dismissed the matter from his mind and went to sleep. He had no reason to dread the claws of any other owl that flew. But after a few hours rest he seemed to decide that this, after all, was not quite the place of his dreams. He set off again resolutely toward the south.

Flying by easy stages now, for he was no longer so sharply urged by his uncomprehended restlessness, the white owl crossed the Height of Land dividing the rivers that flow into the St. Lawrence from those of the New Brunswick river systems. Coming to the Restigouche he turned eastward and followed its snow-blanketed course to its mouth. Here he was confronted by the busy little town of Campbellton, with its chimneys and its mills; so he turned back a little way, and found in the forested wilderness behind Sugar Loaf Mountain, which overlooked the town, both good hunting and the seclusion he desired.

AND HERE, for some mysterious reason, he felt for the time content. The wanderlust which had driven him so far seemed to pass from him. The south no longer called to him. The woods were full of small game—juncos, grosbeaks, woodpeckers, chickadees, mice, rabbits, and a few partridges. On the other side of Sugar Loaf the sea, an arm of Bay Chaleur kept partly open by its tides, came right up to the wharves of the town; and by

[Continued on page 37]



Suddenly in a blinding rage he shot forth among them, and struck down half a dozen of his mockers.

upon the crotch of a hemlock or gnawing with long yellow teeth at the tender bark of the branches. He had never seen a porcupine before, and though he was not hungry he was curious. When he flapped lazily near to investigate he saw that the porcupine seemed quite unconcerned and went on eating, merely glancing at him out of two little twinkling dark eyes. But at the same time it seemed to grow suddenly to twice its former dimensions; and what had appeared to be its fur revealed itself as an alarming array of sharp spears. The great owl concluded that the porcupine was a formidable animal and obviously not designed to furnish him with a meal.

One day, however, a porcupine afforded him a stimulating adventure. A big fellow was just ambling across an open glade, where the snow lay deep and smooth. The owl, sitting on a pine branch just above, saw a slim, gold-brown shape of menace slip from the underbrush and dart straight for the porcupine. The latter stopped instantly, crouched with its head tucked in between its forepaws, erected all its needle-pointed spears, and began lashing out savagely with its stubby, well-armed tail, which was just a bunch of needles. But the fisher is the only hunting-beast that has no fear of a porcupine. This fisher was no exception. He darted up alongside of his intended victim, keeping beyond reach of that lashing tail, and started burrowing into the snow so as to come up beneath its unprotected belly.





Above—Pamela (Madeleine Carroll) tries desperately to free herself from Hannay (Robert Donat) . . . In the circle—Pamela is threatened by Hannay on their wild flight over the moors . . . Below—Annabella Smith (Lucie Mannheim) tells the story of her spy activities to Richard Hannay.



# The Thirty-Nine Steps

The story of a popular Gaumont-British film, adapted from the novel by John Buchan, starring Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll.

Fictionized by R. V. GERY



Pamela turns Hannay over to a couple of plain-clothes men after his electioneering speech.

**R**ICHARD HANNAY, Canadian, stared dumbfoundedly at the dark, foreign-looking girl sitting opposite him in his London apartment.

"Eh?" he said. "What was that?"  
She smiled at him, a little wearily. "I fired those shots myself," she said. "To create a diversion—I had to. There were a couple of men in the audience there who were—well, after me. Yes, I know it sounds like a spy thriller. That's just it. I am a spy!"

Ten minutes before, Hannay had been sitting in the stalls of the London Palladium, just around the corner from his flat, listening interestedly to the feats of "Mr. Memory," a trick performer, able, it seemed, to answer any question whatever from his amazing storehouse of facts. Suddenly, two revolver shots had rung out, throwing the place into a panic. The curtain came down with a run, people crowded to the exits hastily, and in the crush Hannay had found himself shepherding this girl. She was weary and overwrought,

and in a fit of sympathy he took her to his near-by apartment, where she was now hungrily eating—and making these fantastic statements. "A spy?" Hannay stammered. "Why—what—I don't get you. What's it all about? Who are you spying for?"

She smiled again. "Myself, mainly," she said. "I'm a professional, all right. But England's paying me just now. There's been something stolen from your Air Ministry—something vital. The man who's after it—he's the most brilliant of the foreign agents. Two of his men were in the Palladium there. They recognized me—"

Hannay shook his head doubtfully, and she pointed to the window. "All right, look out there if you don't believe me. They're outside here now."

Hannay did so, and turned to her. "You win!" he said. "Well, and now what?"

"Hide me—let me stay here."  
"Sure—of course. But why not the police?"  
"There isn't time. Listen!" she said. "Did you ever hear of the Thirty-nine Steps? No, of course not. Well, never mind now. But if ever you meet a man with the top of his little finger missing, look out, Mr. Hannay! He's their chief—and he's. . . Have you got a map of Scotland?"

She spoke in jerks, as if in the last stages of nervous exhaustion. Hannay found her a map, and left her in his room. Her name seemed to be Annabella Smith, and Richard Hannay, as he dropped off on his couch, found that she took a deal of understanding—or believing.

He thought differently in the grey dawn. Annabella Smith lay in his bed, a knife driven in her back. In her dead hand was the map of Scotland, the name of a village ringed about in pencil.

**HANNAY FLED.** With his heart in his mouth he slipped out of the flat—a cynical but friendly milkman assisting—evaded the watchers, and made for Scotland. The police would be on his trail, he knew, on suspicion of the girl's murder, but there was more than that. Somehow he had to circumvent that master-spy with the finger, to carry on the work the dead girl had handed on to him.

At Edinburgh, true enough, the papers screamed his name. Crossing the great Forth Bridge on the train, police officers began to go through the corridors. Hannay dodged desperately into a compartment where a girl sat alone. Desperately, again, he pretended to be making love to her as the officers passed. She screamed and flung him from her. Hannay dived out of the window, just as the law's hands were clutching at his collar.

All night he dodged and twisted, in flight across the moors. Somehow that village ringed on the map drew him, and he found shelter in a crofter's cottage close to it. From the crofter's wife he borrowed an overcoat to help his disguise and learned that in the village was an Englishman, a "Professor" who had leased the one

[Continued on page 65]





"IT'S a perfectly beautiful rug, Connie . . . imagine taking a chance on a cheap rug you know nothing about when Gold Seal Rugs have a guarantee of quality . . . and besides, they're so much handsomer."

\* \* \*

Don't fail to see the wide variety of new Congoleum Gold Seal Rug patterns. Room sizes from 6 x 9 to 9 x 12 ft. in these lovely easy-to-clean, sanitary rugs for as low as from \$5.50 to \$11.00 in Eastern Canada.

The pattern illustrated above is "Peiping", Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 413.

*Be sure the rugs you  
buy bear this Gold  
Seal . . . it identifies  
the only genuine*



**CONGOLEUM**

# Every Wrinkle you See... STARTED UNDER YOUR SKIN



Miss Ann Keeble says: "Pond's not only cleans. It keeps away lines, blackheads and such."

BUT "DEEP-SKIN" CREAM  
reaches down—  
keeps common Skin Faults away

## Mrs. Douglas Robinson

grandniece of the late THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and granddaughter of his famous sister, the late MRS. CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look clearer—tired lines disappear."

**1 LINES FADE** when wasting under tissues are stimulated and fill out.

**2 BLACKHEADS GO** when clogging underskin secretions are removed, and underskin stimulation prevents further clogging of the pores.

**3 BLEMISHES STOP** coming when blackheads that cause them are removed and new ones prevented.

**4 PORES REDUCE** when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions that come from within the skin.

**5 DRY SKIN SOFTENS** when penetrating oils restore suppleness and failing oil glands grow active.

**6 TISSUES WON'T SAG** when underskin nerves and fibres are kept toned up and stimulated.

UGLY LITTLE LINES . . . dreaded wrinkles . . . are always a shock when you first notice them. Yet these skin faults don't "just happen" overnight.

Every wrinkle, every line that streaks your face had its start *under* your skin.

Tiny fibres, hidden out of sight, lost their snap—Tissues you can't see went thin and sagging. Then, one day the skin you *do* see fell into little creases—the very lines and wrinkles you now have!

The same way with practically all common skin faults. Blemishes, blackheads, sagging tissues—all start deep in your underskin when tiny glands, blood vessels, nerves, fibres begin to fail.

### Skin faults go— new ones can't start

What your skin needs is a cream that does more than cleanse—a "deep-skin" cream that goes right down to the roots of those lines and blemishes—and fights them *where they start*.

This is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does.

Its specially processed oils sink deep into the pores. There, patted briskly, Pond's rouses the underskin. Circulation quickens. Lazy glands get busy. Fibres regain their snap. At the same time, long-lodged dirt and make-up flush out of your pores. Loosened and dissolved by this deep-reaching cream!

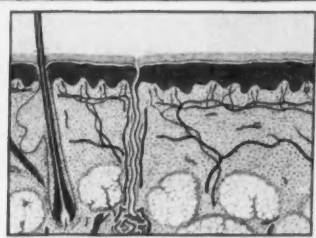
One creaming shows how Pond's Cold Cream cleans and stimulates. Right after it's wiped off, your skin blooms fresher, livelier, clean to its depths.

As you keep on using it, lines soften—blackheads and blemishes stop coming. Even very dry skin softens into supple texture. Your face takes on a new firmness—a radiant fresh-air look that's enchanting.

*Every night* . . . give your skin this double-benefit treatment. Pat Pond's Cold Cream in vigorously. See the deep-lodged dirt come completely out. Feel your skin

### Where Skin Faults begin . . .

Just below that dark layer begins the underskin where tiny oil and sweat glands, blood vessels, nerves, fibres nourish your outer skin, keep it firm, smooth. If you keep them active, lines, blackheads, blemishes stay away.



refreshed, invigorated to its depths.

*Every morning* . . . refresh and reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It leaves your skin so soft powder goes on with a smooth, all-over evenness.

Send for the special tube offered below, containing enough Pond's Cold

Cream for 9 treatments. This one tube will bring your skin 9 steps closer to the flawless, unlined complexion you want! Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

### Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube Begin to clear YOUR skin faults away

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. K, 167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_  
Made in Canada All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.



An informal family group, photographed for Chatelaine in Lord Tweedsmuir's country home in England—seated, from left to right, Lady Tweedsmuir, Miss Anna Buchan, sister of Lord Tweedsmuir—who is the writer "O. Douglas," and Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy, the only daughter. Lord Tweedsmuir and Captain Fairfax-Lucy are standing. In the circle—a new portrait of Lady Tweedsmuir, posed for Chatelaine.



## WHAT IS SHE LIKE?

LET HER OWN FAMILY DESCRIBE LADY TWEEDSMUIR IN THIS PICTURESQUE INTERVIEW WITH KATHLEEN BOWKER

**I**T WAS at a luncheon, the day that the name of the Governor-General Designate for Canada was announced; and eight of us, Canadian and English, were eagerly discussing the outstanding merits of John Buchan as we knew them, and of his wife. Years ago, in writing to refuse me a literary interview, Mr. Buchan had told me that he thought that the private life of a man had nothing to do with his books; and that if readers could not gather an idea of his character from his writings, then his writings must be devoid of an essential quality.

Taking these words to heart I sat down and wrote out what I imagined the man to be like. And afterward, when I met him, and received kindness and consideration from him, and learned much about him from some of his many friends, I decided that his advice to study a man through his books—if you were interested—was sound advice and pleasant to take. Only bettered by studying the man himself.

And his wife?

"Susan Grosvenor, when she was a young girl in her first season, always said she was not going to be glamored by some goodlooking Guardee: she was going to marry brains. Well, she did—and see how right she was!" said one of the guests. Which was partly a nice compliment for Canada.

Susan Grosvenor must have been a child of vivid human curiosities and eagerness. A great "joiner" in the interests of others as well as of her own, with an imagination that could capture her, and lead her into dreams.

Her environment was part of the very pleasantest kind of English life, both in the country and the town. When she met the young Scotsman, John Buchan—a rising young barrister, and also assistant editor of the *Spectator*, she must have found a counterpart to herself. And he—but read his

books! There is a quality in the characters of his women that is surely founded on the most romantic of facts!

**IT WAS** a wild wet morning when I went to Elsfield Manor, the pleasant place that the Buchans bought near Oxford. John Buchan had loved the district for its pleasant associations with his time at the University. And, indeed, it is a capturing county for one who, during the week, is a business man, a politician and a public servant: and during the weekends "a country gentleman with a taste for letters."

It seems to me an essential characteristic of Lady Tweedsmuir that during these years she has preferred to be without a permanent town house. That she has not desired London as her daily bread!

We ran through Oxford, covered the four or five miles by a pleasant road, and at the top of a rise, stopped by a house and wall which fends itself from the casual travellers by rearing itself up right on the edge of the road, and showing you the door. . . . But the door opened!

Immediately, somehow, the clouds seemed to have broken. The hall held the pleasant homeliness of coats, and dogs, and sticks, and the general air of those who go easily outdoors. There were some mounted heads on the white walls, and a carved oak chest, and then at once I was in a long-square room—if you know what I mean—walled with the friendliest books. Not chosen for the beauty of their bindings or the rightness of their periods, but because someone had bought them of sheer necessity, and that someone, and

lots of others, had read them, or re-read them, or dipped in for reference or lent them to friends, and got them back triumphantly—or just possibly borrowed an odd one here and there, that was still a-visiting. But then, when wife, husband and sister all write books—for Miss Anna Buchan, the beloved "O. Douglas," is sister to Lord Tweedsmuir—as well as read an enormous quantity and variety of them, what can you expect but that the volumes take on a touch of human character?

Half one side of the room was occupied by a wide, wide window, with flowers and path in front of it, from which the ground fell away over a soft rolling country, over which "cloud shadow and scudding sunburst" were painting impressionist pictures. There was a desk and a worktable, and opposite the window, a fireplace bright with burning logs. You needn't think I was clever enough to notice all that at once. No. The first thing I saw was Lady Tweedsmuir—backgrounded with books, in company with two companionable sons. The room just grew into my consciousness afterward, as we sat, and talked by the fire.

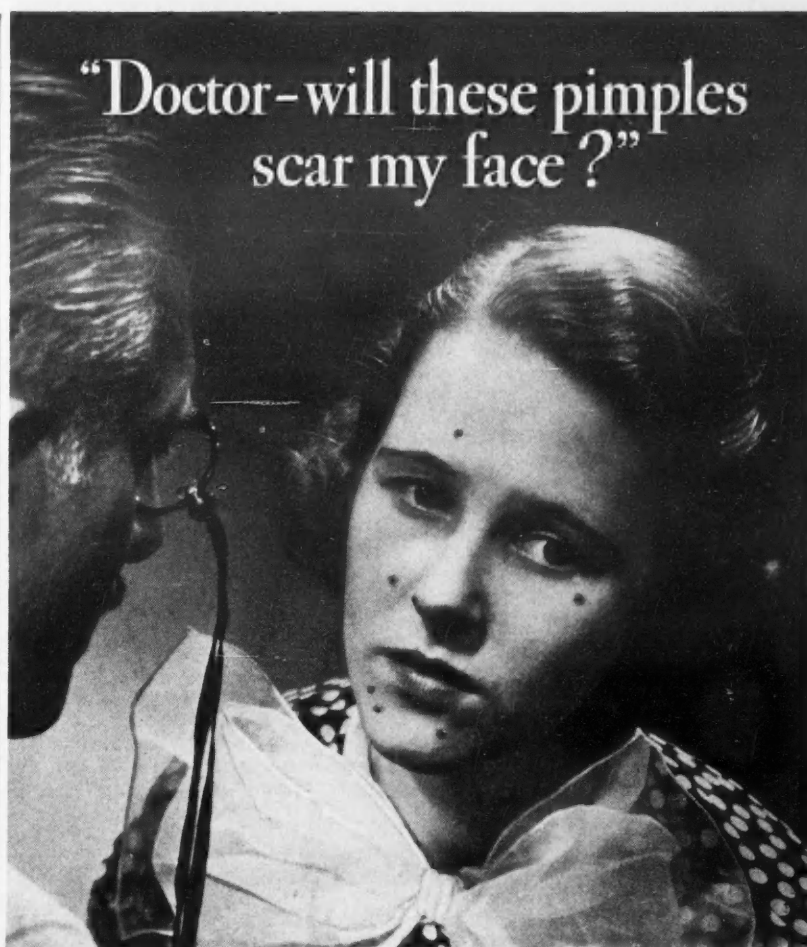
So I had one of the pleasantest and jolliest "interviews" that I have ever had out of several hundreds. I have two sons myself, of approximately the same ages as William and Alastair Buchan. Also devoted to their mother—and yet able to look upon her with that lovingly critical eye that means so much to all mothers.

"Well, what am I like?" she asked them. And then, as one voice, all three began to [Continued on page 62]

# Exciting Season

Seen in the pattern of Autumn pageantry:

Velvet and wool combined for suits, frocks and coats.  
Luscious wine-deep colors reflecting the Renaissance.  
Sharp military angles vying with full, flowing lines.  
Brisk little jackets and hip-length capes.  
Persian lamb trimming pockets, sleeves, collars and hats.  
Plumes waving bravely from Dragoon-like hats.  
Jewelled belts, clasps and gleaming silver buttons.  
Braid and wool embroidery lavish on frocks and suits.  
Accessories adventuring in amazing new tone-values.  
Shimmering lamé draped in dramatic lustrous folds.



ADOLESCENT PIMPLES...wise mothers realize...may affect a girl's whole future happiness

**JUST** when her looks have become tremendously important to her; just when she feels she would rather die than be a wallflower—her skin begins to break out with unsightly pimples and eruptions.

Don't dismiss her troubles lightly!

One of the cruellest trials of adolescence—of boys as well as girls, between the ages of 13 and 25—is the behavior of their skin.

The whole glandular system is disturbed at this time. Irritating poisons, which especially affect the skin, are thrown into the blood.

What many parents do not realize is that these pimples often leave scars that last a lifetime.

**WISE PARENTS** will get after these pimple outbreaks and stop them in time; not only because of the risk to the youngster's skin, but also because a pimply, repulsive skin can give young people a permanent sense of inferiority.

One of the best correctives known, for pimples and ordinary skin eruptions, is fresh yeast. Many doctors consider it a specific for this trouble. Fresh yeast does two things: clears the blood of the poisons which actually cause pimples; and acts directly on the skin itself, helping to heal pimples

already formed and to prevent new ones from coming.

If your boy or your girl has any tendency toward pimples—start them eating Fleischmann's Yeast today. And see that they eat it regularly.

Fleischmann's Yeast should be eaten twice a day, before meals, or at bedtime, until the skin has become entirely clear. In some cases, it will clear up pimples within a week or two. In bad cases, it sometimes takes a month or more. Start eating it today!

"Any girl feels miserable with a poor skin. And it doesn't help matters any if it keeps on getting worse, no matter what she does for it. My skin used to be terrible.

"I was terribly embarrassed, it seemed as though everybody noticed it. Then I read about Fleischmann's Yeast, and the girls I live with kept at me to try it. I ate 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day. Almost before I knew it my skin started clearing. Now my complexion is as smooth as it should be, and I can go to parties and dances without feeling embarrassed and out of everything."

Doris Miller, Woodlands, Quebec

Friends...parties...youthful happiness...depend so much on the clear, smooth skin that is your youngster's rightful heritage.



*clears the skin*  
by clearing skin irritants  
out of the blood

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

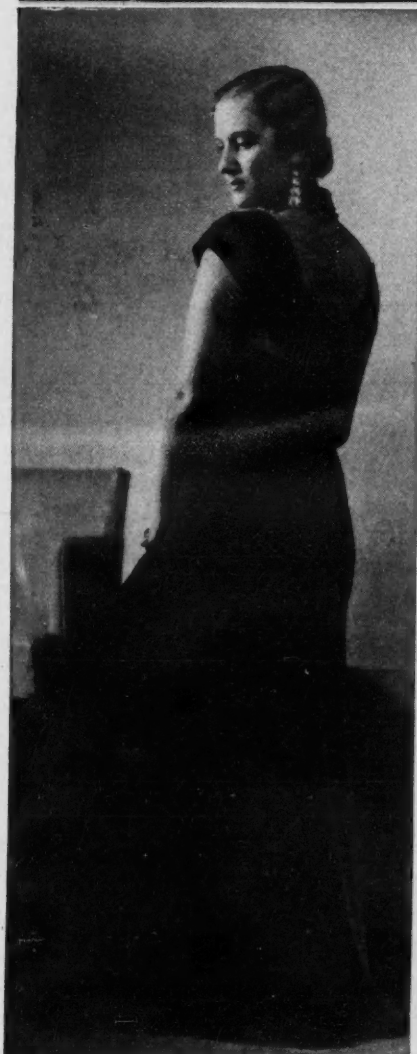




# ... Glimpses of an



Two lovely versions of the "Renaissance hat"—the upturned brim from Fairweather's; the tilted profile from Eaton's—College Street.



The beauty of drapery is exemplified in the graceful evening from the Robert Simpson Company, shown above. Next to it is Patou's "tea-time ensemble," the skirt and coat of black velvet, the blouse of tango-red mousseline de soie. To the right is Worth's glorious black velvet evening cloak, the hooded collar lined with white wool. Velvet enters the sports field with a brown velvet windbreaker worn with a tweed skirt.—from Mainbocher. The three sketches of hats indicate three different aspects of what is perhaps the most variable season in years.



## Six years of special hazards!

*Are you protecting your child—every day—  
with the food-energy that is needed?*

Hedged 'round by twice the perils of later life! That is your child—every child—in the years 1 to 6. Malnutrition and infectious disease cases run high. Accidents abound.

During this critical time, youngsters burn up bodily energy faster for their size than grown-ups do. Each active, play-filled morning brings a fresh invitation to overdo and lower vitality.

This, doctors agree, presents a problem which every mother herself must solve in the home day by day. And millions are solving it easily... with the important help delicious Cream of Wheat gives.

Cream of Wheat is made from the

best Canadian hard wheat. It is rich in carbohydrate. As a result, it supplies needed food energy in abundance... and with exceptional speed. It digests easily, without irritation even to a delicate system. And it helps to stimulate natural, "on-schedule" gains in weight.

Your doctor will gladly tell you more about the value of Cream of Wheat breakfasts. Ask him! And begin now to give your child, every morning, the benefit of this cereal proved by the experience of over 40 years. Cream of Wheat comes only in hygienic packages that are triple-sealed against taints and contaminations.



### *Gleaming new Silver for your table...*

See the marvelous offer on  
the Cream of Wheat package  
you buy today

Get a whole set of it! The exciting Coronet Pattern, manufactured in heavy silver plate by well-known Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd. It's a wonderful opportunity. Read all about it on the Cream of Wheat package you buy at your grocer's today. And here's a happy thought: save on gifts and bridge prizes—give this exquisite silver! The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.



## Mrs. Dacier

(Continued from page 7)

an honest char, and looking things over."

"Oh, Althea, you know she means well. She means to be friendly, not merely inquisitive. But about Mrs. Dacier."

"I like her," said Althea shortly. "I'm not going to wait till I know who her grandparents were and whether her Empire table is heirloom or auction sale. And Tommy likes her, too."

"Darling," Mrs. Braid persisted, "that is all very well. But what kind of a woman is she? Where does she come from? No one seems to know anything about her—"

Althea had sprung to her feet, her eyes dark with sudden fury.

"Are you trying to pump me, mother? Are you trying to find out about Mrs. Dacier for your old bridge club? I don't know anything about her. I just know she's charming, and funny, and a tiny bit sad. . . and I like her. And you're perfectly hateful, mother!"

She flung herself out of the room, slamming the door. The blue jar leaped and shivered on the window-sill, and Mrs. Braid's neatly arranged papers fluttered like leaves to the floor.

SO MRS. BRAID was absent-minded and played indifferent bridge, till her partner—who happened to be Miss Penderill—was simmering at white heat. But at last the game was over and tea was brought in. At once Mrs. Jestico, quivering on the very edge of her chair, said dramatically: "My dears, isn't it too dreadful about this Mrs. Dacier!"

"You mean the one in the cottage?" said Mrs. Jones innocently. "Why? Is she ill?"

"Ill!" Miss Penderill exploded. "Ill! So you haven't heard."

"She is Hugh Waldon's secretary," hissed Mrs. Jestico, jerking her head violently to emphasize this amazing statement.

Mrs. Theodore looked bewildered. Mrs. Braid, torn between mirth and furious annoyance, said nothing.

"I mean," said Mrs. Jestico, "I mean he's keeping her."

Mrs. Theodore went crimson with distress. She cut into the virgin whiteness of her prize cocoanut cake with a hand that trembled. "Not Hugh Waldon," she said. "Why, Hugh and I went to school together—at least, I remember the year he entered first grade. Why, Maud and I knew his mother. It's utterly impossible."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Braid. "It isn't possible."

"Is anything impossible where men are concerned?" enquired Miss Penderill with a sugared venom. "Men, my dear!"

The thin red tip of Mrs. Jestico's tongue flickered uneasily across her lips. "Do you suppose," she began, "do you suppose he goes there at night? Do you suppose. . ."

Mrs. Braid experienced a crawling sensation of dislike. There was something horrible in Mrs. Jestico's passionate curiosity about the intimate side of other people's lives, as though her own experience of life had been completely unreal and unsatisfying. She realized suddenly that she had disliked Mrs. Jestico for years.

"I think," she said with an icy emphasis, "I really think this discussion has gone quite far enough."

There was a moment of startled silence. Then Mrs. Jestico stood up abruptly, a faint purplish flush creeping up her high cheekbones.

"You may be sure I'll say no more about it. . . to you, Mrs. Braid," she retorted, tremulous with anger.

Miss Penderill rose, too. "Yes, really, Maudie. I think you owe us all an apology."

"Oh, Livvy," Mrs. Jones protested. "You

mustn't take it like that. Maud didn't mean it that way. And you haven't had a piece of my cocoanut cake yet. Do sit down."

"I know quite well what Maudie means. I quite appreciate her point of view," said Miss Penderill, tightening her lips. She gathered up her wraps with decision. "Come along, Mrs. Jestico. I think under the circumstances you and I had better leave."

SO THEY departed together, and Mrs. Jones, more distressed than ever, came back to the living room where Mrs. Braid, outwardly serene, stood thoughtfully before the fire.

"Oh, Maud," she exclaimed, "have you heard all this extraordinary tale Livvy is telling?"

"I think so. Unless she has added to it since yesterday."

"Of course there is nothing in it. Hugh would never do such a thing. Only it seems so—so odd."

"Althea likes her," said Mrs. Braid.

"Well then, I'm sure she's all right. Althea is such a fastidious little creature. She would hate any sort of unpleasantness."

Uncertainty again had Althea's mother in its grip.

"My dear, I wish I knew. The child is so . . . inaccessible. I don't know how she would feel about it. I don't know anything about her nowadays. She might consider that whatever emotional relationship there is between Hugh and this Mrs. Dacier is entirely their own business."

"Maud," said Mrs. Jones, aghast. "You don't think—"

"Of course I don't," said Mrs. Braid, recovering herself. "I'm going to call on her the very first evening I can drag George out of his newspaper."

"Well, I'll call if you do," said Mrs. Jones stoutly. "I'm sure she's perfectly charming."

"Oh, charming! My dear, do you realize that this Mrs. Dacier whom we haven't even met, has succeeded in breaking up our Saturday bridge game?"

"What!"

"Did Mrs. Jestico say anything about next week. It's her turn."

Mrs. Jones looked at her blankly.

"Well, I don't care," she said at last in mild defiance. "It's almost a relief. Livvy is really pretty awful. I mean she's developing complexes or repressions or whatever those things are the young people talk about. I never pretend to understand. Though I must say Elinor does her conscientious best to enlighten me. . ."

Mrs. Braid laughed aloud. "Perhaps we had better plan to go to the movies together next Saturday. But in the meanwhile we must both call on Mrs. Dacier."

BUT THE call was not to be paid.

Before Mrs. Braid, her good intentions firmly lashed to the mast, had found the suitable and convenient moment, Mrs. Dacier unexpectedly went out of town. Oddly enough, Mrs. Braid witnessed her departure. George was detained in the

city; it was a horrible night in late November, a night filled with wind and a cutting sleet. Nevertheless, feeling noble and at the same time slightly amused at herself, Mrs. Braid took out the car and went to meet the late train. In such weather, of course, the train was bound to be late and the car was cold, so she left it parked at the platform and went into the breathless oven-baked little waiting room.

And as she waited Mrs. Dacier came in and hurried across to the ticket office. She passed through the room with unseeing eyes, something withdrawn and secret about her. Mrs. Braid found herself studying this other woman with a frank and shameless interest; her tall slenderness, the pale oval of the face, a little too tense and worn for her years, the proud and lovely curve of dark brows over dark and shadowed eyes.

"Fascinating," she thought. "Quite fascinating. Really Hugh has an astonishingly subtle taste in women. . ."

The whistle of the approaching train cut stridently across her observations. Mrs. Dacier picked up her bag and went out just ahead of Mrs. Braid. She held a handkerchief pressed against her mouth, as though its set still line threatened some betrayal. Mrs. Braid, looking up the line of cars in search of George, saw her poised for a moment on the high step, haloed by the unnatural glare of the station lamps, gemmed in whirling diamonds of sleety rain. And then the train went panting and straining northward into the storm.

George came up behind her and squeezed her arm. "Hey, there! This is no weather for an old lady like you."

"Next time you're late," she threatened amiably, "you can bounce yourself home in a taxi." She slid into the driver's seat, and George relaxed comfortably beside her.

"Oh, well," he said, "we might as well both be killed at once. What a night—what a night! This serves Hugh Waldon right, it does."

"What are you talking about, George?"

"Oh, Hugh's a big business man and can dash off for a fortnight's holiday whenever the mood takes him. He went up north today, hunting."

"What?"

"Hunting. Guns and dogs and big leather boots and canned beans."

Mrs. Braid said in an odd voice: "Are you sure, George? Where did you hear this?"

"As a matter of fact, he told me himself. He was leaving this afternoon."

"I see," said Mrs. Braid slowly. "I see."

HER FIRST impulse, when they reached the house, was to call Mrs. Jones and talk this all over. George had immediately submerged himself in the paper; Althea, of course, was out. But she paused with her hand on the cradle of the telephone, realizing with a sudden shock, a sort of dull and aching dismay, that Olivia must have been right from the beginning. There was a furtiveness, an ugliness about this separate departure that made of it, capping the slight foundation of Miss Penderill's suspicions, a conclusive fact. Mrs. Braid was astonished at her own complete reluctance to accept it. Ever since that ridiculous scene in Mrs. Theodore's living room she had enjoyed an odd sense of freedom, of detachment. She had always, with a too tranquil assurance, considered herself the dominant member of their small group. Now she saw how entirely Olivia Penderill's avid curiosity, her passionate and extraordinary faculty for nosing out human frailty, had swayed them all. And haunted by the memory of Mrs. Dacier's strange beauty, a beauty touched and shadowed by pain, she knew she could not bring herself to put this last weight of evidence into the tipping scale.

She undressed slowly, and lay sleepless long after the lights were out, long after Althea's light footsteps had passed her door, reviewing the whole intolerable situation, the difficult decision facing her that involved Althea and her new friendship for Mrs. Dacier. Suppose she refrained from interference, and then things ended in some horrible open scandal. She went cold all over at

(Continued on page 26)



## OOH! . . . by MONA GOULD

My Mummy said, "Now Babsy-Jane  
You must NOT pick the pretty flowers,  
Leave them growing on their stems,  
Touch them gently if you like,  
Bend and smell them if you want to,  
Sit beside them in the sun  
But don't you PICK a single one"!!

It picked itself! It really did!  
I sat beside it in the grass  
It bent a little in the breeze  
And brushed against my tickly knees,  
I gave it just a little push . . .  
A teeny weeny little push . . .  
Was all I gave that little flower,  
I can't begin to understand  
How it came off . . . and in my hand!

And now, I don't know what to do,  
Or what to think,  
Or say . . .  
Do you?

"Hugh told me. She's had such an awful time, mother. She used to visit him every week, and it was awful. But lately he's been getting worse and worse, and didn't even know her. Though he might have lived on for years and years. She was very near a breakdown herself. Couldn't sleep or anything. That's why Hugh made her move out here."

"How long has she known Hugh, Althea?"  
"Oh, well, she went into his office after her husband was sent away. She uses her maiden name there, you know; I suppose because it saved a lot of explanation in the first place." She added, drawing a quick breath: "Hugh just worships her, mother. They've been in love with each other for years—and it's seemed so terribly hopeless. That's how she

knows about waiting—what it does to you . . . Oh, I do hope they can be happy now."

Mrs. Braid said softly: "So do I, my darling."

They clung together, a little longer, in silence. How odd, she thought, that Althea's soft curls had still the warm crisp scent of baby hair. This moment of lovely confidence, of renewed happiness and assurance, would pass; tomorrow Althea might shield herself again in a crystal armor of reticence. Yet Mrs. Braid knew now that time and life would surely bring them close again.

Mrs. Dacier, passing as a dark and tragic shadow across the too placid background of her days, thus subtly had altered all its patterns.



## Unwise as Possible

(Continued from page 11)

there's Roger James. Isn't it too dreadful about him? Didn't you know? He married a native! Actually, Nick, they say things like that." She broke off to giggle. "I'd been in a sort of coma and when John's sister said that I sat up, all agog. I thought she meant a South Sea Islander at the least. Darling, she meant a little country girl from the west!" Laughter rocked her backward on the arm of the sofa and she fell into it in a heap. "Isn't that gor-geous? Well, that's, how I'm going to be. Can't you hear me?"

Nick was not amused. "Are you short of money, Ann?" he asked, abruptly, into the silence that fell after Ann discovered, with hurt surprise, that one of her jokes had, for once, fallen flat with Nick. "What do you live on anyway? That fashion column doesn't pay much, even when you do it."

"Larry left me a thousand or two and a couple of houses in Alberta. Don't look so sad, lamb. I've still got the houses. Now and again rent is paid! Why?"

"Only that apartments in this district are pretty dear. Even baby ones like this." He smiled brilliantly at her then. "Why don't you come over and share my place?"

Ann clasped her hands and gazed soulfully at him. "Darling, I never dreamed you cared. Do you re-all-y want to marry me?"

"Of course I don't," Nick said seriously. "I'd hate it, probably. But I'd hate worse to lose you, Ann; lose your sort of person out of the world, I mean. So—sure, woman, I'll marry you."

Ann gave him a puzzled look. "My man," she breathed.

"Stop fooling, idiot. I'm serious. I expect we'd have fun together."

"I've had fun, thank you," Ann told him, sobering suddenly. "If you're so worried about me you could be practical and lend me twenty till Monday."

"Gosh, I'm sorry," Nick said uncomfortably. "Would ten do? Monday or Tuesday I ought to get paid for those layouts."

Ann held him by the shoulders and smiled into his eyes until she got a reluctant grin in return. "I wasn't really trying to borrow. I just wanted you to see what I mean; the way it would always be. Nick, it isn't the money altogether; it isn't even mostly that. It's the sort of life that goes with it—the state of

mind of the filthy rich that I'm after."

She kissed him lightly under what she explained was his most solemn-looking eye and ducked before he could do what he obviously had in mind to do about that. "Run along home and paint your disreputable women," she ordered. "You're a grand guy and I love you. But I'm climbin', honey!"

"Don't get your knees too dusty," Nick threw at her. He looked, as he left, really disgusted. It was the first time he ever had, and Ann found she did not care much for it.

WHEN THE doorbell rang at five o'clock Ann's hair was in the state of gold-red childish disorder that belied the extreme care needed to get it exactly like that. Her bags were packed and she was just nerving herself for the concentration it took to get the silliest hat in the world on at the most improbable angle. Doorbells, therefore, had no terrors for her. It could be John, remorseful about letting her go by train. It could be, but the probabilities were against it.

She shrugged as she went to answer the bell. He'd be surprised if he knew that the only reason she'd welcome his driving her was that it would save car fare. Preoccupied and a little rueful over that admission she did not, at first, realize that the well-dressed, pale young man who confronted her was neither laundry boy or package porter.

"Good afternoon, madame—er—miss. I am—ah—" He flushed, with a preposterous flooding of color and Ann surveyed him with amusement. "If you have any windows," he said and leaned slightly sideways and shut his mouth as if his sentence were finished and completely lucid. Ann's nostrils widened. He didn't smell drunk but that list could mean nothing else.

"Oddly enough, I have several. How did you get in? Did you mention your interest in my windows to the doorman?"

"Not your windows, specially. I've asked at all the D apartments. My name is David so I picked D for luck." He swayed and his short laugh had no amusement in it. "Those iron service steps are terribly steep but elevator boys ask questions. Stop staring!" he said sharply. "I'll wash your filthy windows for the price of a meal." The words stayed in the air for a long time. Ann's embarrassment made her stupid. "You'll do no such thing," she said crossly. "Come in. Sit down in that chair." His hand, she saw, grasped the door jamb; the knuckles were white.

She ran for her handbag. There was no earthly use in digging round in the corners of it as she was doing. She knew exactly what she had. The neatly-folded five-dollar bill and the dime would just have paid her train fare and return.

A hoarse voice came at her out of the hall.



Dere Mom  
I got to granny's on  
Monday and after supper  
granpop took this picture.  
granny is smiling but  
she was reely kinda cross  
cause my clothes have  
tattletale gray she sed.  
She sed can't you see  
how gray your pygamas are?  
they tell everybody they aren't  
reely clean she sed.  
Wick made me say my

mother works like anything on  
washday but she sed the  
trubble is your soap doesn't  
get out ALL the dirt.  
So granny sed to tell  
you you ought to use  
fels-naptha soap like she does  
on account of its got heaps of  
naptha right in the golden  
soap and it gets clothes white  
as mopsies new baby rabbits.  
I'm bringing a rabbit  
home to show you how awful  
white that is. Billy

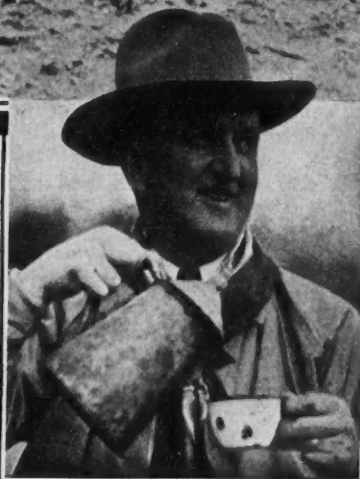
© FELS & CO., 1935

**P. S.—** Billy's mother did get rid of tattletale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap—and so can you! Try it! Get some Fels-Naptha

at your grocer's today—and see how safely and beautifully it washes even your very daintiest things—how easy it is on your hands!



# Let's have a cup of Tea



Let Mr. T. Pott tell you how to make a good cup of Tea

"Select a good brand of small-leaf tea. Boil fresh water. Warm up an earthenware tea pot. Put in one tea-spoonful of tea for each cup and one for the pot. The moment the water boils furiously, pour it on the tea. Let the tea brew five minutes."

"You'll go farther on the trail on Tea than on any other beverage" says Bill Mitcheltree, famous veteran guide at Banff. So, in an outfit limited to the bare essentials, he always packs his Tea service — not earthenware or china, but sound trailworthy metal — ready for those moments when energy flags.

In the city, as on the trail, Tea is the natural energy restorer that lifts you up when you need it most. Try it today . . . see for yourself the pleasant natural zest for living it gives you.

## Mrs. Dacier

(Continued from page 24)

the thought. But it was impossible, preposterous. Hugh had actually introduced her to Althea. And yet undoubtedly there was something, something secret and unrevealed, between Hugh and this mysterious woman. What weight was Mrs. Dacier carrying that brought that look of strain to her dark eyes? I am really, Mrs. Braid told herself in horror, I am really growing warped as Olivia Penderill.

But she couldn't let Althea be drawn into their entanglements. Tommy and Althea were seeing Mrs. Dacier quite often now. Tommy and Althea. Here was familiar country in the night-voyagings of her mind. Tommy and Althea, coming and going, always together. They were so cool and easy with each other; there was a settled casualness about them, like an old and affectionately married couple. And yet at moments they were so acutely, so obviously and tensely aware of each other. How deeply was Althea in love with him? How deep a risk of pain and disillusion was she running?

MOVED BY an age-old instinct she got out of bed, gathering a quilted satin gown about her, sliding her feet into fur-edged slippers. George was sleeping solidly in the other bed. She opened the door of Althea's room with an exquisite caution, stepped noiselessly across the floor and turned on the bedlight. Althea lay wide-eyed, watching her.

"Darling," said Mrs. Braid, "did I frighten you?"

"I knew it was you," said Althea in her clear, grave little voice. "Is anything wrong?"

"No, nothing. I just came in to peep at you. When you were tiny I used to come every night—"

"Did you? How sweet. I don't remember."

"Of course you don't. You were never awake. Althea, darling, why aren't you asleep now?"

"I was thinking. Mother, sit down and talk to me." She wriggled into a sitting posture, revealing a loveliness of slim young shoulders and breasts lightly veiled in lace before she drew the covers up around her. The windows were open, and a faint sleety snow still fell ghostlike against the night, but Mrs. Braid was cold only with excitement. "I've been wanting to talk to you. There's something I have to tell you."

"Well, darling?"

"Tommy and I—we want to be married this spring."

Mrs. Braid's heart dipped and rose and dipped again like a swallow in flight. "Oh, Althea! But you're so terribly young."

"Yes, I know," said Althea with an odd humility. "That's why I thought it might be better to wait a little longer. I mean, I feel sometimes too young and silly to be any sort of a wife for Tommy just yet. Compared, for instance, to someone as wise and lovely as Mrs. Dacier—"

"Then why don't you wait, my wise and lovely little Althea?" She had not winced even at Mrs. Dacier's name. She braced herself for Althea's reply.

"Because," said Althea slowly, "because she says, if there isn't any other real reason for waiting, well—it's just too hard on Tommy. On both of us."

Mrs. Braid, resentment burning hotly within her, managed to say with an admirable calm: "Yes, darling, but surely you're not going to get married just because it's hard on Tommy not to be married to you."

"Of course not." She added, in a quick half whisper: "Oh, mother, don't you know how much I love him?"

"Do you, Althea? Are you perfectly sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. You won't mind, will you, if we get married in the quietest sort of way? I mean, without a flock of bridesmaids and guests and things. I just want you and daddy, and perhaps Mrs. Theodore. And Elinor. And, of course, Tommy's mother, and Hugh Waldon—he's Tommy's best friend. And Mrs. Dacier—"

"Althea, why Mrs. Dacier?"

"Because I like her so much. I think she's marvellous."

"Oh, no, Althea." She felt decision thrust upon her, unfairly, at the wrong moment. The whole sequence of damning circumstance came flooding into her mind. "Althea, you don't really know what she's like, what kind of woman she is—"

"Are you thinking of the poisonous talk Miss Penderill has tried to spread around town?"

"No. At least—Oh, my dear one, it's not easy to talk to you about this sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" said Althea coldly. So swift was her withdrawal, so icy the invisible barrier that rose again between them.

Mrs. Braid, sick with despair, said with an equal coldness: "Perhaps you know, Althea, that Hugh went north today?"

"I know. To the Lodge."

"And then, my dear, when I went this evening to meet your father, I myself saw Mrs. Dacier get on that late train. And what in the name of heaven would take a woman up north in November unless—unless—"

Althea's eyes blazed suddenly in her little white face.

"How perfectly abominable of you! How simply outrageous! So I suppose you called your pet ghouls before you went to bed and told them all about it. Oh, I hate you sometimes, mother. How could you do it?"

THIS WAS too cruel, too unjust. A bitter pain welled up in Mrs. Braid, a sense of hopeless and futile estrangement, stiffening her to anger. "Althea! Althea, will you please listen to me for one moment? You are talking like an extremely unkind and stupid child. I have told no one about it. I have no intention of telling anyone. It's not my secret."

Althea said uncertainly: "You're not going to talk about it at the bridge club?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Braid a little more calmly, "the bridge club has already split in twain on the rock of your Mrs. Dacier's dubious reputation. Mrs. Theodore and I felt in all justice compelled to defend her. That was before tonight—"

Amazingly, Althea burst into tears.

Mrs. Braid slid to her knees beside the bed and gathered her up in her arms, rocking her gently as she used to do when Althea was very small and inconsolable. "Darling! Darling, don't cry."

"I can't help it," said Althea, her voice muffled against her mother's strong, warm shoulder. "I've felt so rotten about it all. Mother, you're quite wrong about Mrs. Dacier. I'm going to tell you about her."

Her voice was steady again, but she made no move to free herself. Mrs. Braid hardly dared to breathe: "Go on, Althea."

"She telephoned me," said Althea, "just before she left. Hugh was gone and she had no one to turn to. She had a telegram to say that her husband was dying—"

"What?"

"Her husband is dying. He's been insane for years. Hopelessly insane from shell-shock. They were married when he was on leave. She wasn't as old as I am, and he was twenty. They were married for just one week. He's in a private sanatorium place. That's where she was going tonight."

"But my darling child," said Mrs. Braid, utterly appalled. "Surely she could have told people and stopped all this talk?"

"Yes, but I don't think she knew there was talk," said Althea, a trifle impatiently. "I don't think she would care if she did know. Anyway, who really listens to nasty old women like Livvy?" With one slim little hand she gestured Miss Penderill, a spent force, a spiteful and frustrate ghost, to the limbo of insignificance. "And besides, she never speaks about it. She can't bear to talk about it."

"But she told you all this, Althea?"

... nothing so refreshing as a good cup of TEA

# Beauty Culture



A DEPARTMENT FOR STYLE HEALTH AND PERSONALITY



# SEARCH YOUR SKIN



## FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

**They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!**

By *Lady Esther*

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your fingertips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you *do* feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

### A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever sus-

pected was there. It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is *really* clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

### The Proof Is Free!

But don't take my word for the cleansing and lubricating powers of this cream. Prove it to yourself at my expense. Upon receipt of your name and address, I'll send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free. Let the cream itself show you how efficient it is.

With the free tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, so you can see for yourself how the two go together to make a beautiful and lovely complexion. Write me today for the free cream and face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (2-7) **FREE**

Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto-12, Ontario  
Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

"I'm not begging," it said, and stopped to cough. "I'll bet I could wash windows perfectly well—" The words trailed off and Ann stood still, calling upon the remnants of her hard-won common sense. This week-end was important to her. But she saw again the burning flush that had dyed an unusually white face, remembered once when she'd walked three times round a block, before she'd asked for, and got, a dish-washing job, and recklessly dumped her purse upside down upon the table.

From the hall there was a squeak of chair legs on polished floor, the swish of a rug sliding and then a sort of settling-down sound.

She could not get him off the floor. He sat foolishly, his legs sprawled out before him, half leaning against the chair. Ann tugged and he drooped sidewise and his coat fell open. Under the smart scarf he had no collar on; further disarrangement disclosed that he lacked a shirt. Ann sat on the floor beside him and felt sick and scared; much more scared, somehow, by these absurd facts, than she'd been when she saw he'd fallen.

His hoarse breathing filled the hall. If she rang for help the house staff would eject him quite simply. Then he would go—where? Silly that she didn't know. When people fainted you put their heads down, she remembered. She pushed him down flat, feeling brutal.

When whisky occurred to her, she poured it over his chin and down his neck but got some between his teeth, and eventually his legs stopped behaving like cooked macaroni when she tried to make him stand on them and, panting a good deal, she got him down the hall and dumped him on her bed. There was a lot of muttering during the process but he made no sense at all. When she put a hand on his forehead she drew it away quickly and got a thermometer.

THE LITTLE doctor whose sign in the lobby she'd passed so many times without consciously seeing it, was incurious and efficient. "My brother," she said firmly, and he nodded without interest. "He doesn't live here," Ann elaborated, when the pyjama shortage appeared. On inspiration she produced a white bath-towel robe of her own and modestly left the doctor to it.

So far her inspirations had been remarkably fertile in causing her needless trouble. "Come on, now, be fertile where it's likely to do you some good," she admonished herself, racking her brain for any story that John Rodgers would accept. "I can't come out because I've just taken in a strange man and put him to bed." Simply swell, that would be. You didn't tell a Rodgers thing like that. John hadn't washed dishes for a week in an eating house.

A racking cough from the bedroom decided her. She'd have a cold. "Yes, a sudden one. Wasn't it too dreadful!" She tried a croaking voice, experimentally. Pretty phoney, it sounded, but it might just be credible over a telephone.

Sheer malice got her out of John's alarming suggestion that he drive right in and see what he could do for her. "But, my dear, you know how contagious a cold is. And you are susceptible. I couldn't think of letting you." That got him. He *was* fussy about himself. She smiled as she listened to him getting not too gracefully out of his impulsiveness.

Of all the world's fools she was, she decided, the worst. She went rebelliously into the bedroom to eye the hot-looking face on her best lace pillow with extreme resentment. "That's the way you always were," she told herself hopelessly. "You run your life by pure reason for years on end, and then, just when you're getting somewhere, some perfectly irrelevant trifle"—the trifle coughed and she glowered at the doctor and went on grousing inside her head—"some darned trifle pops up and you shoot the works on a sentimental impulse." Where could a girl like that be expected to get, she asked herself, thanking the doctor absently for his promise to order medicine sent up? "Might turn into pneumonia and might not," he said cheerfully. "Just a bad cold at

the moment. Keep him here; keep him warm and quiet; feed him up."

"And if it's pneumonia, isn't *that* perfectly fine," she addressed the figure in her bed, when they were alone. She was as annoyed with him as possible. Why couldn't he have fallen down in one of the other D apartments? When he whimpered under his breath and then set his mouth hard, she fought down a stab of pity. "Disgusting sentimentality," she said, aloud, pulling the covers over his exposed shoulder with great gentleness.

It was at midnight when he took to yelling. The first time he did it Ann's blood froze in her veins. She felt it stop. She found him half out of bed, glaring round him with the insane glint of delirium in his eye. For one awful moment she was on the verge of bolting out of the room, out of the house. Then she was pushing him back into bed, pulling the covers up over him, saying "Now, now," in what she hoped was a soothing tone.

The mutterings began again and she went and sat on the edge of the bathtub and shook. Actually, her knees were knocking together. After awhile she forced herself into the bedroom, step at a time, and, in a moment when he was comparatively quiet, she sneaked up on him and tied her heavy bathrobe cord tightly across the bed, pinioning his arms.

She spent the next hours sitting on the twin of his bed staring anxiously at him as if waiting for him to explode. Once she did try to go to bed in a huddle of blankets on the living room sofa, only to be aroused by a shout that brought her flying to him.

Her patient had got his arms free though the rope still held him in bed. He was making strange motions with his hands, brushing them over his face. His words, at first unintelligible, began to come clear. "I don't mind the violets," he told her earnestly, staring at her with burning eyes. "I can stand 'em growing out of my ears. I don't even care about lilies growing where my hair ought to be. But it's the rhododendrons you planted in my chest. They're too tall. Plant pansies, can't you?"

It was then she gave in and dialled Nick's number.

NICK WAS not pleased at being waked up at three in the morning. "Come *where*? Are you out of your mind? Certainly not!" he shouted. "Why do you have to go whimsical on me at this hour? In a jam. Where's the Gilded Lily?"

"I'm not out there, Nick. I'm home. Listen. Listen to me. I can't do a thing with this man—"

Nick said, "What do you mean?" sharply, sounding all at once completely awake.

Ann sobbed. "He's yelling," she said lucidly. "I'm—scared, Nick. S-sorry, but I am. Nick! Nick!"

It dawned upon her that she was talking into an empty telephone and she sat staring stupidly at it, then hung it on its cradle. She hadn't thought Nick could do that to her. She'd always had a comfortable feeling in the back of her mind that, whatever happened, Nick was there. Now—he wasn't. It left things oddly blank. She went slowly into the momentarily quiet bedroom. Nick—why, Nick was tired of her silly ways.

The buzzer, supplemented by continuous banging sent her running to open the door. Nick, his hair on end, tieless and complete with black scowl, stood there. Her arms round his neck, her "Darling Nick, I should have known," her frantic burst of laughter and tears down his collar, did nothing to erase his dark look. "Where is he?" he demanded, brushing her off and striding past her. "What's all this about?"

Ann poured out the ridiculous story and when he said: "Is *that* all! Of all the idiots—" she agreed humbly. He held her and mopped up her tears but when she saw his expression she relapsed again into near hysteria.

"You're so f-funny. I tell you I've a tramp with pneumonia in my bed and you say: 'Is *that* all?' beaming with relief. Heavens, isn't that enough? You poor

[Continued on page 69]



# What Is "Good Style?"

asks ANNABELLE LEE

And a Stylist, a Saleswoman and a Designer  
answer according to their varied experience

**F**ROCKS are full at the top, with blouses gathered into yolks, or with shirrings, pleatings and lavishly inflated sleeves." That's what the cable from Paris said. Reading it, I had a swift mental picture of cities, towns and villages, stores, offices and houses, all inhabited by more or less fashion-conscious women wearing with greater faith than discrimination, shirrings, pleatings and lavishly inflated sleeves.

Now you know, and I know, that there's much more to this delicate art of dressing than meek obedience to the edicts of a handful of fashionable dressmakers located a couple of thousand miles or so away. You know, and I know, that nothing is farther from the thoughts of those same fashionable dressmakers than that round and rosy little Mrs. Doherty, of Alberta, Canada, should go suddenly and indescribably Renaissance in a gown that would give even her slender daughter voluptuous curves. Yet that is exactly what happens when exclusive models are released for copy, when style writers chatter, and trunkfuls of new designs are turned by industrial magic into thousands of slavishly accurate imitations.

Mrs. Doherty, who is the leader of her set, saw a Patou model and wanted one like it two leaps ahead of her bridge club. So she instructed her dressmaker to make her a dress "just like that"—which her dressmaker, who knows better than to argue, did. And even the obvious unhappy results do not deter her friends and acquaintances from hastily following her example.

**WHAT'S THE** matter with the majority of women who just miss being "well dressed?" I decided that I'd lay it before a committee of three, consisting of "People Who Should Know." So it was that I waylaid a stylist, a saleswoman and a designer, and asked them sundry pertinent questions. Their comments, culled from their own experiences, are enlightening.

My first question, then, I put to the stylist who is attached to the fabric and pattern department of a large departmental store. To her, every day come bewildered customers and frustrated sales clerks seeking her advice on matters pertaining to fashion and its relationship to the personality of the customer. I asked:

*Do women know how to dress by instinct?*

As I suspected, the answer was a decisive "No." It seems that very few women possess an inborn flair for the right use of form and color. Even among those who have natural good taste, there are few who can apply it to themselves. But—and here the stylist put her finger on the crux of the situation—there's scarcely a woman who will admit to herself, least of all to others, that she does not know how to buy clothes. Just as many a girl before marriage thinks that cooking and managing a house will miraculously come to her with the signing of the register, so many a woman goes through life convinced that she knows how to dress herself, simply because she's lived with herself since birth.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. And when a woman has realized that, she's well on the road to acquiring

real style knowledge. How? Through the unending channels offered the modern woman today. Through the pages of fashion magazines and the runways of fashion reviews; through the good offices (though cautiously) of the movies, and the generous displays of the large stores. Through their shopping services if you are a countrywoman. Everywhere the fact of fashion is thrown wide to those who seek it.

*How can one reconcile fashion with type and personality?*

See yourself as another person, said the stylist and the saleswoman. Select a dressmaker of impeccable taste and take her advice, said the designer.

To step outside yourself, analyze your advantages and your shortcomings, and study how to capitalize the one and minimize the other—these things are hard to do. For first, one must throw away prejudice and kindly self-indulgence. Even that extraordinary looking person you know whose proportions are so utterly disproportionate and whose features are so completely featureless, is an grossing personality to herself. Perhaps long ago she built for herself an idealized version of her mirrored reflection. Her nose became quite half-an-inch shorter—her mouth softer and fuller; her legs acquired an extra couple of inches from knee to hip, and her waist narrowed to an attractive curve. Small, harmless delusions in their consequences—but dangerous when she attempts to dress herself becomingly. So off with the rose-tinted glasses. Look with honest eyes at that reflection of yours in the long mirror. Stand normally, with no cheating. And carry that reflection in your mind's eye when you come to choose your clothes. Later I'll tell you what the Designer said concerning the whys and wherefores of line and form.

*What are the basic fundamentals of good taste?*

They are, said the stylist, suitability to the occasion. And, added the saleswoman, perfection of detail.

In this matter of good taste the truth has more than its ordinary ability to hurt. All of us loathe to be "caught out." But if there are two courses to follow in this matter of dress-

ing to an occasion, take the more conservative one. It is better to be underdressed than overdressed. Better to dress in monotonous than to "knock the eye out" with flashy colors. Better still to realize that the odd spot of brilliant color will enliven a one or two-color ensemble so that it is more effective as a pictorial whole than the bird-of-paradise print you secretly yearn for. Cheaper too—which is why business girls so often are more attractively dressed.

"Special occasion" frocks are pitfalls for the unwary shopper. Both the stylist and the saleswoman agree on that. Suddenly out of a blue sky comes an invitation to Cousin Etta's wedding. Immediately in the sudden excitement of preparation, all your carefully repressed desires come surging to the surface. You're tall and angular but all your life you've longed for ruffles. Cousin Etta's wedding provides an excuse. You're pale and diminutive but 'way down in a corner of your soul you crave the exotic. Cousin Etta's wedding is its outlet.

[Continued on page 67]



This black broadtail coat stresses the new full lines. Metal leaves serve as novel fasteners; beret is fashioned of the same fur as the coat. Worn by Gail Patrick, Paramount player.



# TRIPLETS IN RACE TO CUT DOWN RUNS

—Read Story Below

## Race Starts Now



"RUNS have got us on the run," agree these pretty triplets, Ford, Gladys and Margaret Ferguson. "Time we called a halt," adds Margaret. "I saw a story about girls who cut down runs with Lux. What say we try it?" "O.K.," say the others. "Let's have a race—see who cuts down runs the most."

### No Runs—No Mends!

**TRIUMPH!** Margaret wins—cuts down runs 50%—gets twice as long wear from her Luxed stockings as from stockings rubbed with cake soap! Gladys and Ford cut runs way down, too. "We have extra spending money now that we're not buying new stockings so often. Lux is surely a big economy!"

## "No Fair Being Greedy"



**ALL THREE SISTERS** clamor for the Lux box. "No fair being greedy," says Gladys. So, taking turns, each washes her stockings with Lux every night. Then, they keep careful records. "It's easy as can be," they tell you—"takes only a minute or two."

Lux is especially made to save the *elasticity* of the silk, so stockings don't break into runs so often. Cake-soap rubbing, soaps with harmful alkali, *weaken* elasticity—then runs tend to start easily.

# LUX SAVES STOCKING ELASTICITY

blends it out at the hair-line close to her ears. Then she works the color downward so that its last trace will come slightly above the line parallel to her mouth. Her own natural color would not fall any deeper than this, so she doesn't bring her rouge farther down than nature intended.

But her own natural color in this case is not the indicator for the tone rouge she should use. Unlike the brunettes and the blondes that look to their skin tones for their cosmetic shades, the red-head must, first of all, consider her hair. Her rouge and lipstick must not "fight" with their tawny tint. No pinks or "blue reds" in rouges for her. They must be of the orangey-red tones. Those specially designated and named for titians and red-heads are always best. Just the faintest touch of this rouge at the chin seems to bring it forward and completes the heart-shaped illusion she is trying to convey.

She can model her head with tweezers, too. Pull out any wild hairs between the brows to give that clear-cut look, so youthful and attractive today. But since her eyes are almond in shape and slant slightly, they will gain interest if she lets her brows slant upward in their natural line, rather than giving them an arched curve. Upward lines seem to make the face seem younger anyway. Any straggly hairs should come out, but let her not interfere with their outline other than accenting it with a brow pencil in the reddish tinge.

Shades like ash blonde or brown make light lashes more noticeable without seeming harsh or blatant. Before she darkens her lashes, she wants just a touch of eye shadow to intensify the tone of her eyes. Green is lovely if you want to make the eyes seem more green than grey—and grey, if you want them to look grey rather than green. The lady we have in mind varies the tone of her eye shadow according to the frocks she wears—grey for grey and blue clothes; green for the greens, blacks and browns. Lightly, she dots her eye shadow on each lid, then smooths it even with her little finger. Her eyes are set rather deep in their sockets so she doesn't carry the shadow quite to the eyebrow but lets it simmer off as it reaches the lids' crease. Then on with her mascara—in an ash blonde or brown shade, mind you, and her eyes seem so much more attractive for their framework is now visible.

NEEDLESS to say, I have taken quite a few liberties with our visionary lady to show you how she models her face with her cosmetics to express the illusion of a perfectly formed head. Naturally, before she starts in with her rouge or her make-up her skin is clean and soft. A rich cleansing cream is very satisfactory for her type of delicate skin, for it not only draws out impurities, but replaces oils to the skin to take the place of those that sun-drenched days have drawn out. A massage with tissue cream at night after her cleansing stirs up the circulation and aids the skin to throw off any dead particles or tan. Then a mild bleaching lotion patted on right before retiring further hastens the bleaching process and aids in the elimination of freckles. But back to our lady during the day as she prepared her skin for her make-

up. She will always use a powder foundation not only because it will make her make-up much more lasting and natural looking, but it's a fine disguise for those freckles.

Strong bleaches cannot be used to remove freckles, for anything intense enough to get at the underskin where freckles are seated will tear at the sensitive surface and work drastically. The mild bleaches, though sure and harmless, take a little while—about three weeks; so in the meantime her most successful ally in hiding them is the right powder base. A cream that has a certain amount of coverage or surface residue is nicest. If it is dotted over each cheek, on the chin, over the forehead, and on the neck as well as the face, it will give the most velvety foundation for the make-up that follows. After the cream rouge—cream rouge always goes on before powder, and dry rouge is reserved for that touch-up during the day—on goes the powder in a very special shade. Like the rouge tints, powders, too, must be in a shade to harmonize with the hair first, then the skin. Shades called peach or rachel are what the red-head wants—no flesh shades or rose, blush tints.

#### Dressing Down to the Hair

THE SHADE of difference between the red-head who looks striking and one who looks flashy is often no more than the shade of her costume. Vivid types look best in subdued colors; colorless types in the more brilliant shades. Artists who are long skilled in the secret of color harmony know this only too well. When they paint a woman with intense coloring—blue-black, titian or auburn hair—they usually seat her against a quiet background. More color added to her already colorful personality only creates confusion. The smart red-head realizes she is vivid enough, so she dresses smartly but "softly." Intense greens, bright blues, brilliant purples, all shades of red are not the touch she wants for flattery. Smartness, not "snappiness," is good taste always. Warm browns, blacks, navy blues, leafy greens, beiges, greys, are flattering. Monotone tweeds in any of these colors are very chic for sports or daytime. Velvets and crepes and dull finished fabrics are more becoming to her than the glittering satins or lamés. Extreme styles, extreme fabrics, like extreme colors will create blatant rather than brilliant effects.

And just as clothes to be smart should be quiet, so should perfumes. There's something a little too obvious about the red-head who exploits her unusual gifts by using an extremely heady, exotic scent. Men who are at first instinctively attracted to the red-headed woman are apt to shy away, a little afraid, when they sense a bizarre fragrance emanating from brilliant hair. The flower scents are lots more disarming. Jasmin, for instance, exuding from your locks or behind your ears—perfume on yourself is much more exciting than perfumes on fabrics!—breathes of freshness and youth. Rose, violet or the delicate fragrance of lilies-of-the valley say you love outdoors. And a faint whiff of lilac has the magic of music and a big, white moon.

## WHAT IS YOUR TYPE?

Are you blonde or brunette? Red-head or mid-brown? Are you statuesque in build, or are you petite? Do your "bad bits" outweigh your good points in your own consciousness? Have you an open mind and an ardent desire to look your most beautiful?

Then watch for an expert analysis of the woman whose appearance is most like you. She'll be described and "treated" feature by feature in one or more of the unique articles Chatelaine is presenting each month—an exclusive series contributed by leading cosmeticians. In one or more of the types described you'll recognize yourself or your neighbor.



## all YOUR SKIN CAN BE FRESH AND YOUTHFUL

Follow this easy Palmolive beauty method and keep your whole body beautiful.

WHY envy other women's beautiful complexions? You can have a skin that's just as youthful and appealing—a "schoolgirl complexion." And not only for your face and throat . . . but for your whole body.

#### Try this Palmolive Beauty Treatment

Use it for your face, throat and shoulders, and in the bath. Gently massage into your skin a warm, rich Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Then rinse completely and finish with a dash of cold water. Sounds simple . . . doesn't it? And it is simple, yet there's no surer way to skin beauty.

#### Helps Your Skin Three Ways

Made from a secret blend of nature's beauty oils—oils of olive and palm, Palmolive gently cleanses the pores, soothes and beautifies your skin . . . brings to it the fresh, healthful radiance of youth. So be sure to use Palmolive's beauty treatment in your bath, as well as for face, throat and shoulders. Remember, Palmolive will give you a "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

#### PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR

Friday night is opera night at the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre. Enjoy a full hour of glorious melody with stars of stage and air. N. B. C. Network Coast to Coast every Friday 9 to 10 p.m., E.S.T.

More than 20,000 beauty specialists recommend that you always give your face, neck and shoulders their daily Palmolive Beauty Treatment.



Lathers perfectly in hard or soft water





# Fooled

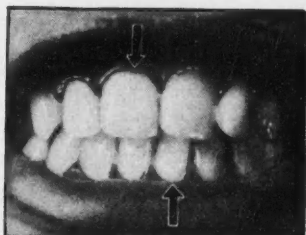
about her breath—  
and never knew it!

Suppose YOU  
make this  
toothpick test!



Brush upper  
teeth from  
gums down

Brush lower  
teeth from  
gums up



**Cleaning your teeth the Colgate way removes the commonest cause of bad breath**

WITH a toothpick or some unscented dental floss clean between your teeth. Does it reveal food deposits? Smell it. Does it have an unpleasant odor? Those deposits—that odor, mean your teeth are improperly cleaned and are the chief cause of bad breath and tooth decay, dentists say. Cleaning your teeth with Colgate's Dental Cream in the Colgate way eliminates this condition.

## Clean your teeth the Colgate way

Morning and night with Colgate's Dental Cream brush thoroughly upper teeth from gums down. Lower teeth from gums up. Then rinse your mouth. After that put a bit of Colgate's on your tongue and take another sip of water. Then swish! Swish! Flush the water through your teeth. Rinse again with clear water. That's all.

Colgate's penetrating foam gets into all crevices and between the teeth even where the toothbrush cannot

reach. It dissolves any odor breeding food deposits between the teeth and washes them away, leaving every part of the mouth and front, back and side surfaces of teeth thoroughly clean.

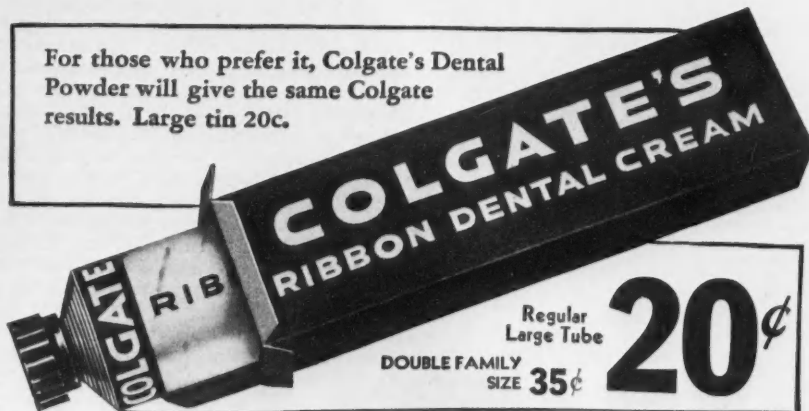
## You get these three Colgate results

First, your teeth are thoroughly clean. Second, the polishing ingredient in Colgate's, the same one your dentist uses, keeps your teeth white and sparkling. Third, Colgate's delicious peppermint flavour leaves your mouth refreshed and your breath fragrant.

## DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Use one tube of Colgate's. Then, if your teeth are not cleaner, whiter than before, return the empty tube to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. We will send you twice its cost.

For those who prefer it, Colgate's Dental Powder will give the same Colgate results. Large tin 20c.



# HEADLINES IN RED



by LILLIAN S. DODGE

President, Harriet Hubbard Ayer

A RED-HEAD should use her head if she hopes to make the most of her beauty. Loveliness starts with the tint of the hair but doesn't stop there by any means. Given equal proportions of coppery hair and cleverness, a girl can raise herself to a distinct personality for she is a type to start with. But her artfulness must be well directed or the effect will be strident, not striking.

Everybody in the audience please close their eyes for a moment and try to visualize the lady I am about to describe. She is not endowed with classic beauty, but she doesn't need it. She is as vivid as her burnished auburn hair which is about the texture and color of fine-spun copper wire, slightly wavy and with a good deal of "spring" to it which makes it difficult to dress these days of sleeky coiffures. Her head is small, rather triangular in outline with cheekbones fairly high and a chin that recedes a little. Her eyes are rather narrow, almond in shape and greeny-grey. And her brows instead of framing the eye sockets with a curved arch, seem to dart off northward like two wings. Both her lashes and eyebrows are inconspicuously pale. And her skin? Well, it's pale and creamy, smooth-textured, but dotted liberally with freckles. She has a slim, column-like neck and a good figure.

I daresay if you do not look just like this lady's twin, you have a good deal in common with her, for she is a composite of about a hundred red-headed women I have seen.

What are her assets? What her shortcomings? How is she going to dress her hair smartly and keep it well groomed? How is she going to disguise those freckles and that

shy chin? Play up her eyes? Dress so that she will be vivid but not flashy?

She starts in by modelling her head with her hairbrush. Brisk, wiry hair can be persuaded to smart outlines with the use of a brush as well as a comb. A little brilliantine placed on the brush as she strokes it will help keep the wayward waves in place. A side part with the hair brushed diagonally back off the forehead is good, for she has a widow's peak that she wants to show. Widow's peaks are the order of the day, and even if she didn't have one she could simulate it easily by parting her hair in the centre and brushing it back from her forehead. Her face is small and the centre part would be becoming. Instead of attempting the tailored neckline—cropped close—she prefers soft, feathery little ringlets at the base of her neck so that they will help to balance that shy chin. Then, too, since her hair has a natural wave she might just as well make the most of it without the aid of skilled operators every few days. She can, by pinning up wisps of hair on ordinary hairpins every night and training them to fall softly as she combs them out in the morning.

She doesn't stop modelling her head with her hairbrush alone, though. She knows that rouge, deftly placed is a fine "tool," too. A dash of color here, a spot of color there, will throw her good points in the high-light, her flaws in the shadow. Heart-shaped faces are appealing. Her chin will help her develop that outline if she uses color cleverly. So she polka-dots on some cream rouge (it's so much more natural looking than the dry rouge for it sinks into the skin—seems to be part of the complexion itself) directly on her cheekbones and

THE SECOND OF OUR DISCUSSIONS BY  
FAMOUS BEAUTY SPECIALISTS GIVES  
ENTHRALLING ADVICE TO RED-HEADS

## by KAY MURPHY . .

There are so many smart little blouses, sweaters and skirts for fall that I hope you'll do well by our Nell in this matter. The college gal particularly will need plenty of 'em, if she is to pass the campus grade. The sweaters are so improved over previous seasons. No more baggy, shapeless affairs. Now they are getting into the drawing-room, they are that smart! So many of them have zippered fronts, and I note a lot of "zips" on the skirts, too.

The "jacket" blouse, either fitted or beltless, is a pet. Not a bit casual-looking. So custom-built and costumey looking. I am sure it's going to have a real reception when you see it—lovely in gold or silver lamé, and very nice, too, in high-colored satin or crêpe.

Hats are going in strong for forward movements, and forehead ones, too! While some brims drip coyly over an eyebrow, others just back straight from the noble brow, giving a lady that "startled fawn" look. Noticed that crowns are bent on going higher and higher, and some of the very smart ones have a square look, which give us rather a determined air. Mussolini would be so proud if he could see the way we've copied the caps his troops wear when they sally over the Alps. Awfully cute affairs. Saw an Italian drummer's cap of green velvet, with gold braid that I'd yodel to, any day. The new herringbone tweed felt is swel-l-l for sports wear.

Gals who go social late at night, and run around the college dormitories attired in nightwear, will welcome the

cosy, trim "random dyed" woolly pyjamas. It's a rainbow-effect, two or more colors, knitted into snug affairs that, often as not, have "ski pant" trousers. Recommended for those Below zero fudge parties.

Five cheers for the new handbags! They are so deep, and accommodating. One grand style has "action-back" sides, the gussets expand and expand until you can get in all those odds-and-ends a gal needs when she docks for repairs.

The "uplift movement" in brassières continues. Marvellous what three little whalebones, inserted in the right places, do for the girlish contours!

Flitting hither and yon I've noted: So many nighties have "dust ruffle" hems.

So many sports and afternoon dresses are green.

So many dressy winter coats have side flares.

So many afternoon dresses are trimmed in soutache.

So many of the better shoes are lower-heeled.

So many of the dresses have "apron" fronts—to give front fullness.

So many hats are trimmed with quills and veils.

So many hankies have large initials.

So many bracelets are of gold.

So many two-piece afternoon dresses have metal cloth blouses, in case Himself phones for a dinner date, rather latish.

So many of the evening dresses have alphabetical straps—X, Y, T, M, W, V, A, H, I.

And so on, and so on.

For sports there's the herringbone tweed felt and for afternoons there's a pleated halo of antelope. Fall bags go in for top handles and are very accommodating . . . grand for the gal who has to dock for repairs.



## Clings Longer Spreads Farther

DOES NOT  
CLOG  
THE PORES



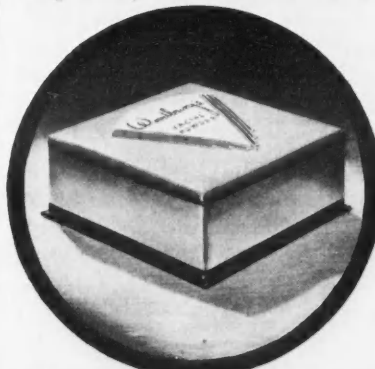
### THE PROOF IS IN THIS TEST

NOW THERE'S a lovely, new, flattering face powder perfected by Woodbury's skin scientists—which not only clings for hours longer, actually, until you wash it off, but *spreads farther* than other popular-priced powders. A distinct advantage to skin health, too.

Spread a pinch of Woodbury's Facial Powder on your forearm. Then an equal amount of any other leading face powder of comparable price. Note that Woodbury's covers more area—because its exceptionally fine texture makes it ad-

here to the *outer* surface of the skin and *spread* farther. That also explains why Woodbury's *cannot clog* the pores, but leaves them free to *breathe*, as skin health requires.

One of its six, smart shades is so perfect for your *natural* skin tones, that even the closest observer cannot detect powder at all—sees only that your complexion has taken on gorgeous new youthful beauty! Try Woodbury's Facial Powder; let your mirror give you a new thrill! \$1.00, 50c, 25c and 15c.



## Woodbury's FACIAL POWDER

MAIL COUPON FOR SIX SHADES OF WOODBURY'S

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 523, Perth, Ontario  
Send me one of each of the 6 fashionable shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder, and a generous tube of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream which aids in overcoming dry skin. Enclosed find 5c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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AVOID IMITATIONS . . . Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., on all Woodbury products.  
MADE IN CANADA



# This Germ-Free care brings Quicker Beauty!



*New scientific principle keeps Woodbury's Creams germ-free to the last!*

**C**LEAR, dewy loveliness... the freshness of youth... can be yours, with these new beauty creams that are pure, exquisite, germ-free!

Woodbury's Creams encourage the skin to bloom with finer texture, clearer tone. Bring loveliness more swiftly, because they guard against the blemishes which menace delicate complexions.

These lovely, fragrant creams possess, within themselves, a unique germ-destroying power—to prevent those tiny infections caused by germs. And Woodbury's Creams stay germ-free to the very bottom of the jar. Germs cannot live in them.

With this protection your skin quickly becomes clearer, softer, more resilient. Color, too, improves. And you may use Woodbury's Creams constantly, with only the best results. They are safe for even the most sensitive skin.

Woodbury's Cold Cream contains Element 576, which prevents and overcomes dryness—restores youthful vitality of the skin, which alone keeps faces young and free from withering. It stimulates sluggish skin glands.

Woodbury's Facial Cream gives a light protecting film to which you apply your rouge and powder with flattering effect. And it stays germ-free as long as it lasts. Woodbury's Creams are only 50c, 25c and 15c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes.

*Woodbury's* GERM-FREE BEAUTY CREAMS



MADE IN CANADA

**Send today for the new Woodbury's "Loveliness Kit"**

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 723, Perth, Ontario  
Send me Woodbury's "Loveliness Kit" containing a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and 6 packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one each of the 6 flattering shades. Enclosed find 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing).

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

## FASHION SHORTS



Above, "touchdown" fashions go in for shaggy, plaid-lined swagger-coats. Soutache braid and frogs are very, very good on your new fall frocks. (See left.) The apron front, shown below, is a tricky way to make head-lines out of skirtlines.

slim through the waist and hips, and at least an inch shorter than you have been used to wearing.

Then, try to find out how many years you can add color to this dress to make it different every time you wear it. Here are some ways a clever couturière showed me how she would do the trick: She took a heavy novelty crêpe dress (black), and one time she added a cunning little white quilted satin cape and muff—for teatime, m'dears. Next, a scarf of three-toned chiffon—orchid, purple and orange, placed around the neck in a "boat" shape. Again, the same scarf worn as a sash, draped one side, with a felt hat of either purple or the orange, to balance the color of the sash.

She was adding a lei of gardenia to the neckline to be topped with a gardenia trimmed hat, when I left. Suppose she's still adding things. But it just goes to show you what you can do with a black dress.

**S**UGAR 'N' SPICE 'n' everything "nice"—the color chart for autumn looks like a well-filled pantry. Ginger—a lovely, spicy brown that reminds me of cookies in a jar. Grape juice—a rich, warm purple; Olivene—the soft shade of an olive. Wines, and "vegetable" reds, greens and yellows. Don't they make you long for a new fall outfit? And there are so many ways to pep up the sombre fall outfit—or last year's left-overs—with gay colors that act just like a cocktail.

Every gal must have at least one black dress, and I'd advise you to have it a good one, made of rich fabric, with the new fullness in skirts and sleeves;

I think the smartest outdoor costume I've ever seen for fall is the swagger lapin jacket—anyways from 32 to 45 inches long—lined with plaid wool, with plaid skirt to match. Kind of an outfit that would score a touch-down at any rugby game! Set me thinking. How about that outdated lapin or sealine coat you have hanging in your closet? It's worth a try.

Velveteen! Now there's a fabric that's doing well for itself. I've been meeting it in all the better style houses, made up into cute little shirtmaker dresses, or in two-piece styles, with probably a contrasting skirt of wool, or as trimmings on wool or crêpe dresses.



### Beauty for Blondes

"Camomile" Shampoo makes blonde hair gloriously golden and silky soft, loveliness to marvel at. Purely herbal and free from bleaches or chemicals. Brunettes should use Evan Williams "Ordinary". Sold everywhere.

Famous for 36 years. Used by pretty women the world over.

**EVAN WILLIAMS**  
**SHAMPOOS**  
KEEP THE HAIR YOUNG



**BRUSH AWAY**  
**GRAY**  
**HAIR**  
...and Look 10 Years Younger

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

### KISSABLE LIPS



*Men say so!*

Men want to kiss lips—not lipstick. There's no danger of "paint" spoiling the illusion with Tangee—it never coats lips with a layer of lipstick. Instead it blends with *your* lips. . . intensifies your own natural coloring. Its cream base soothes and protects chapped lips.

**Try Tangee. There are two sizes. .50c and \$1.00**  
Tangee Creme Rouge changes color too. Waterproof. Greaseless.

**UNTOUCHED**—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.

**PAINTED**—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

**TANGEE**—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, and ends that painted look.



**World's Most Famous Lipstick**  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

**4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT**  
PALMERS LIMITED  
750 Vire St. W., Montreal, Can. C1035  
Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Send 15c (stamps or coin).

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

## The Great White Owl

(Continued from page 16)

flying high above the roofs he could reach the more remote and unfrequented shores and indulge his unworldly propensity for fishing. Furthermore, strung out along the highway from the town were many scattered farmsteads with their varied life, in which he was beginning to take an interest. The menfolk, and the large animals which appeared to be associated with these places, were by no means always in evidence; but there were strange-looking birds in abundance, and he thought that in case of need he might find many a good meal there.

On one of these exploring expeditions, in the daytime, he hid himself in a thicket of firs to watch the ducks and hens in a farmyard close by. Here he was espied by a crow flying up from his scavenging along the shore. The crow at once set up a wildly excited cawing which soon summoned to his aid a flock of his fellows. With harsh clamor they thronged about the thicket, squawking the equivalent of "An Owl! An Owl! He can't see in the daylight!" And presently they began crowding into the thicket to peck at him and mob him. But they soon found that this was another kind of owl from those they knew. Suddenly, in a blazing rage, he shot forth among them, darting and slashing this way and that like a sparrowhawk till he had struck down half a dozen of his mockers. The rest scattered in horrified dismay. He quickly soothed his ruffled spirit by gorging himself with crow. Then he flew heavily back to his retreat behind the mountain.

A few days later he visited the same farmyard again. By this time he had learned that the ducks and hens of these places only showed themselves in broad daylight. Long before dark they were all safely hidden away. He paid this visit, a purposeful one, about midmorning of a windless, sunny day. He perched in a near-by tree, at first, to warily survey the situation. A couple of red cows were standing idly in the yard, near the watering-trough. Some hens were basking on the strawy manure-pile. A couple of ducks were guzzling at some scraps beside the kitchen door. Near the other side of the yard a big grey hen was scratching in some straw. There were none of the dangerous men in sight, and instinct told him the cows were harmless. He marked the grey hen for his own.

As he winnowed noiselessly above the yard a harsh *Kee-ee-ee Kee-ek* of warning broke from the ever watchful red cock on the manure pile. The next moment the fat grey hen, with one squawk of panic, was flattened to the ground, throttled, and her dying struggles held down firmly as her captor proceeded to rend her limb from limb. A wild outcry arose from the hens on the manure pile; the ducks gabbled in dismay; the cows stared stupidly; and the red cock, launching himself like an avenging fury across the yard, struck the white assassin a blow which hurled him clean off his victim. Considerably startled and very indignant, the white owl righted himself and turned, with one great claw uplifted, to give battle to this puny but fierce-eyed assailant, who was now, with his beak to the ground and wings half-raised, presuming to challenge him to combat. He spread his broad pinions for a pounce which was to have annihilated the presumptuous little cock. But at the same instant he heard a furious shouting behind him. He whirled and soared into the air. He saw a man rushing from the barn, waving his arms. This was something he had not bargained for. With rage in his heart, he fled from that farmyard as fast as his wings could carry him. The man dashed into the kitchen, to emerge at once with a shot gun. The next moment there was a thundering report, a burst of flame and smoke. But the gun was loaded only with duck shot, and the

## DOCTORS SAY...

"Wondersoft Kotex is the proven, safe, hygienic method of sanitary protection."

## FASHION EXPERTS SAY . . . . .

"The flattened, tapered ends of Kotex make it truly inconspicuous . . . even when worn with sheer, tight fitting apparel."

AND WOMEN everywhere acclaim Wondersoft Kotex for its sure security, its exceptional comfort, its ease of adjustment and disposability. Every woman can use Kotex—it is practical for all. But, remember, only Wondersoft Kotex has these three satisfying comforts . . .

### CAN'T SHOW

Fashion experts know that Kotex is truly invisible under the most clinging gowns. It's because Wondersoft Kotex ends are rounded, tapered and then compressed by an exclusive method.

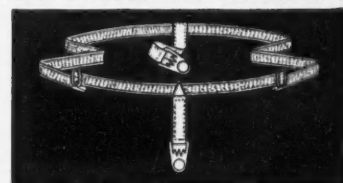
### CAN'T CHAFE

Wondersoft Kotex sides are cushioned in soft, downy cotton to end chafing completely. But the center is left free to absorb, and the special Kotex filler is 5 times as absorbent as cotton!

### CAN'T FAIL

The center layer of Kotex is channeled to draw moisture away from center, towards the ends. This "Equalizer" prevents embarrassing accidents, gives longer-lasting security.

### NEW WONDERFORM PINLESS BELT



It's conveniently narrow, easily adjustable to fit the figure. The patented clasp does away with pins, yet the price of the new Wonderform Belt is amazingly low . . . . . only **25¢**



### QUEST...for personal daintiness

The new POSITIVE deodorant. Positively overcomes all forms of body odor, even when others fail. Safe! Sure! Pleasant to use. Doctors recommend it. Exceptionally effective when used with sanitary napkins. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores for only . . . . . 35c.



**WONDERSOFT**  
**KOTEX**

Look for new Economy package of 36 pads.



# How to Alkalize Your Stomach Almost Instantly

*Amazingly Fast Relief Now From "Acid Indigestion,"  
Overindulgence, Nausea and Upsets*



If you want really quick relief from an upset or painful stomach condition, arising from acidity following over-eating, smoking, unfortunate mixtures of food or stimulants, just try this:

**Take:** Two teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a full glass of water.

**Or—two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets;** each of which contains the exact equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid form.

This acts to almost immediately alkalize the whole stomach content. Neutralizes the acids that foster headaches, nausea, indigestion pains and upsets. *You feel results at once.* It's really marvelous.

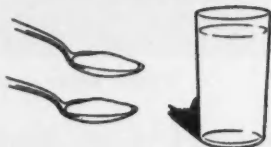


NOW, ALSO IN TABLET FORM.

## SIGNS WHICH OFTEN INDICATE "ACID STOMACH"

Pain after eating	Frequent Headaches
Indigestion	Feeling of Weakness
Nausea	Sleeplessness
Loss of Appetite	Mouth Acidity
Auto-Intoxication	Sour Stomach

## WHAT TO DO FOR IT



**TAKE—2** teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water in the morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

Thousands of people are learning this about Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Finding out that nothing else they have ever tried acts to alkalize the stomach so quickly — eases it so rapidly.

Try it next stomach upset you have. **AND — if you are a frequent sufferer from "acid stomach" and indigestion, use it 30 minutes after meals — either the liquid or the tablets.** You'll soon forget you have a stomach.

When you buy, see that any box or bottle you accept is clearly marked "Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia." A big box of the tablets, to carry with you, costs only 25¢.

MADE IN CANADA

**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA**

# UNDERLYING FACTS

Below at left: The Charis "Lido," a beautifully fitted garment of lightly boned brocade with elastic inserts.



Above: Spirella creates a sleek girdle of two-way stretch elastic, each girdle designed and fitted to individual figure requirements.

Below: The newest Nemo-flex combination of rich satin Lastex cleverly matched with satin cloth front panel.



Left: The Hickory "Princess Chic" foundation—light as thistle-down, yet giving smooth, easy figure-control.



Left: A new Spencer model, made of breezy, porous material, designed according to individual figure needs to give an unbroken line.



Above: The NuBack foundation garment; its exclusive telescopic back is created especially to eliminate "riding up."

Above: Gossard's new evening garment is of satin finished elastic with a short zipper opening in centre-back

Above: In this Nature's Rival foundation, the designer has concentrated on carefree lightness and smoothly molding lines.

**Powder shade  
too light  
— skin looked  
chalky**



*— Science finds true  
cause of many "dead  
looking" complexions*



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended invisibly in Pond's new Face Powder.

**T**HE chalk streak in the picture above tells a story. This blonde's glorious fair skin seemed as "dead-looking" as that! Her powder took all the liveliness out of her skin! The Color Analyst applied Pond's Rose Cream. It brightened her whole face. Brought out her true bloneness!

Blonde or brunette, Pond's Face Powder can work the same color miracle in your skin. With an optical machine, Pond's discovered that bright blue gives blonde skin that transparent look—brilliant green gives brunette skin that creamy enchantment.

Now, Pond's has blended these tints into entirely new shades—invisibly! They add beauty's own color notes to your skin. They tone up pallidness, tone down ruddiness—give each skin what it lacks.

Don't stick to old-style deadening shades. Let Pond's bring out your unusualness!

Rose Cream—gives a blonde radiance  
Natural—lighter, a delicate flesh tint  
Brunette—gives clear, velvety tone  
Rose Brunette—warms pale, faded skins  
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(This offer expires December 1, 1935)

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## The Baroness's Head

(Continued from page 13)

blood. The dogs had already caught the scent of it, a strange jarring note among the fragrances of the living, outdoor world.

"After it, lads!" the Professor commanded. "Let's see what you can do, now."

The game was a matter of patience and search . . . eternal patience and sometimes long search. The dogs sniffed and sniffed, and ultimately the scent which had been set was discovered. It was small—a drop of human blood in the grass some distance from the window, but its odor penetrated one of the dogs' nostrils, reawakening all his sense of duty and quickening him to an eager passion of search. Together with the blood smell, he identified a line of human footsteps.

He barked, whining with eagerness, and began to follow the line in pursuit, sniffing purposefully.

**THE TRAIL** led downhill. From Schloss Popperthal the land fell away toward the road, across nearly half a mile of fields, patterned strips of barley, grain, potatoes, seed poppy, turnips and kohl.

The murderer had cut across country, striding between the fields with his grizzly burden, the Baroness's head, until he intersected the worn path leading between the Schloss and the road, which he had apparently followed with great boldness. With gestures and shouts the gendarmes waved off the surging crowd of villagers, to prevent them from overrunning and treading out the precious trail. Small boys from all the neighboring villages had joined the small boys of Katerinka; women had run out of their kitchens, leaving their fires; every man who could drop his work had come to participate in the most exciting village event in a generation.

The eager dogs were full in the fever of the fascinating game. The pungent breath of the scent came to their nostrils with increasing strength. As they skirted a little pond, three or four ducks which had found their way to this small paradise from the nearest barnyard, turned and swam hastily away in alarm. Below the pond, the trail stopped beside the brook, but it was found again on the other side. The dogs ran a few steps to the middle of the brickyard, where they stopped, hair rising on end, their senses crying out the presence of danger. One of the dogs barked, twice, three times, clear ringing barks of alarm. There was a man concealed within the drying-kiln, and the scent led straight to the place of concealment.

Major Janska drew his revolver, released the safety latch, and gestured angrily to clear the people back from the road above. The gendarmes, unslinging their rifles, held the weapons at the bayonet charge. The crowd was breathless, ready to take flight while the little group in green uniforms walked toward the kiln with the deliberate steps of soldiers.

The shadow was thick within. The man in there was surely armed, lying in wait, a desperate murderer who would refuse to be taken.

To one side the dog Boyar was casting farther, almost as though unconcerned with the proceedings at the shed. Wolf stood like a statue, waiting orders from his master.

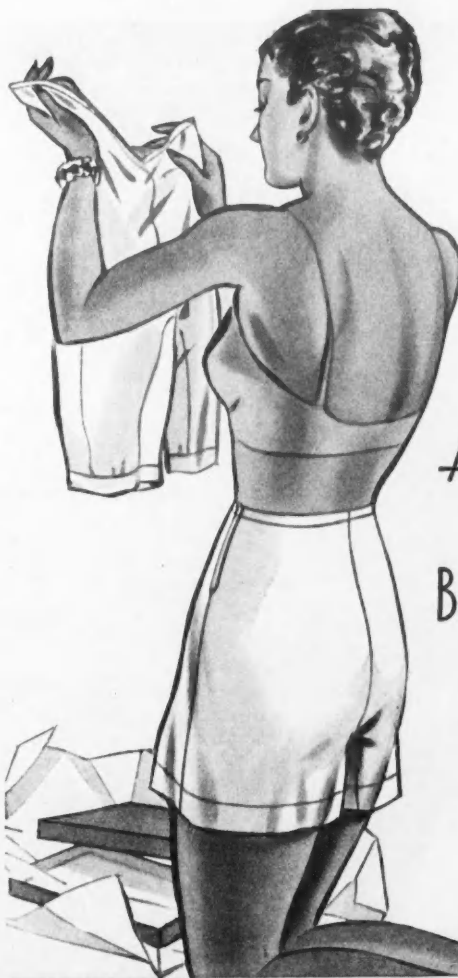
"You there! Inside there! In the name of the law, I call on you to surrender," hailed Major Janska dramatically.

There was no answer.

"For the second time, I call on you to surrender," cried the Major in a voice that reached the villagers at the top of the clay-pit.

Within the shed the silence was broken by a deep guttural sound.

"Get him, Wolf!" commanded the



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AS IT IS  
BEAUTIFUL**

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all the Rage*

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CU22



*"If I were a mother..."*



## I'D ALWAYS USE Kleenex for Handkerchiefs"

*Yes, leading hospitals insist on the use of Kleenex for handkerchiefs. Why? Because Kleenex holds over 99% of all cold germs that touch it. Thus Kleenex prevents spread of colds and shortens the life of colds.*

**R**ECENT scientific tests show that germs pass through ordinary handkerchiefs—infecting hands and in turn everything touched by the hands. The identical same tests prove that Kleenex holds over 99% of all germs that touch it. Thus the use of Kleenex for handkerchiefs prevents spread of colds.

### Get Rid of Your Cold Faster

The repeated use of damp, germ-laden handkerchiefs not only irritates a sore, inflamed nose but re-infects you when you use it. With Kleenex you use each tissue just once and then it is destroyed—germs and all. Then, too, Kleenex is kind to a tender nose for it is *twice as soft and five times more absorbent* than cotton.

### Kleenex Most Economical

Kleenex now sells for so little that anyone who can afford handkerchiefs can even better afford Kleenex. You see, Kleenex costs less than to have handkerchiefs laundered—aside from the original cost of the handkerchiefs. Or, if you wash handkerchiefs yourself, Kleenex enables you to avoid such a disagreeable task.

Remember Kleenex is the ideal cold-cream remover. It is so absorbent that it *blots* the cream, removing cream and dirt from the pores of the skin.

Look for the  
Economy Package  
of 500 Tissues.



### AT HOME...

Kleenex only should be used for handkerchiefs. Then when one member of the family has a cold it will not spread like wildfire. There are over 50 other different home uses for Kleenex, too.



### AT SCHOOL

One pupil can start an epidemic of colds that will rage throughout the entire school. Protect other children as well as your own. Give your child Kleenex to use as handkerchiefs.



### AT OFFICE

Keep a box of Kleenex handy. In this way thousands have helped to avoid loss of valuable time due to colds.

fugitive was already almost out of range. He felt a burning stab in the tip of his last wing-joint, and faltered for a second in his flight.

Two or three bloody feathers floated away behind him. It was just a graze; but with that dreadful sound ringing in his ears it shook him with such terror as his hardy heart had never known before. He paused not in his flight till he had put many miles between himself and that incomprehensible terror, and could bury his shaken spirit in the depths of his spruce thicket behind the mountain. After that experience, he always, in his explorings, gave a wide berth to the dwellings and all the works of man.

It was a week or two after this discomfiture that an event occurred which quite reinstated him in his good opinion of himself, badly jarred by the successful defiance of the little red rooster. Frequently he had heard that hollow *Too-whoo-hoo Whoo-hoo-o-o*, at night, in the dark distance, but he had paid no attention to it, judging it to be the voice of some one of his smaller, purely nocturnal cousins. Of the Great Horned Owl, undisputed tyrant of the night in these mid-northern woods, he had never guessed the existence. Then one brilliant day at noon, as he winnowed lazily past a dense cedar thicket, he glimpsed in the depths of it another owl, as large as himself. He flew back again to have another look. The big fellow was all hunched up, sound asleep. He was of a dark mottled grey and rusty brown, and two tall tufts of feathers stood up on top of his head like menacing horns. The great white owl took note of the horned and formidable stranger as possibly, at least by night, a foe worthy of his steel; then he winnowed soundlessly off about his business, which, for the moment, was hunting partridges.

Two or three nights later, under the silver glimmer of a half-moon, he was chasing a frantic rabbit across an open space of snow. He was within ten feet of his quarry when the top of a brown stump which the rabbit was just passing came to life, shot down on wide wings, and snatched the prize from under the very talons of its pursuer.

Such was the horned tyrant's confidence in his supremacy that he never dreamed of any bird bold enough to resent this bare-faced theft. But neither had he ever dreamed of the existence of the great white Arctic owl. He had just sunk his talons into the rabbit's shoulders when he was himself smothered down by buffeting wings, into his back clutched iron talons, and he was rudely torn from his prey. Those keen talons did not penetrate deeply enough through his dense armor of feathers to inflict a vital wound, but the anguish of it was bitter. As he struggled mightily to shake of his assailant a rending beak tore at one of his wing joints, partially disabling it. Convulsively he threw himself over on his back, raking upward with his claws at his adversary's belly. Instantly the white owl sprang free, hovered for a second; and, while the brown bird strove to right himself, pounced again and secured a stranglehold upon the other's throat. This time there was no escaping that deadly clutch. For perhaps a minute there was a violent but futile flapping of great wings—while the wounded rabbit picked himself up and hopped feebly into the underbrush. Then the horned brown bird lay still, with his wings spread abroad on the snow. The white victor tore savagely at his throat for a second or two, to make sure of his victory. Then, scorning to feast upon a kinsman's flesh, he sat up, pruned and rearranged his ruffled feathers, and flew off to seek a meal elsewhere. No more would that intriguing *Whoo-hoo-hoo Whoo-hoo-oo-oo* haunt him in the night.

Winter had gone by, and now began to stir in the frostbound woods a something

which was not spring, but a far foretelling of spring. And a certain unease, not altogether disagreeable, began to stir in the veins of the great white owl. Visions of a flat, treeless desolate land lit by a low moon flashed across his memory. Then one glimmering night as he winnowed the glades, hunting without much zest, he caught sight of another owl, even bigger than himself, sitting erect and motionless on the outflung branch of a pine tree, with the half-eaten body of a partridge under her claws. She was white like himself, but heavily barred with dark grey on her head and wings. And she was hornless like himself. Her enormous moon-like eyes were fixed, and seemed to be staring beyond him as if she too had visions of a far country. He flapped slowly two or three times back and forth before her, striving to catch her attention, but she did not seem to see him.

Presently he alighted on the branch at a respectful distance from her, and bobbed his head up and down, jerkily, uttering low, choky noises in his throat. As she still paid no heed to him, lost in her dreams, he redoubled his choky chucklings and began a kind of stiff, ecstatic dance, lifting high first one claw then the other, half spreading his wings and bowing exaggeratedly. It was a most grotesque performance, but at last it seemed to melt the fair one's heart. Slowly she turned her head, and the fierce pale orbs that were her eyes flamed straight into his. This was invitation enough for him. Still bowing and chuckling he sidled along the branch till he was close against her—till, in fact, he almost crowded her off the perch. The two sat for some minutes, muttering softly and clacking their black beaks together till there was a perfect understanding between them. Then, having finished together the remnants of the partridge, they swooped from the branch and sailed off into the coverts.

The following evening, about dusk, saw the two great white owls heading north. They travelled mostly at night, the female in her more southerly wanderings having learned much about men and guns. By day they hunted and rested. There was no hurry. They traversed Labrador, with adventures enough by the way to keep them interested. They crossed, once again, the grey, tossing waters of Hudson Strait. Here they were more or less at home; but they winged on, at their leisure, till at last they reached the very northernmost tip of Baffin Land; and their hunger for the North was satisfied.

Up here it was mostly daylight now, and under the long hours of sun, the Arctic wastes were beginning to surge into their brief, hot life. Tender greens and tiny white and yellow and pink blossoms fringed the edges of the rocks, and the lemming-mice, food of fox and owl, squeaked about the tundra. In a shallow basin on top of a hummock which commanded a view of all the surrounding waste the two great birds established their nest, lining it, sparsely enough, with moss and dead grass and a few feathers from the female's breast. Here was laid a large white egg, much like a hen's egg, though more rounded in form, which the female at once began to brood assiduously. From time to time she would lay another egg, all the time continuing her brooding, till before the first was hatched she had eight of them in the nest. Her duties and her responsibilities increased exceedingly.

But her mate foraged for her, since she was too busy to forage for herself. He was always on guard over the nest, or within easy summons of it. His ferocity at this time was such as even the biggest fox would not care to face. But in his wild heart was no more restlessness, for he had achieved a happy ending to his quest.





the reason the Baroness tolerated him was because he is so devout. He's as pious as a man can be. I can't understand it myself, but he is one of the most prominent people in the church here—in all their processions, on holidays and festival days, he carries one of the largest banners; he leads the prayers at village funerals."

"And you are sure he wouldn't murder the Baroness?" said Geoffrey. "Suppose he took it into his head that she had no right to separate him from his Colonel, the Baron? I can think of a number of reasons that might move a warped mind like his—perhaps his brain contains depths of violence that we can't even penetrate, hidden behind his surface of harmless good nature. Somewhere in his life, Travnik must have had powerful experiences to turn him into the present set of contradictions. Carry it further—I'm simply letting my thoughts explore the thing without in any way claiming that my suppositions are fact. Wasn't the Baroness another almost abnormally religious person? Suppose she and Travnik were victims of the same repression? Suppose, thirty-five or forty years ago, she and her husband's young soldier batman conceived a powerful attraction for one another—a situation which simply couldn't be permitted? There you have a possible explanation for the peculiarities of both people. And today—Travnik murders the

woman who once rejected him—avenges himself upon the person who drove him to drink."

A shiver passed through Agnes. "Oh, no," she protested. "That is very intellectual and I can't offer anything except my intuitions to oppose it. But I'm sure Travnik didn't murder the Baroness, because I'm sure there isn't any violence in his nature. If there were, I would have felt it. Drunk or sober, he's one of the gentlest, most harmless creatures I've ever encountered."

A shadow fell through the library window, and they turned to investigate its cause.

"Why it's *Starosta Greger*!" Agnes exclaimed. "The mayor of the village," and she went to open the window for him. "Hello, Mr. Greger."

"Hello, Miss Agnes," he greeted her in English with a strong European-American accent. "Say, are you all right? I thought I better have a look in by you an' your aunt, an' see is everyt'ing O.K." His big, good-natured face was drawn into lines of concern.

"Mr. Greger was in America for twenty years," said Agnes, presenting the mayor to Geoffrey. Then she added eagerly: "Mr. Greger, can you believe old Travnik killed the Baroness?"

"I cannot. Whoever thinks Travnik done a murder is a big fool."

"What's your theory?" asked Geoffrey. "You must know all the people hereabouts."

## AN AUTUMN FORECAST



**THE PILLBOX** is with us again. Of red silk with applied button dots of shirred black velvet matching the bow. A fine veil completely covers the crown and descends to the chin.



**NEW SLOUCH** known as "Sylvia." Town and country sports models dip adventurously over the eyes. This model is of rabbit's ear felt. All four hats are from Lilly Daché, Inc.



**TURBANS** are taking form in a dozen brilliant variations. Here's one of velvet striped taffeta in bright ombre colors. Intricate draping is an important feature of the new turbans.



**A RIPPLED VEIL** worn with one of the effective aureole hats, whose forehead brim is fluted and bound with narrow black velvet. The fragile veil fulfills the autumn's forward-thrusting line.

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Tooth troubles find their source in that film. So do stains and tartar.

There is now a way to keep teeth free from that film. It is embodied in Pepsodent.

Prove to yourself how it removes the film which causes stain and tartar and leads to tooth decay.

Then you will know how to keep teeth whiter. How to help keep them tartar-free. How better to keep them sound.

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Use Pepsodent and you will know why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

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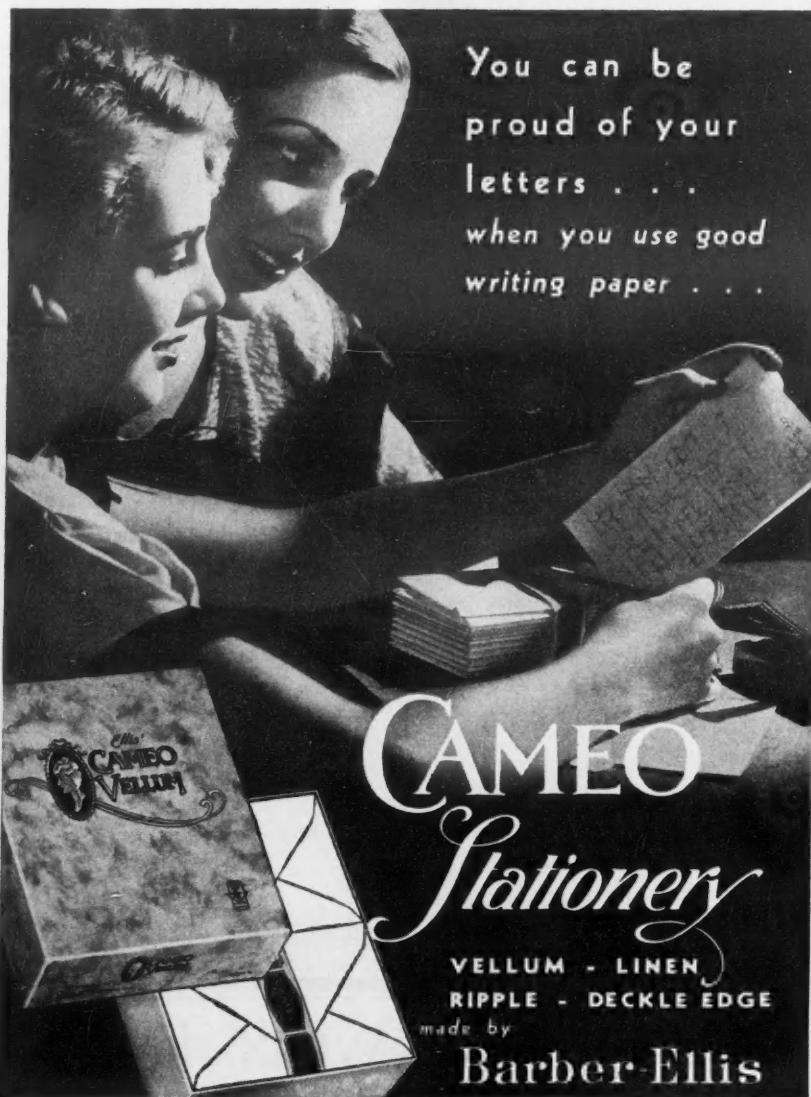
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"Professor," and the dog sprang into the shed, growling ferociously.

There was a sharp, short, ringing bark from the darkness. The gendarmes could hear no sound of struggle. They advanced cautiously, weapons ready, into the black shadow, and distinguished a figure lying on the bare ground, stretched out face downward in heavy sodden slumber.

The man reeked of alcohol. His clothing was filthy with dust and, in the light of Major Janska's flashlight, spattered with blood. Close by his right hand there was a knife crusted with congealed blood—the knife which had murdered the Baroness von Popperthal.

"Holy Mother of God!" ejaculated Watchmaster Czerny. "It's Travnik."

"You recognize the prisoner?" demanded Major Janska sharply. "You identify him?"

"Travnik! The coachman and gardener at the Schloss. The man the Baroness discharged yesterday for drunkenness."

Major Janska bent over the sleeping figure, shaking Travnik violently. "Wake up! I arrest you." As the man failed to stir, Janska kicked him heavily. Then the prisoner woke, rolling over dully and opening his eyes.

WHEN AGNES VINCENT heard of Travnik's arrest, she went to look for Geoffrey. Shortly before noon she pushed back the door of the library and music room at Schloss Popperthal and slipped inside. Both tall windows were closed, and the air was hushed and still like that of a classroom in August. It was a chamber of musty elegance, with an ancient crystal chandelier, heavy dark curtains and furniture of an old baroque pompousness.

Her face lightened as she saw Geoffrey Tuttle writing at the table in the window niche. "Thank goodness," she said with relief. "I hoped I'd find you in here. Have you heard the latest development?"

Geoffrey put his papers aside and smiled. "Something new from the army of detectors?"

"They've found Travnik and arrested him."

"The drinking coachman?"

"That meek little man. And they've been beating him. Travnik couldn't any more murder the Baroness than I could. It's impossible."

"What does he say?"

"He's been in a stupor. He says he doesn't remember anything, but if the knife was in his hand and the gendarmes are sure he's the murderer, then it must be so—who is he to contradict a gendarme? That's the terrible part of it. He's so humble. They act as though he had confessed and the case were all over. He's praying now, and wants to see the priest. I think he believes they're going to hang him at once."

Tuttle tried to recapture the features and personality of the old coachman—a little shrivelled man with hulking carriage and a face weatherbeaten to the color of bark. His age was uncertain; he had the small impenetrable eyes of a monkey—beady, often mischievous eyes—and a ridiculous dignity in his faded coat with silver buttons. Geoffrey found it easy to imagine him as the murderer.

"What do you know about him?" he asked the girl. "Why are you so sure he is innocent?"

Her warmth was decidedly attractive as she took up the cudgels in defense of the arrested coachmen.

"Oh," Agnes said, "Travnik's a case. I don't know just how the psychologists would classify him. I've often wondered what happened to make him drink so. When anyone asks him why, he says: 'Work, little brother, is one great poison, and alcohol is another, and God put the two of them here on earth to counteract each other.'"

"But why," demanded Geoffrey, "should a man like that be employed at the Schloss? His behavior doesn't fit in with the demands I should imagine the Baroness to make of her servants."

"That's the funny part of it. Of course Travnik is wonderful with horses and served with the Baron in the Dragoons. But

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need no longer mar your appearance. The antiseptic and astringent action promotes healing and renders an exquisite complexion which conceals permanent blemishes.



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**Zino-pads**  
Put one on—the pain is gone!



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Measurements of above model in an ordinary garment—Bust 38" Waist 34" Hips 44"  
Measurements after being fitted with a Nu-Back—Bust 38" Waist 32" Hips 41"

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**NU-BACK** creates a new era in corsetry . . . a new freedom that is delighting women everywhere . . . that experienced corsetières in the world's style centres, Paris, London, New York, are welcoming as the supreme creation in modern foundation garments.

**NU-BACK** moulds and smooths out wayward contours . . . provides a wonderful blending of figure control with miraculous new freedom in one beautifully styled garment that is dramatically different, gloriously smart.

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# The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN



## ALWAYS HERSELF

*Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.*

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

There didn't used to be anything to do about it. It is estimated that eight million had to suffer month after month. Today, a million less. Because that many women have accepted the relief of Midol—and go serenely through their time.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you riding horseback. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would get a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of women who now use Midol mean something? And the kind of women who have adopted it means a lot more! As a rule, it's a knowing woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where

to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And it can form no habit because it is not a narcotic. And that is all a million women had to know to accept this new comfort and new freedom.

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You'll find Midol tablets in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try it free! A card addressed to Midol, 907 Elliott Street, Windsor, Ont., will bring a trial box plainly wrapped.

MADE IN CANADA

"I ain't got no t'eory, mister. But I been talking to the Gendarme Corporal—Mr. Gritz—an' believe me, he's the only guy in the whole outfit that know somet'ing."

"Gritz?"

"Maybe you never met him. He's the short one, from the local detachment."

The big man hitched up the broad leather belt which he wore around his overalls, and glanced about cautiously. "He's workin' on some private tip, see. The way I come to find out about it was this. We got a night watchman in this here village—Peter Julinek. He's supposed to go around every hour all night—and his rounds, they register on a time clock."

Mayor Greger lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply and earnestly. "Now when I heard about this trouble last night, I thinks: 'That worthless Julinek was asleep.' Right away I goes to him."

"Where was you last night?" I says.

"I was up the whole night," he says. "My time clock's O.K. an' I can prove it. If you don't believe me, ask Corporal Gritz and Forester Melusine—I met them in the road around two o'clock. They been looking for poachers."

"I'll see Corporal Gritz about that," says I.

"Go ahead," says Julinek.

"So I went lookin' for Gritz, and found him busy like a detective outa the movies. 'What's up?' says I. 'The detectin's all over. They got old Travník locked in the Fire Department charged with murder.'

"They have, have they! Well—they ain't seen nothing yet," he tells me.

"Whatsa matter? You find something yourself?"

"What should I have found?"

"I heard that you an' the Forester was out together last night."

"That's right. We was out," he says.

"And you had to wait for a city Major to come out and catch Travník for you?" I kids him.

"That Major," he says, mysterious, "don't know what I know. And anyway, I could of told him where Travník was all the time."

"And you don't think Travník done it?" I says.

"I know what I think—and Travník ain't the guy I'm looking for."

"Listen," I says. "I wanna know if old Julinek made his rounds last night."

"Oh, he made his rounds all right," says Gritz. "I met him about two o'clock."

The Mayor wiped his brow with a big blue bandana, as though emphasizing the cares of office. Then his round, jovial face grew suddenly cautious. "You don't need to tell nobody about this," he admonished the young people. "Gritz don't want to give away nothing about his new clue."

AFTER THE corpulent *Starosta* had gone, Geoffrey gazed through the window reflectively for several minutes.

"So Corporal Gritz was out looking for poachers last night," he said at last, almost as though to himself. "And today he's following a clue of his own."

Agnes studied his face, feeling a peculiar tension in the room.

"Does Corporal Gritz's clue mean anything to you?" she enquired presently.

"Why do you ask?" Geoffrey countered.

The girl's voice was hesitant when she spoke next. "I think I ought to tell you, Geoffrey—I'm keeping something secret."

Tuttle looked up. "You're keeping something secret?"

She nodded. "I heard footsteps during the night."

"That's interesting. Where?" he said enigmatically.

"In the hall."

"Late at night?"

"Nearly two o'clock."

"And whose footsteps were they? Do you know?"

"Weren't they yours? I saw you afterward, through the window."

"Are you sure it was me you saw?"

"I thought so. I woke up in the middle of the night with a fright," she explained. "At first I thought there must be someone in my room. Then I realized that there were footsteps out in the hall, turning down the stairs. I was afraid it was a burglar, so I got up and went to my window. A few minutes later I saw you come out of the house and walk across the lawn in the moonlight. The moment I recognized you I felt relieved—I decided that you had got up early to go fishing or something. So I went back to bed, and went to sleep."

He nodded. "I see."

"This morning the detective asked me whose name leaped to my mind when I heard about the murder. I couldn't tell him it was your name. I was afraid you would get into trouble if I spoke. And now it sounds as though Corporal Gritz must have seen you, too. Do you think I did the right thing?"

"It's a jolly good thing you didn't tell the detective," said Geoffrey.

She lifted her head. "Why? Surely you're quite above suspicion, and it would be better to go and explain to the detective what you were doing, rather than have Corporal Gritz involve you."

There was a quick knock at the door, and they looked up, startled to see the bleached face of Anton, the manservant, who glanced from one to the other for an instant before making his usual formal little bow and announcing: "Bitte, die Herrschaften. The luncheon is served."

"Thank you, Anton," said Agnes, with an attempt at composure. "We'll come at once." She waited until he had closed the door, then turned to Geoffrey nervously.

"Didn't it seem to you that he looked at us curiously?"

"After luncheon I'll explain things to you—then perhaps you'll understand just how mysterious last night's events were. In the meantime I hope you won't speak to anyone about what you saw."

His seriousness was compelling, and she nodded. They went down to luncheon, a gloomy meal dominated by the knowledge that the Baroness von Popperthal, who had presided over this table in full vigor twenty-four hours earlier, and had quarrelled so vehemently with her grandnephew, lay dead and beheaded on the floor above.

[Continued on page 45]

## He watched the girl he loved marry another man . .



Although she had jilted him he went to the wedding, and afterwards she said: "You don't hate me . . . You never will. I'll come back to you some day."

She did come back to break his heart again—and the story is a compelling and dynamic romance of this mad, modern world.

Two Sisters and a Man  
by Velia Ercole

In the NOVEMBER CHATELAINE

## The Baroness's Head

(Continued from page 42)

CRIMINAL Commissar Till returned to the Schloss after luncheon in a thoroughly bad temper, induced by the fare at Pasek's village inn "U Pasku," whose menu was designed to appeal to carters and tillers of the soil rather than to the tastes of a three hundred pound detective from the city.

As a matter of fact, the events of the morning—the inspection of the scene of the murder, the questioning of the servants and inhabitants of the Schloss, and the jovial superiority of Major Janska as he announced that the murderer had been found and placed under arrest—had not been such as to establish the fat detective's disposition upon a very high level, and Till's massive face, with its bluish jowls, black patch, pouched left eye and shaven skull, had gradually assumed lines of heavier and heavier dissatisfaction.

The detective went to the Schloss "office," where he had established his headquarters in preference to the drawing-room, and sat down to consider the next step in his investigation. The "office" was the sparely furnished room in which Baron von Popperthal had attended to the personal management of his estate for more than a quarter of a century.

Commissar Till fitted his broad body into the chair which had served the Baron's gaunt soldierly frame, took out his notebook and returned to the one subject in which he was interested—murder.

For some time he worked in silence, filling his pages with lists and notes, to look up irritably as the police sergeant on duty rapped and stepped into the room. "There's a gentleman outside who wishes to see you, Mr. Commissar."

Till frowned. "Who is it?"

"I couldn't say who it is, sir."

"Find out, then. And don't annoy me again until you know what you're talking about."

"Still the old affable Till!" commented a mocking voice from the doorway, and the visitor stepped across the threshold without ceremony. "Good afternoon, Commissar."

Till leaped to his feet, his face contorting into a grimace of welcome. "Count Palacky! What brings you to the provinces?" he exclaimed, hand outstretched.

"Glad to see you, my dear fellow. It's a matter of duty. When the news of your little affair reached Prague, I was ordered to hurry down at once and get the details."

"So!" Till's black eyebrows lifted, his mind assigning the von Popperthal murder case an entirely new importance. "Have a cigar?"

"Thanks."

The man who sat down across the table had the face of a born intrigant, brown-skinned, with bony cheeks, small chin and expressive, utterly faithless brown eyes behind a rimless pince-nez with a fine gold chain running back of one ear. This was Count Palacky, a familiar figure in the capitals, resorts and fashionable watering-places of the continent, though his title fitted badly with the birth records establishing his mother as the gypsy Horkova of Budapest and his father as the Rumanian Carol Populescu.

Palacky was a Government agent—a veritable gold mine of information to his superiors in Prague. His friendship with Till dated from earlier occasions on which they had co-operated professionally, and an odd intimacy had grown up between the fat, suspicious, friendless detective and the slender, fox-like, treacherous spy.

"Why should Prague be interested?" Till demanded, his brow knit into massive enquiry.

"It's the Foreign Office," answered the Count. "The name von Popperthal has

crept into our national archives of late for a number of reasons. Who killed the old lady, anyway? Was it by any chance her charming grandnephew, Otho?"

The detective's hand, halfway to his cigar with a lighted match, stopped short as he stared across the table. Count Palacky's teeth bared into a yellowish grin, and the match flame crept closer to Till's thumb until the fat man drew in his breath with sudden pain and shook the member vigorously. "Sakra!" he exclaimed. "What makes you think of Otho?"

"Just a stab in the dark."

"You haven't seen the young man, have you?"

"Not lately."

Till sighed. "I thought you might have some information I could use."

"What have you discovered about the murder, Till?"

"Not much—and still enough to work on." The detective took up the notes before him. "I can orient you best if I read you my summary:

"Baroness von Popperthal; aged 71 years. Murdered in her bed between 2.00 and 2.30 a.m., Tuesday, June 29. Cause of death, knife wounds in heart; instrument, heavy hunting or gardening knife, blade 6-8 inches long, 1½ inches broad. Murderer severed head from body, using knife and possibly sharp cleaver or hatchet, and escaped, taking with him all instruments and the head, probably bundled up in a rucksack or similar back-pack.

"Murderer's entry: Doors of room ordinarily unlocked all night. Window open. If doors were used for entry, ladder was previously placed against window to provide escape.

"Murderer's escape: via window. Only probability, since doors to hall and cabinet were found locked with keys on inside. Ladder used previous day by gardener, found leaning against side of house about fifteen feet from Baroness's window. Assume murderer moved it to window, then replaced it in former location. On arrival of police, ladder and doors found as they were left by servants after discovery of body.

"Murderer: Presumably male, used to climbing, callous to blood, possibly lunatic; or degenerate, intelligent enough to conceive and carry out ingenious criminal plan, familiar with Popperthal mansion, apparently wore gloves to avoid fingerprints; possibly known to watchdog.

"No fingerprints in room other than those of people with right to be there—Baroness, maid, manservant, local gendarmes, priest, Dr. Albrecht. (Note, send memorandum to Gendarmerie Headquarters requesting orders that local gendarmes keep hands off evidence on scene of future murder cases.)

"Search: Minute examination of room reveals sand in carpet identical with sand on walk under windows; possibly brought in on feet of Anton and maid Anna at time corpse was discovered. Scratches, etc., confirm use of window and ladder, without establishing whether by murderer or by servants or both. No signs of struggle: indications are Baroness either failed to wake to sound of intruder, or recognized same and felt no alarm. No foreign articles in room. Following objects found untouched: Baroness's rings (old settings but valuable stones), and purse containing 387 Czecho-Krone, all lying prominently on dressing table. Following objects missing: Blue flannel dressing-gown (probably used to wrap up head); contents of drawer in commode by bed; maid states she believes Baroness kept valuables or money there; drawer found empty, locked.

"Arrests: Josef Travník, age 65, born Katerinka, unemployed, former gardener and coachman at Schloss, discharged yesterday by Baroness, arrested after use of dogs by Major Vilem Janska and accused of murder."

Till stopped reading.

"Well?" demanded the Count.

"That's as far as my notes have got."

"And is the arrested man guilty?"

"Janska thinks the case is closed."

"Puh! Janska! Does Janska ever think?"

"Janska found the prisoner Travník with bloody hands, and a perfect fingerprint on the knife hilt."

[Continued on page 48]

# Do You Ever Wonder

Whether the "Pain" Remedy  
You Use Is SAFE?

Ask Your Doctor and Find Out

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's  
Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

The person to ask, whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches is SAFE to use regularly, is your family doctor.

Ask him particularly about ASPIRIN, and go by what he says.

He will tell you, we are sure, that millions of people take it, year in and year out, without ill effect.

He will tell you, too, that *before the discovery of Aspirin*, most "pain" remedies were advised against, by doctors, as upsetting to the stomach. And often; as bad for the heart. Which is food for thought; especially if you seek *safe* relief as well as quick relief.

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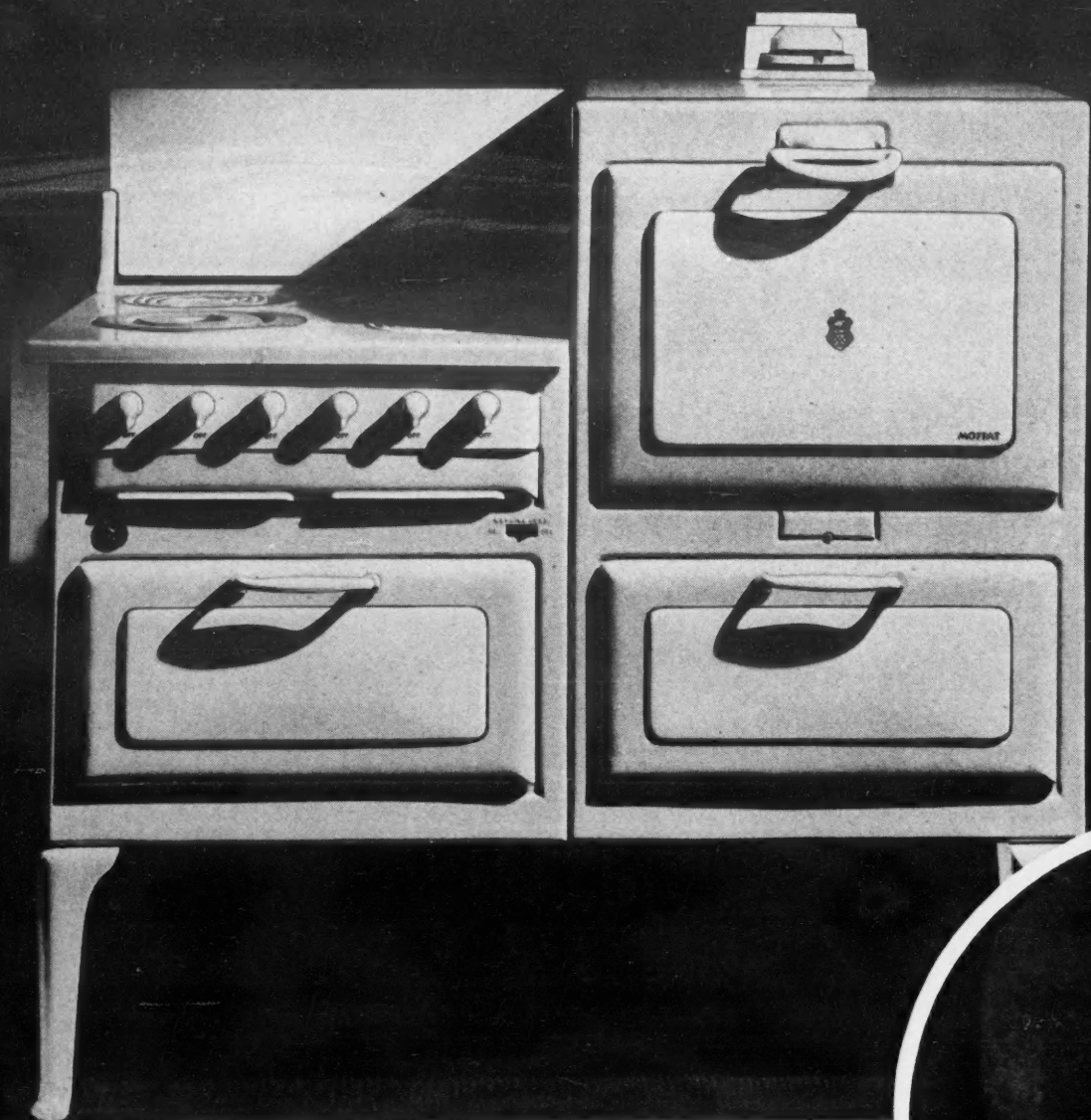
"Quick relief" because scientists rate it among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and the pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia. And *safe* relief, because the experience of millions of users has proved it safe for the average person to use regularly.

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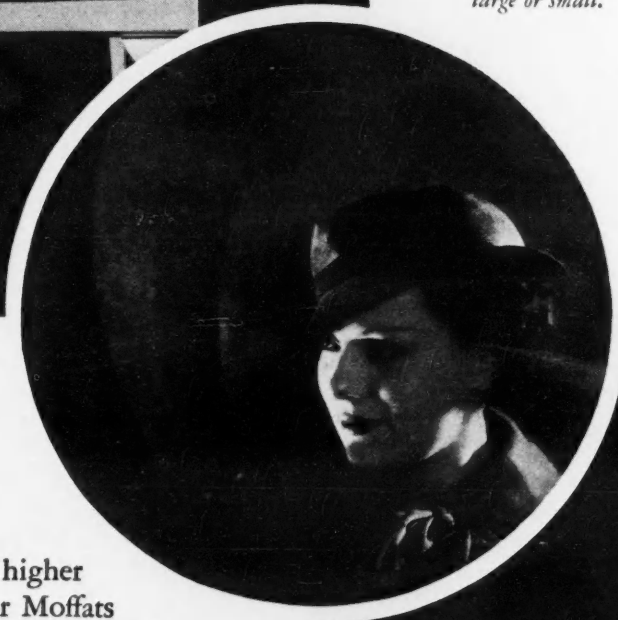
Does not harm the heart





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## Modern Beauty » » »

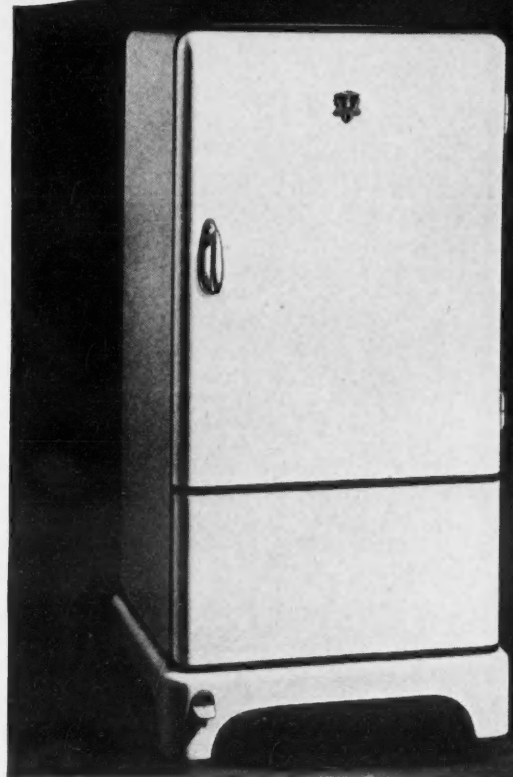
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Moffats Electric Ranges and Electric Refrigerators are available through dealers across Canada.

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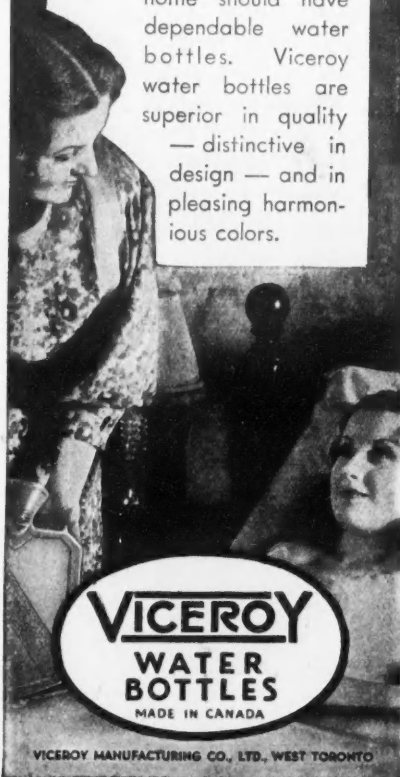


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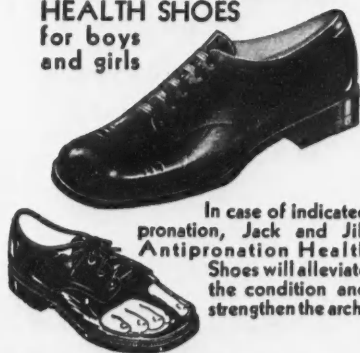


*She was inclined to flat-foot*

The tragedy of foot pronation (flat-foot or fallen arch) can be averted by consistent visible fitting and wearing of Jack and Jill Health Shoes.

They preform and protect young feet from defects that destroy health and happiness.

**Jack and Jill**  
HEALTH SHOES  
for boys  
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In case of indicated pronation, Jack and Jill Antipronation Health Shoes will alleviate the condition and strengthen the arch.

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powders? He is inclined to be constipated. —(Mrs.) A.R., Brandon, Man.

**Answer**—Your boy is away above weight. He has the weight and height of a year or more.

I should cut down a little on his diet. For example, the 10 p.m. bottle might be given half strength. This should help him to sleep better. For the urine condition, give him one-third teaspoonful of ordinary baking soda daily for a few days. Thoroughly wash diapers and place them in a solution of 2 tablespoons boracic acid and 1 quart boiling water.

**Question**—Baby boy, eleven weeks old, weighs eleven pounds. He has been fed on the bottle (formula detailed). He is very constipated. Please advise.—(Mrs.) E.S., St. Lambert, Que.

**Answer**—The baby book sent gives full details as to formulas. Lactose and granulated sugar are the most laxative. Get baby into regular toilet habits.

**Question**—My baby has been having colic. He was born Sept., 1933, and at 18 months weighed 26 pounds, one ounce. (Food outlined.) He seems to have a good deal of pain, screams and tumbles about the bed until exhausted. His appetite is not as good lately. Medicine the doctor gave him has helped but he still has these spells.

1. Please advise as to cause of these symptoms.

2. Is there any pleasant form of cod liver oil for a child?

3. How can I give a teaspoonful of liquid and prevent its being spit out?

4. Is it natural for a baby to stick his fingers in his ears when getting molars?

5. Has syphilis anything to do with premature birth if test shows O.K. two years previous to pregnancy and also during pregnancy?—(Mrs.) M.

**Answer**—Your baby's colic is probably due to fermentation of food, which produces gas. I should suggest cutting down the quantity of food. Give plenty of water to drink. If you pinch the nose as you give the teaspoonful of liquid, he will swallow it. Sticking the fingers in the ears is a baby habit which has nothing to do with the molars. I think if the test for syphilis is negative, premature birth is not due to this cause. Better be guided by your doctor's directions in reference to your baby, as one who has seen the case is in the best position to judge of cause and treatment.

**Question**—My baby girl, three and one-half months old, is very cross. She cries most of the time which seems due to gas on her stomach. She is breast fed half time, with a mixture for the other half. She is constipated. Please send Baby Book.—(Mrs.) J.C., Winnipegosis, Man.

**Answer**—The causes of gas and colic in a baby are due first to swallowing of air during feeding. The remedy is the one you are following viz: placing the baby up on your shoulder once or twice during nursing or feeding. The other cause is fermentation of food. This is treated by regulation of the diet. If the colic is severe an enema of soap-suds, a hot water bottle to the abdomen or a drop of essence of peppermint in an ounce of warm water will help. In addition to nursing with clockwork regularity give at three to four months—

milk—20 ounces  
water—15 ounces  
granulated white sugar—  
3 level tablespoonfuls  
or corn syrup.

This is the quantity for complete day's feeding but since you are only feeding half time divide the formula in two and give five ounces at a feeding. Continue cod liver oil and orange juice. I send Baby Book.—

"I've only been here  
a few months . . . but I  
think I'm going to  
like it"



The world looks pretty rosy to this little lady.

She gets Castoria for a laxative. And she loves it! It is one laxative she takes willingly!



And that's very important! For if a youngster hates the taste of a laxative and struggles against taking it, her nerves are upset by the struggle. And her stomach rebelling against the flavor, may be upset also!

So pleasant taste is one of the important reasons why Castoria is the right laxative for children . . .



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Like the carefully chosen food you give your child—Castoria is designed just for a child's delicate system. It contains no strong, purging drugs such as some adult laxatives contain.

It is safe for delicately-balanced young systems. It will never, never cause griping pain. It clears away waste matter thoroughly but very gently. And it is not habit-forming.



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**CASTORIA**  
The Children's  
Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years





"Jim-in-ee-cricket! — What fun I've had in this sand box—but now I'm getting all scratched and sore. What'll we do about it, Mother?—A bath and some Johnson's Baby Powder rubbed all over? Oh, lady! —you have the best ideas!"



"Won't it be dandy!—when that silky smooth powder gets into my creases! There's no harsh particles in Johnson's Baby Powder—no Zinc Stearate or Orris Root either. It's made from the finest imported Talc! No wonder I'm the best baby on the street."

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BABY PANTS

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"It's Best for You and Baby Too"  
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## Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by J. W. S. McCULLOUGH, M.D., D.P.H.



Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, Chief Inspector of Health for Ontario, who contributes these articles monthly, will answer questions sent to Chatelaine concerning the care of babies. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired.

### A MONTHLY SERVICE

Free pre-natal and post-natal letters are available by writing to the Mothercraft Service of Chatelaine. These are issued by the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health.

### THE NEW MOTHER

THIS IS a term to distinguish her from the mother whose ideal is to indulge children to their future detriment or from the mother of a more distant period, who inculcated obedience above everything, to mold them by strict discipline—equally wrong.

The new mother declines to adopt either a strenuous discipline or a weak indulgence. She is the counsellor and confidante of her children; she gives them freedom but makes them understand that freedom carries responsibility, because she knows that the discipline of responsibility is a far better preparation for life than one artificially imposed.

The new mother brings up her children with a minimum of the necessary clothing, accustoming them gradually to the rays of the sun from an early age. By this means she makes their bones and teeth strong and healthy for the rays of the sun activate a substance in the skin of greater value than cod liver oil, viosterol or other artificial aids.

The new mother keeps her babies and young children outdoors as much as possible in the daytime, and while feeding them at regular intervals, she never wakens them or forces food upon them. Early to bed is the rule.

She lets them learn to walk without her help. She allows them to try for themselves, giving encouragement to their efforts of course.

As the children grow older she allows them to draw pictures for themselves, to do real things like sewing, cooking, washing, etc. They are given a voice over their clothing, meals, and under such conditions they learn to skate, swim and boat with the parents standing by.

The subjects of sex, death and others, are briefly explained if the children bring them up.

At seven years of age she makes it clear that the time has come for little duties, which they are gently required to perform.

School is not enforced too strictly. The children are taught to regard school as a privilege and that they must meet such little difficulties as arise. The new mother detects the little weaknesses and vices of her children; she by no means regards them as per-



fect, but she does not worry about them since perhaps she observes likenesses to her own. Her attitude to her children creates responsiveness, co-operation and confidence.

The new mothers are still in the minority. The future belongs to them. If there were more of them there would be less selfishness, spoiling and fretfulness in our children. There would be less need for the doctor, better child health and fewer weary, overfond, mothers.

### THE QUESTION BOX

**Question**—My baby boy is seven months old, weighs 22 pounds and is 28½ inches in height. He has been bottle-fed (formula given) for four months.

His urine is very strong, causes scalding and dyes the clothing yellow. He sleeps four hours in the day and usually from 7 to 10 when he has a bottle, but is restless for the remainder of night and awakens at 5.30 a.m. He has no teeth. Would you advise teething

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# Housekeeping

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Dean





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**HARVEY**  
*Woods*  
**.. LINGERIE**

## The Baroness's Head

(Continued from page 45)

"What do you make of that?"

Till shrugged his shoulders. "I would like the Gendarmerie Corps to explain how it was possible for a person with bloody bare hands to escape from the room without leaving a trace on the window-sill or the ladder. And I would like to learn what the prisoner did with the hatchet or cleaver, the blue dressing gown, and a human head—and why he kept the knife as an invitation to the authorities to hang him."

"In other words, you think he was 'framed'?"

"Why not? The man was in a drunken stupor: all the murderer had to do was to smear him with blood and leave the knife behind. I wish I had been along to examine the spot. Probably we could have solved the whole case then and there. But unfortunately, Janska neglected all elementary precautions, and by the time I learned of the arrest, three hundred people had trampled over the scene of the discovery."

"And how about my young friend Otho von Popperthal? What part does he play?"

"Von Popperthal? So far he's my chief suspect. He's missing—" Till looked past his visitor, as though he were staring through the black patch in quest of the fugitive, and the Count pursed his lips into a long, surprised whistle.

"Otho's missing?"

"I hope to have him before long—there's a general order out for his arrest."

"But why should the lad want to murder the old lady?"

"Violent quarrel yesterday."

"And you really think Otho is guilty?"

"With a little more evidence I could hang him. What makes you so curious?"

Count Palacky looked at the detective with an expression of satisfaction. His lean brown forefinger toyed with the golden chain leading to his pince-nez, and his thin lips parted to bare his teeth.

"Personally I care very little whether Herr Otho von Popperthal murdered his grandaunt or not," he said. "I am interested in the young man on another score—I suspect him of a part in recent political conspiracies."

"Political conspiracies?"

"Monarchist work—restoration of a branch of the Hapsburg dynasty to the throne of Austria-Hungary."

Till's domed head absorbed this information as though it were a new piece of odd shape to be fitted into a jig-saw puzzle. "Treason, eh?"

"My presence here is really due to one thing alone: Prague and I thought this might be a good opportunity to search Mr. Otho von Popperthal's papers, his room, his possessions—and that the search might throw a bit of light on the case I'm investigating. We've been trying for weeks to get evidence on a new royalist movement and have nothing but suspicions."

"Oh, there are reasons enough to search Otho's room," rumbled Till. "It's one of the things I have on my programme. I have no objection to your doing the job."

The Count rubbed his hands. "By the way," he said as an afterthought. "Out of curiosity, who else is on your list of suspects?"

Till turned back to his notebook and read: "The Baron: above suspicion as murderer, but may have been an accessory to crime committed by Otho."

"Geoffrey Tuttle, Englishman, motive lacking, but appears interested in sheltering Otho. Tuttle has a foreign motor-car in the city, gives evasive rather than satisfactory answers to questions."

"Anton, manservant. Under cross-examination reveals fact that he and Anna (maid) are engaged to marry each other, but have

concealed their engagement. Protests they kept silence for fear of discharge.

"Cook, Ernestine, hysterical, hardly to be considered."

"Maid, Anna Sroubkova, fiancée of Anton, claims to have been asleep in same room as cook throughout night, but must be included in list of suspects."

"Miss Evangeline Forbes, Canadian, age 44, of strong determined nature, but appears to lack intelligence for crime of this kind."

"Miss Agnes Vincent, Canadian, age 21, presumably above suspicion."

"Outside of house: M. Pokorny, gardener's boy, young strong lad."

"Josef Travník, former gardener and coachman, under arrest charged with murder."

Count Palacky examined his finger-nails with an expression of sudden interest, as though he had become aware of their high, manicured polish for the first time in his life. "English-speaking foreigners?" he remarked casually. "What do they happen to be doing at Schloss Popperthal?"

"Summer vacationists," explained Till.

"The Schloss has accepted paying guests ever since the war. The Canadians have been coming here for several seasons. The Englishman replied to an advertisement in the *London Times*."

"Where there's honey," announced the Count softly, "the bees gather. I am glad to be here."

"Don't speak in enigmas," objected Till's harsh voice. "What do you mean, anyway?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. Shall we go ahead with the search of Herr Otho von Popperthal's room?"

AUNT EVANGELINE had disappeared, announcing her determination to lie down for an afternoon nap. The servants were not in evidence, the Baron remained confined to his bed, and the Baroness's strict and commanding eye would never again guard the proprieties within the Schloss's ancient walls.

"Where can we go to have a chat?" said Geoffrey to Agnes.

Agnes rightly concluded that he was interested in the opportunity to induct her into the further mysteries of his situation. Throughout luncheon she had burned with a curiosity heightened by a peculiar sensation that in some manner she had allied herself with him against the forces of law and order. A dozen times she had caught herself staring at the young Englishman in the attempt to penetrate the mask of his behavior; each time she was spurred back to simulated ease by the realization that his manners were as free and untrammelled as though he had nothing to conceal. When his glance met hers, it did so with perfect openness.

But a few minutes later, as she stood behind the carefully closed door of Geoffrey Tuttle's room, she could hardly repress a quiet giggle, partly of amusement, partly of nervousness, at the meticulous precautions he took to see that no one was in position to overhear their conversation. "Are we playing amateur detective?" she asked.

"I may not be a detective, but I came here to Schloss Popperthal to get information," he told her simply. "Not in connection with the murder, of course—nobody anticipated today's affair. But in connection with Otho."

"Otho?" Agnes repeated bewilderedly. "You may be surprised to hear it, but Otho's a really dangerous person."

"Dangerous?" she objected. "He looks more like a fool."

"That's just it. He is a fool, and so are most of the men who are working with him. But they're entangled in a highly explosive political game."

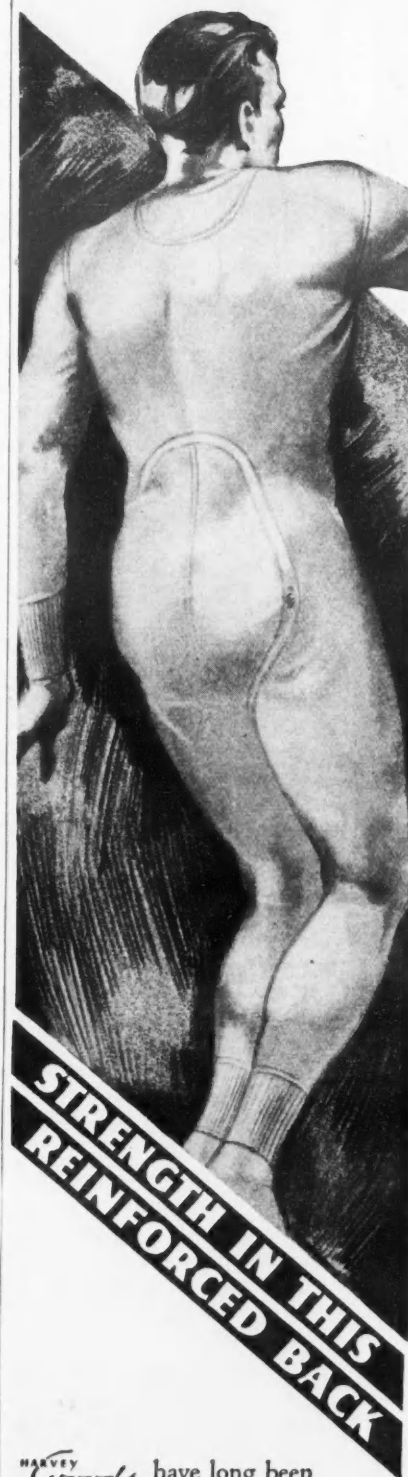
"But what has Otho got to do with the next war?" Agnes protested. "What has he got to say about European politics?"

"Otho is in the centre of a movement to restore an imperial dynasty to Austria. According to our information, the thing is further advanced than we had any idea, far more secret, and far more carefully organized."

"And Otho's part is important?"

"Should say it is. The group of which

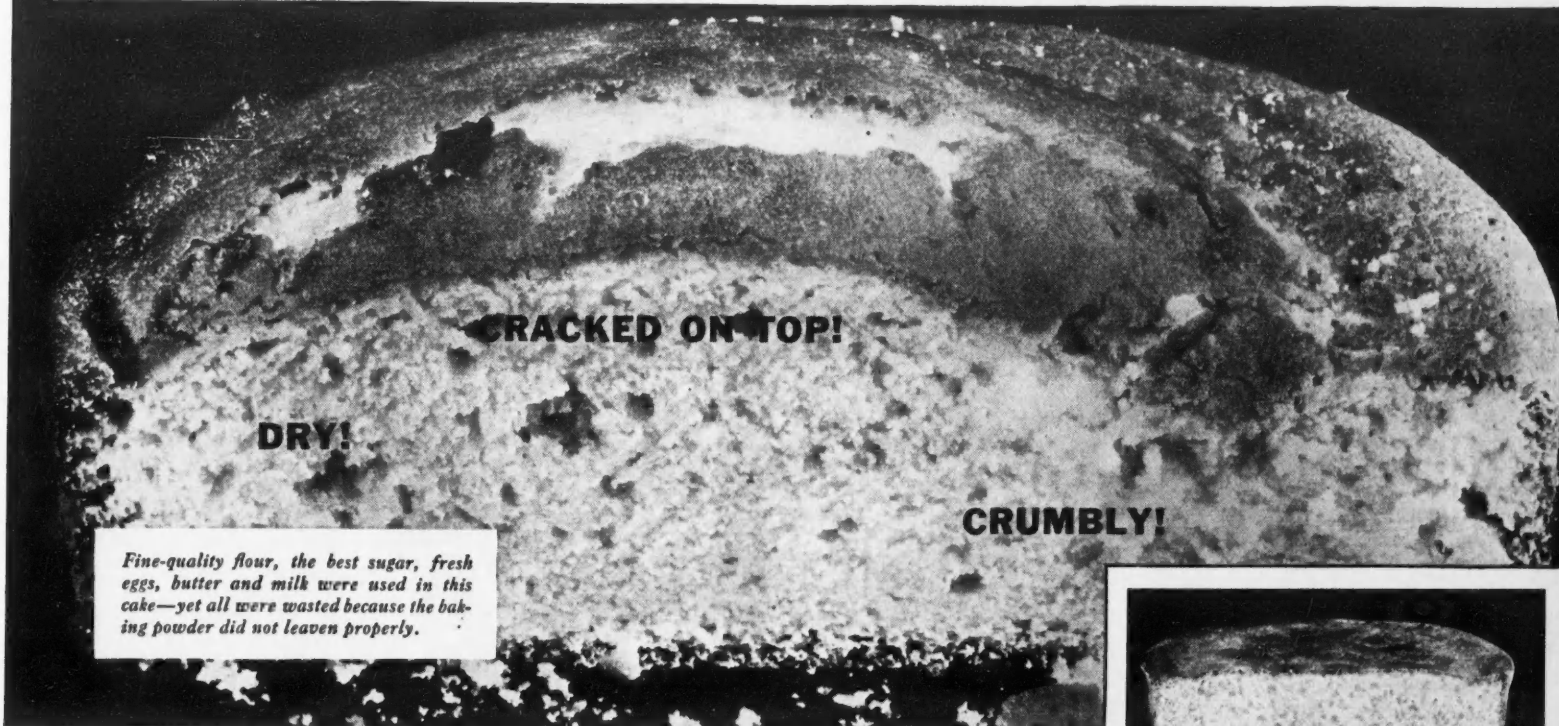
(Continued on page 53)



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**.. UNDERWEAR**

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Here's what Miss Ann Adam, well-known writer of articles on foods and cookery in the Canadian Home Journal, says about it: "When selecting ingredients for my recipes, I insist on three essentials—economy, health value and successful performance. Magic Baking Powder meets them all. It never pays to take chances with doubtful baking powder. I use and approve Magic because experience has taught me it is absolutely dependable."

## Just try this Delicious Magic Apricot Cake

**CAKE:** Measure  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups pastry flour which has been sifted once; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cornstarch, 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Sift together 3 times. Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter until white and fluffy, gradually adding 1 cup fine sugar; add yolk of 1 egg. Mix. Add 1 tablespoon apricot purée, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk. Add 1 teaspoon almond extract. When mix-

ture is smooth, fold in stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Bake in 2 well-greased layer cake pans from 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven, 250° F. Cool.

**ICING:** Beat 3 tablespoons butter until light, add 1 egg yolk, beat. Gradually add sifted icing sugar (about 4 cups) and 4 tablespoons apricot purée. Add 1 teaspoon almond extract. Beat until smooth and until

it will hold shape. Spread between layers and roughly on top and sides of cake.

**PURÉE:** Wash thoroughly  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. Evaporated Apricots. Soak in just enough lukewarm water to cover. When soft, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup granulated sugar and cook 15 to 20 minutes or until soft enough to press through sieve. (Can be kept in glass jar for some time and is always ready to use.)



# ...SHE MADE SOME TARTS



The recipe for peach tarts, given with a dozen others in this article, is a delicious family treat.

**E**VEN THE Queen of Hearts was a good hand with a rolling pin, and if the tarts were anything like these it is no wonder that the Knave stole them. You will see for yourself how tempting they are and how easy to make off with. So let that be a warning to you!

Convenience is one of their admirable qualities from the standpoint of making, serving and eating. Then when you add good looks and good taste, it is not hard to understand their popularity.

Tarts, or it may be tartlets to you, are especially appropriate as a luncheon dessert and I have known them to be well received in the dinner menu. An assortment of them is a practical sweet for the buffet supper; any substantial kind which carries well is fine in the lunch box or at a corn roast and very dainty ones are nice for the afternoon tea. The thing is to star the proper type for the rôle.

Shell and filling are equally important, for neither will make up for any deficiencies of the other. Surely a tender golden-brown crust deserves something good to go in it and isn't a well-flavored filling worthy of a not-too-firm foundation?

In making plain pastry, or puff pastry for that matter, start off with the flour cool, the shortening cold and the water icy. With two knives or a pastry blender, combine the first two ingredients but only until the mixture in your bowl looks like a lot of small peas—no finer. The newest trick in adding water is not to pour it in but to sprinkle it on from a salt shaker, mixing it with a fork, as in this way you get more even absorption and a more flaky product. Be careful not to use too much, and be as quick and as light-handed as possible at this stage. The dough is easier to work with and the pastry improved in quality if you wrap it in wax paper and chill it well before rolling; so, if you can, allow it to stand at least an hour in the refrigerator. Of course, you could keep it there for several days or even longer and make a pan of tarts any time the notion occurs to you. Good idea, too!

When it comes to the rolling, work lightly on a lightly floured board until you have the desired thickness. A stockinette cover on your rolling pin will help a lot. Cut in rounds the right size for your patty pans and fit them carefully inside or over the inverted tin without stretching the dough. Chill and fill. Now they are ready for the other extreme of temperature, so pop them in a good hot oven, lowering the heat after ten minutes or so. That's one of the secrets of superlative pastry—the paste cold and the oven hot.

by **HELEN G. CAMPBELL**

Director Chatelaine Institute

If you are baking shells to use later with a cooked filling, prick the rounds of dough before or after placing them in the ungreased pans. Knock the tin gently against the table to allow any air to escape through the openings, then chill and bake them quickly until delicately browned. Unless you are going to use them at once, store them in a cool dry place to retain their crispness.

Plain and puff pastry are both suitable for tarts. The latter requires a special technique in combining the ingredients—repeated rollings, foldings and chillings to incorporate air and produce the distinctive lightness. Use sweet butter or wash the ordinary kind to remove all the salt. And bake, direct from the refrigerator, in a very hot oven.

The list of fillings is mile-long. In fact, anything that goes well in an uncovered pie is an equally happy choice for a tart shell. Jam, jelly, preserves and canned fruit offer many possibilities for variety of flavor. Dried fruit is excellent and fresh fruit, crushed, cut or whole can be used in many different ways. Lemon filling with meringue on top is hard to beat, but if you want a fluffy version of this favorite, fold the beaten egg whites right into the mixture. Orange, grapefruit, prunes, grape and many other juices lend delicious flavor to many fillings thickened with corn starch or set with gelatine. Fruit pulp is an ingredient in soufflé and other airy mixtures

which are fillings par excellence. Custard and fruit combinations are other fine suggestions. Ice-cream tarts are in a class by themselves with novelty and a little element of surprise to add to their delicious flavor. Serve them to the family or at your next party.

A roll of pastry dough in the refrigerator or a few tart shells tucked away in the kitchen puts you in a good position to deal with the dessert problem. Try these recipes or any of your own favorites, and let your teeth sink through the flaky crust to the flavorful filling.

## FLAKY PASTRY

2 Cupfuls of pastry flour     $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of shortening  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt    Ice water, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful

Mix the salt and the flour. Reserve two tablespoonfuls of shortening, and cut in the remainder to the flour, using two knives or a pastry blender. Moisten to a dough with the water, then toss on a floured board, pat and roll out. Dot with one tablespoonful of the shortening, roll up like a jelly-roll and chill. Repeat, using the rest of the shortening, chill and roll out one-quarter of an inch thick.

This recipe makes twelve tart shells.

## PEACH TARTS

3 Cupfuls of peaches, sliced     $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of warm or hot water  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  Cupful of sugar    Dash of salt  
1 Package of orange jelly powder    1 Cupful of cream, whipped  
9 Baked  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch tart shells

Combine the peaches and sugar and let stand for ten minutes. Dissolve the jelly powder in warm or hot water according to directions, then add the salt and pour over the peaches. Chill until the jelly begins to thicken. Fold four tablespoonfuls of the thickened jelly into the whipped cream. Chill. Place a layer of the partially jellied peaches and add enough of the thickened jelly to fill the tart. Chill until the jelly is firm. A novel and delicious dessert quite easy to make and not too expensive.

[Continued on page 58]

YUM! YUM! SO FLAKY AND GOLDEN-BROWN OF CRUST . . .  
SO DELICATELY FLAVORED AND TEMPTING IN THE FILLING.  
IF THE QUEEN OF HEARTS HAD MASTERED THESE INSTITUTE  
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## The Baroness's Head

(Continued from page 48)

he's a member intends to strike, neck or nothing, though it's the one thing which Europe can't stand in the present atmosphere."

"But surely monarchist plots are as obsolete as hoop-skirts!"

"If you could hear the opinion of our Foreign Office you'd feel differently. The present scheme varies from all former conspiracies in several important points. First, the time is favorable—you'd be astonished at the number of men and women who feel that a new monarchy is the one chance to restore the bountiful prosperity which existed in Middle Europe before 1914. Second, the proposed Emperor has been chosen with great care—really a stroke of genius. The old Empire crashed on the fact that the people were preponderantly Slav, while the ruling house was German. But the future Emperor—the man Otho's backing! It appears that toward the end of the last century, an illegitimate son was born to one of the Hapsburg princes by an aristocratic Bohemian girl, a descendant of Good King Wenceslaus of Bohemia. The birth was surrounded by utter secrecy. That son, rescued from obscurity, is the present candidate for the throne, a Pretender joining the Hapsburgs to the Slavs and supported by a strong conspiracy of the former nobility as the founder of a new line to restore Austria to her former greatness."

"And that would mean war?"

"It would probably mean chaos—a Europe in flames. On the day the new monarchy is proclaimed, half the continent will spring to arms, either to support the movement or to crush it. And the first battalion of troops to cross a border will touch off a powder-train of alliances as dangerous as that of 1914."

"Where is the new King now? Why don't the authorities lock him up?"

"No one has discovered his hiding place. The local authorities may not even know that the conspiracy exists."

"Do you believe all this has any bearing on the murder of the Baroness?"

"I can tell you this—the quarrel between the Baroness and Otho von Popperthal was due to Otho's part in the conspiracy. Recently the whole situation has revolved about money. The conspirators have been turning over every penny of their personal and family fortunes to the Monarchist Exchequer, in return for pledges of lands and estates. But the Baroness had grown obstinate on the question of parting with the last of the von Popperthal fortune. Otho was desperate—he's committed to the hilt, and would be willing to sacrifice everything the family owns. He has no voice in the matter himself—though he's the heir, he's without personal means, and has no control over the von Popperthal property."

"And now tell me one thing more. How did you get implicated in the affair?"

Geoffrey looked across at her. "It was a question of securing the confidence of Otho von Popperthal, and it appeared that a young man who could meet him on a basis of sport and companionship, would have better luck than the usual type of professional agent. Our interest is neither for nor against the monarchy, but we want a peaceful Europe and it's essential for us to know the details of all plots like this so that we can shape our foreign policies."

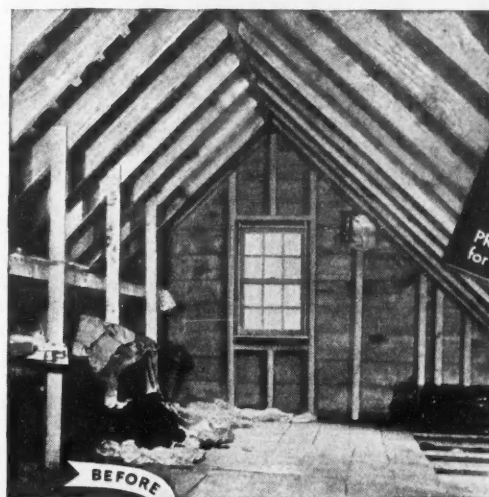
"And why was Otho picked as the man to watch?"

"Because, as we talked it over in London, he appeared to be the weakest spot among those suspected of belonging to the conspiracy, and because it was a simple matter to become a guest here at the Schloss."

(Continued on page 62)

# NEW Ideas to Improve Your Home

Once an old attic...

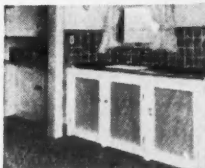


**ABOVE (at top)—THE BARE ATTIC...** unsightly catchall for worn-out furniture, "castoffs," etc. In most homes, 20% of the space is actually wasted.

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It shows how to turn your barren attic into a useful, beautiful extra room, as pictured at the left; how to eliminate expensive repair and painting bills, with J-M Asbestos Shingles; how to make a cheerful game room out of your dreary old basement, with J-M decorative Insulating Board. Dozens of other ideas.

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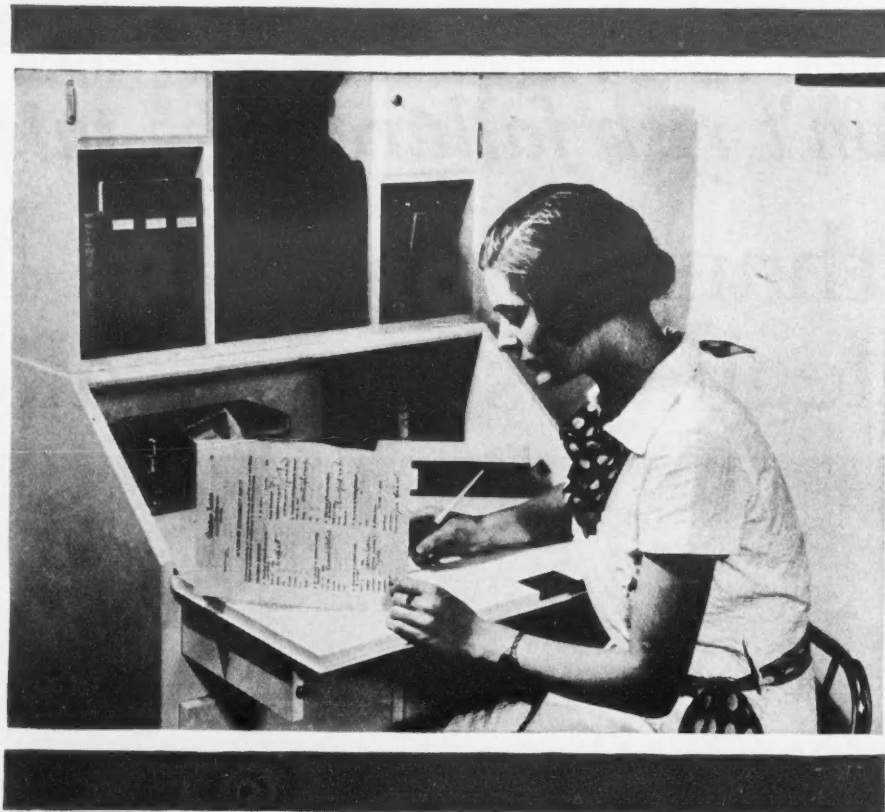
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## Our Questions and Your Answers

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

THE OLD saying that half the world doesn't know how the other half lives is as true in the realm of housekeeping as in any other. But wouldn't it be fine if we did? Think how enlightening it would be to watch a woman of every nation make a stew and taste it afterward. Or, better still, to look on as she goes about her work seeing all the little differences and similarities in our day's pattern. It would be an adventure in understanding and before long we should all be friends.

As a matter of fact, we need not go so far afield for every household in this country has its own problems familiar and unfamiliar to us. And as other people's kitchens are almost if not quite as interesting as our own, there is nothing we like better than to talk "shop" with other members of the homemaking profession, whether it be a chat over the back fence or the interchange of ideas through the pages of *Chatelaine*.

Two or three months ago, Chatelaine Institute invited seven thousand women—neighbors of ours and yours—to take part in a bit of shop talk with housekeeping as the topic of conversation. Many questions occur to us, from time to time, as we plan each month's articles, and in order to find the right answers we turned to this representative group of readers—chatelaines in city, town and country homes in every province and in widely different circumstances.

Three thousand, or over forty-two per cent, accepted our invitation—a grand response, especially when you consider that housekeepers are busy people and that every little thing takes time. Moreover, it was the holiday season in the midst of a hot summer. So we say three thousand "thank you's" for intimate glimpses into your kitchens!

"What kind of cooking utensils do you use?" was one question, and the summary of answers is enlightening. It appears that aluminum is the favorite with an impressive figure to its credit. Enamel ware and granite ware together

total quite a count, while the popularity of oven glassware is shown in the fact that over half the number are proud possessors of at least some pieces. The comparison may surprise you; it did me.

"What kind of a stove do you use in your kitchen?" Answers to this question showed wood the fuel used by about one third with electricity a close second, coal third and gas in fourth place. As you might expect, however, this order is changed when we take cities alone: and is quite different in different provinces. For instance, of the total number of electric range owners over half are in Ontario, and of this number about twenty per cent live in Toronto. Most of the gas ranges—two thirds of the total—are used in Ontario and Alberta. In Montreal gas ranges outnumber electric ones twelve to one, while in Toronto they are about even and in the Maritimes the position is reversed in favor of electricity. Kerosene stoves do duty in a small percentage of homes and gasoline in fewer with Ontario and Saskatchewan each reporting the highest number in use.

"Do you also use auxiliary cooking equipment?" Rather less than one quarter of the three thousand do. Hot plates are by far the most numerous, then rangettes and cookers next.

"Do you use cooking thermometers, Thermos bottles and jugs? For what purpose?" In the case of Thermos equipment about one third of the replies were "yes," but cooking thermometers came somewhat lower. As to the purposes to which the bottles and jugs are put, picnics come first, then lunches carried to school or to work, a close second. They are quite popular for hot drinks and to a lesser extent for cold ones, but it seems that very few use them for keeping baby food, or for the preparation of dishes.

"What kind of a refrigerator do you use?" Ice is still at the top; but electric makes a good showing, with a few gas in Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia.

"What kind of a washing machine do you use?" Here the

electric washer has almost all its own way—nine out of every ten reporting. A few people use water power and others a hand power machine. But there are still a lot who use their strong right arm.

"Do you use an ironing machine?" Comparatively few answered this question in the affirmative—only one hundred and forty-three.

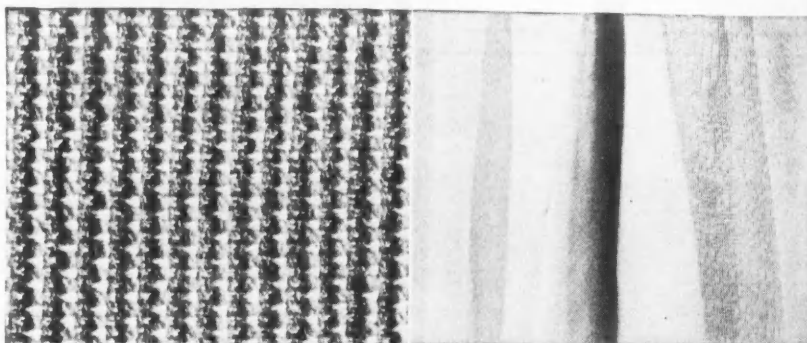
"Do you use a floor waxer, carpet sweeper, vacuum cleaner?" The order is reversed according to numbers reported, the count showing that you would hear the whirr of a vacuum cleaner in almost half the three thousand homes, that a carpet sweeper is used in close to one quarter and a floor waxer in something over one sixth. Does this mean that elbow grease gives the polish to a lot of floors? Or that floors are not as bare as they used to be?

"What other electric equipment do you use?" Almost everybody has an iron, it seems, and almost as many a radio. Considerably over half the number enjoy the convenience of a toaster at the table, but a percolator is rather a lame fourth in this list. Of course, there are other good ways of making coffee; perhaps you filter it? Water heaters supply hot water in five hundred cases out of the three thousand, a waffle iron performs its duty in three hundred and fifty homes, a fan helps to keep two hundred and fifty cool, air heaters two hundred and fifty warm and a food mixer gives service in one hundred and fifty of these homes.

"What do you plan to buy next?" The refrigerator is the headliner here—a great many women yearning for one. Four hundred and twenty intend to purchase new cooking utensils to add to their stock or replace those the worse for wear. A stove and a washing machine nearly tie for third choice—four hundred and ten against four hundred and five, with the former leading by a nose or whatever stoves have instead of noses. Vacuum cleaners rank next, then floor waxers, ironing machines and carpet sweepers, in this order.

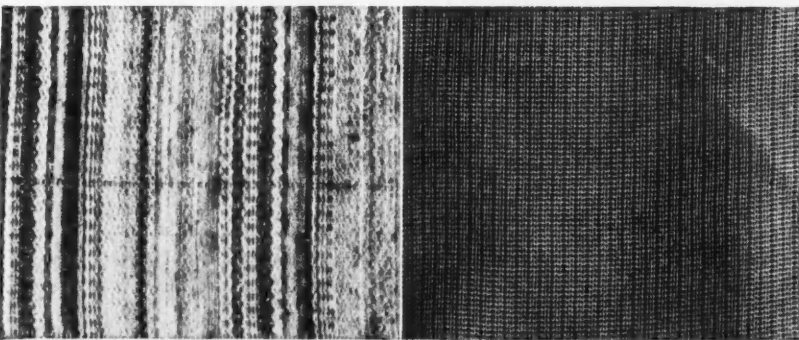
THREE THOUSAND CHATELAINE HOUSEKEEPERS ANSWERED OUR QUESTIONNAIRE

# ROOMS



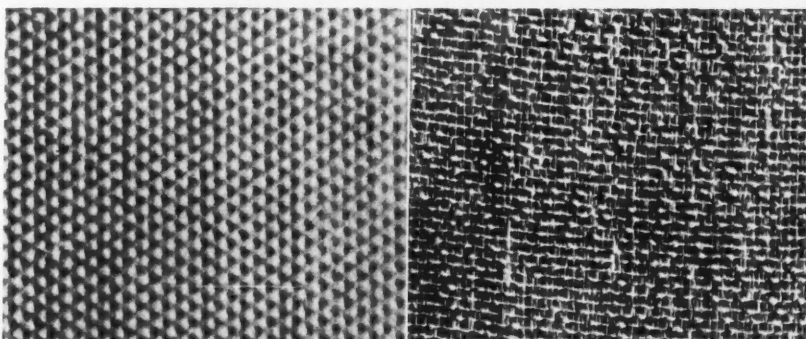
with mahogany or painted furniture.

UPHOLSTERY—Linen and jute crash. Moujik red and silvermist grey. GLASS CURTAINS—White Celanese voile.



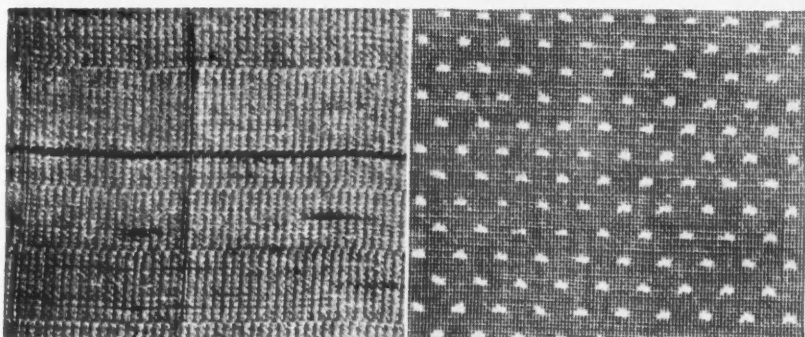
in walnut, mahogany or painted finish. Modern accessories.

UPHOLSTERY—Handwoven wool crash in graded tones of oyster white, beige and nigger brown. GLASS CURTAINS—Champagne milanet—a cotton and rayon mixture. Durable and smart.



blonde maple or bleached oak, with metal handles and trim.

UPHOLSTERY—Lime yellow waffle velvet. GLASS CURTAINS—Cellophane fabric with chartreuse knotted weft thread. Shimmering, translucent effect.



maple furniture would be charming.

UPHOLSTERY—Linen crash in check design. White with threads of Peking green. cream color. GLASS CURTAINS—Dotted marquisette in cream color.

## Cut 2 rubs out of every 3!



### P AND G's TWO SPECIAL INGREDIENTS a suds-builder . . . a dirt-loosener MAKE DIRTY GREASY SPOTS VANISH!

Streaky neckbands, smudgy elbows, dirt-stains on towels—are the *hard* places to get clean. Save yourself extra rubbing. Use P AND G Naphtha Soap—it has two ingredients especially designed to get out grimed-in-greasy dirt . . . faster!

**Special suds-building ingredient**—the same fine tropical oil used in shampoo soaps to make them extra-lathery. It builds thick, close-packed, fine bubbles that work out dirt—get it faster than big, loose, watery bubbles.

**Special dirt-loosening ingredient**—helps soften water, actually assists the suds, makes P AND G Naphtha quicker to lift out deep-down dirt.

Test these two "rub-savers" in P AND G Naphtha! Take the stubbornest neckband smudge in your wash. Give it a good soaping with P AND G White Naphtha. Then soak it in cool water for a few moments. Now see how a few light rubs get it clean . . . WHITE! SPOTLESS!

Yes—whether you wash by hand or machine, P AND G Naphtha saves you rubbing on dirty spots. And because P AND G is white—it gets your clothes whiter! Easier rinsing, too—P AND G cuts down that hard water soap-scum that makes clothes look gray.

The fine big cake of P AND G Naphtha costs so little—does more than a hundred-piece wash for just a few cents. Stock up on P AND G White Naphtha Soap today. It stays fresh and sudsy—a marvelous help for all your dish-washing and cleaning.



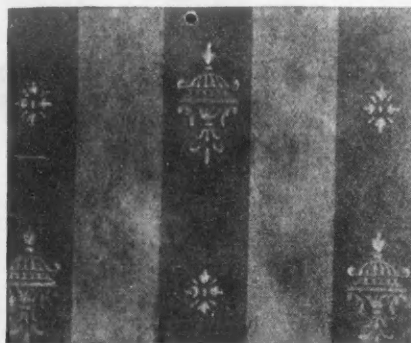
### Easy on hands—fast for dishes





CHATELAIN INSTITUTE, IN CO-OPERATION WITH EATON'S-COLLEGE STREET, SELECTS SMART FABRICS AND COLORS WHICH COMBINE HANDSOMELY. DECORATIVE SCHEMES FOR A BEDROOM, TWO LIVING ROOMS AND A DINING ROOM ARE SHOWN. . . These groupings or similar ones, will be on display at Eaton's-College Street, Toronto, the week of October 28th.

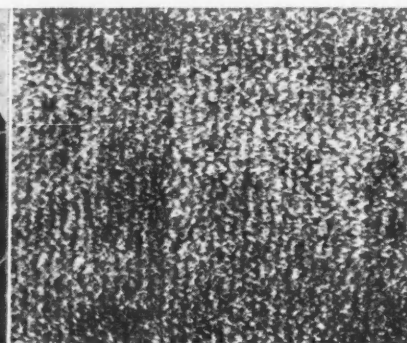
# FOUR



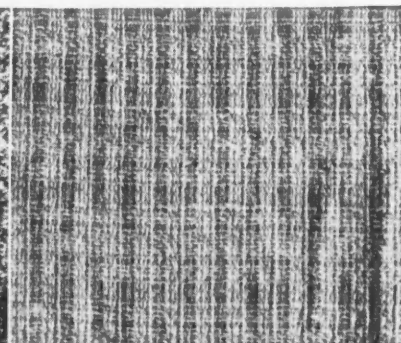
**WALLPAPER**—A classic stripe in two tones of silvermist grey.



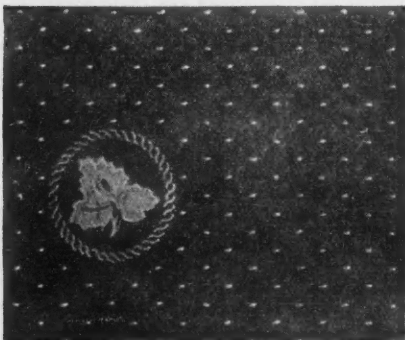
**DRAPERY**—Delightful modern floral glazed chintz in tones of moujik red, boutonniers yellow and white.



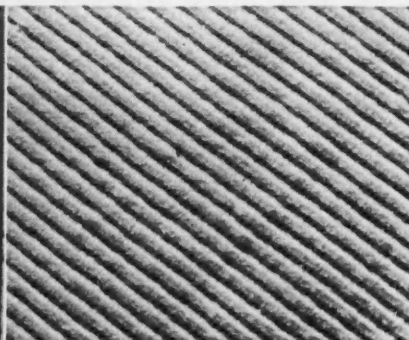
**FLOOR COVERING**—Plain broadloom all-over carpet in chamois yellow.



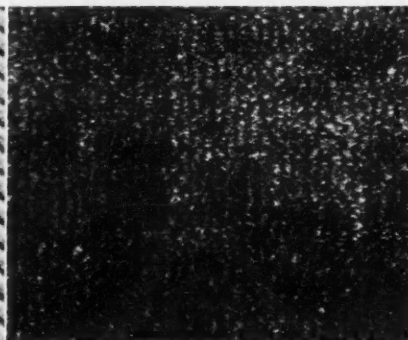
**An eighteenth century bedroom**  
**BEDSPREAD**—Open mesh linen in checked design. Silvermist grey and primrose yellow.



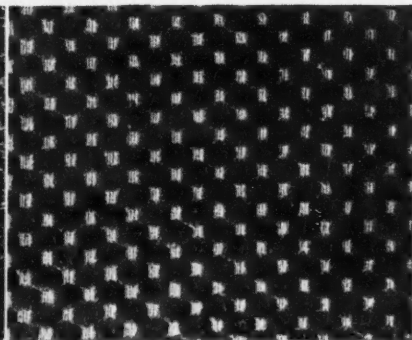
**WALLPAPER**—Dark beige or deer tone with classic modern design in lighter tone.



**DRAPERY**—Diagonal corduroy velvet in oyster white.

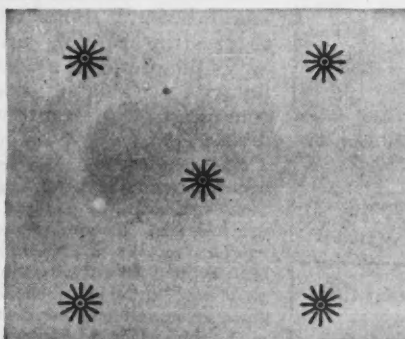


**FLOOR COVERING**—Axminster rug in creole or nigger brown.

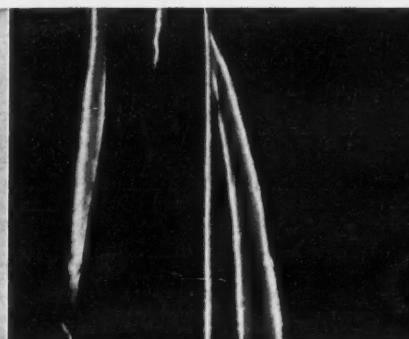


**UPHOLSTERY**—Nail head velvet in flower-pot red.

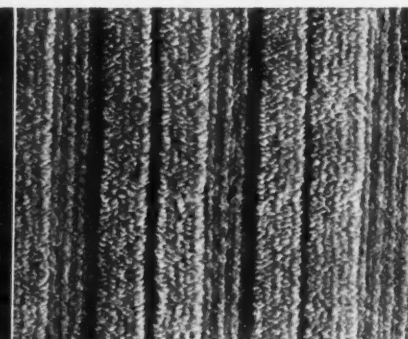
## A traditional living room with a modern feeling, using simplified furniture



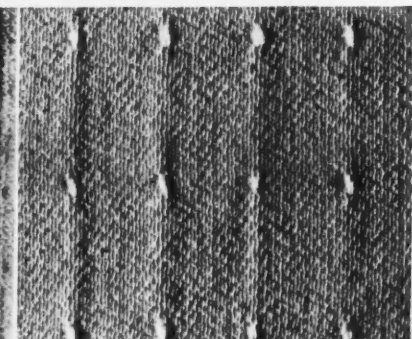
**WALLPAPER**—Marina blue with silver star design.



**DRAPERY**—Rich creole brown in heavy rayon satin.

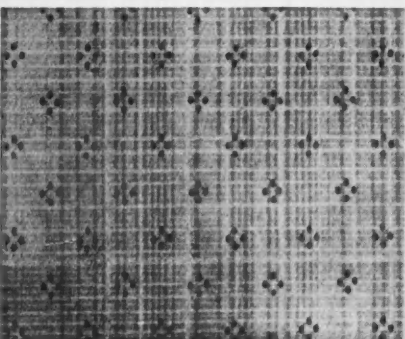


**FLOOR COVERING**—Wool rug in char-trouse with brown fringe. Uneven pile gives attractive ribbed effect.

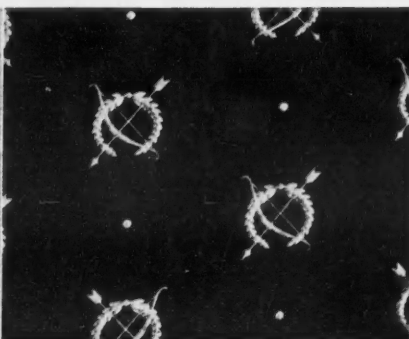


**UPHOLSTERY**—Marina blue crash with lime yellow wool dot.

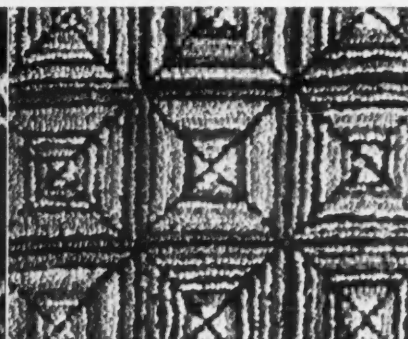
## A modern living room, using light modern woods, such as natural pine,



**WALLPAPER**—Two tones of beige. Chambray effect.



**DRAPERY**—Glazed chintz. Classic design in beige on wild blackberry background.



**FLOOR COVERING**—Hand hooked rug in a combination of blackberry, Peking green and beige tones.



**A colonial dining room in which**  
**UPHOLSTERY**—Glazed chintz with candle-wick pattern in wine red and white on a beige background.



## *The head of the class*



**I**F YOU'VE ever tried to get children through school with honours, or if you've ever tried to raise tomatoes, you know how contrary both can be. Some people don't try very hard with children, and to some growers any kind of tomato is good enough.

But Heinz Tomatoes are coached, pampered and guarded from the time the tiny plants are raised in the moist, warm soil in greenhouses in early spring. August sun and dew finds them, lusty and fruitful, in garden-like fields where they have been watched and cultivated throughout the long growing season.

No garden-run tomatoes will ever do for Heinz Tomato Products. That's why Heinz Tomato Ketchup is the largest selling ketchup in the world. That's why you're so fond of Heinz Chili Sauce, Heinz Tomato Juice and Heinz delicious Cream of Tomato Soup.

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti and Heinz Oven-Baked Beans both have this flavour—the inimitable, appetizing taste of big, red-ripe, pedigreed tomatoes. They get it in the sauce.

Add to this beginning the kitchen-experience of Heinz-trained chefs, and the Heinz home-like method of patient, watchful cooking in small quantities and you have Heinz Tomato Products... the standard of purity and excellence for nearly 70 years throughout the world. For all those years Heinz has had a "money back" understanding with the public—"If contents of any package bearing our name fails to please, grocer is authorized to refund purchase price."

Serve Heinz Tomato Products often; for purity, for taste and for health.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, Toronto, Ont.  
Plant established at Leamington, 1909

# HEINZ *Tomato Products*





# MEALS of the MONTH

THIRTY-ONE MENUS FOR OCTOBER



1	BREAKFAST	LUNCH or SUPPER	DINNER	17	BREAKFAST	LUNCH or SUPPER	DINNER
	Grapes Cereal Marmalade Cocoa Toast Coffee	Corn on the Cob Pear and Cream Cheese Salad Brownies Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Duchess Potatoes Lemon Sponge Shortbread Coffee Tea		Grapefruit Juice Bread and Milk Cornmeal Muffins Coffee Cocoa	Casseroles of Lima Beans and Bacon Tomato Sauce Fruit Salad Chocolate Cake Tea (Cottage Pudding) Cocoa	Beef Stew with Dumplings Cabbage and Carrot Salad Maple Charlotte Coffee Tea
2	Sliced Peaches Bacon Honey Cocoa Muffins Coffee	Shepherd's Pie Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cookies Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Baked Tomato Stuffed Potato Green Beans Spinach Spanish Cream Coffee Tea	18	Apple Sauce Cereal Marmalade Cocoa Toast Coffee	Shrimp Salad Celery Sliced Pineapple Olives Cookies Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Baked Eggs in Tomato Cups Broccoli Corn Baked Potatoes Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
3	Grapefruit Juice Soft-cooked Egg Jelly Cocoa Toast Coffee	Baked Stuffed Peppers Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Jellied Prunes Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Scalloped Potatoes Chocolate Pie Peas Coffee Tea	19	Cereal with Sliced Peaches Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Potato Soup Waldorf Salad Molded Lemon Jelly Tea Cocoa	Corned Beef Hash Celery Relish Harvard Beets Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea
4	Melon Cereal Jam Cocoa Brown Toast Coffee	Vegetable Soup Mushroom Omelet Canned Pineapple Mocha Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Steamed Salmon Cucumber Sauce Boiled Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Baked Peaches with Coconut Coffee Tea	20 (Sunday)	Melon Bacon and Eggs Jelly Cocoa Toast Coffee	Potato and Stuffed Egg Salad Sliced Tomatoes Assorted Sandwiches White Cake Tea Cocoa	Consommé Roast Leg of Lamb Mashed Potatoes Mint Glazed Carrot with Peas Vanilla Ice Cream Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea
5	Orange Sections Blueberry Muffins Honey Cocoa Coffee	Tomato Cucumber Devilled Egg Salad Apple Sauce Mocha Cake Tea Cocoa	Sausages Lyonnaise Potatoes Creamed Onions Caramel Custard Coffee Tea	21	Tomato Juice Cereal Jam Cocoa Brown Toast Coffee	Shepherd's Pie Mixed Pickles Sliced Bananas Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Cold Lamb Baked Stuffed Potatoes Mashed Turnips Peach Cobbler Coffee Tea
6 (Sunday)	Tomato Juice Cereal Poached Eggs Jam Cocoa Toast Coffee	Club Sandwiches Pickles Olives Honeydew Melon Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa	Roast Veal Browned Potatoes Glazed Carrots Ice Cream with Mint Jelly and Crushed Pineapple Cookies Coffee Tea	22	Oranges Cereal Honey Cocoa Toast Coffee	Perfection Salad Cheese Biscuits Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Pork Chops with Sweet Potatoes and Apples Coffee Sponge Gingersnaps (left over) Coffee Tea
7	Stewed Apricots Cereal Marmalade Cocoa Toast Coffee	Celery Soup Prune and Pineapple Cheese Salad Tea Biscuits Honey Cocoa	Scalloped Veal Mashed Potatoes Beets Baked Apples Coffee Tea	23	Peaches Soft-cooked Eggs Jam Cocoa Toast Coffee	Scalloped Potatoes with Bacon Lettuce and Cucumber Salad Date Cookies Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf with Dressing Buttered Noodles Baked Tomatoes Baked Pears Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
8	Orange Juice Cereal Cornmeal Muffins Coffee Cocoa	Italian Spaghetti Lettuce Salad Cookies Tea Cocoa	Pork Chops Fried Potatoes Carrots Brown Betty Cookies Coffee Tea	24	Tomato Juice Cereal Whole Wheat Toast Jam Cocoa Coffee	Cream or Pea Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwich Dill Pickles Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Cold Meat Loaf Boiled Potatoes Peach Custard Spinach Coffee Tea
9	Stewed Prunes Bacon Honey Cocoa Toast Coffee	Vegetable Soup Honeydew Melon, Pear and Grapefruit Salad Butterscotch Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Boiled Potatoes String Beans Snow Pudding Coffee Tea	25	Melon Scrambled Eggs Jelly Cocoa Toast Coffee	Vegetable Salad Hot Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Tea Coffee	Tomato Cocktail Scalloped Oysters Potato Croquettes Stewed Corn and Green Pepper Lemon Pie Coffee Tea
10	Apple Sauce Soft-cooked Eggs Marmalade Cocoa Toast Coffee	Welsh Rarebit Celery Fruit Cup Gherkins Tea Cocoa	Fried Ham Slice Pineapple Rings Mashed Potatoes Succotash Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	26	Apple Sauce Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Cocoa Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Brown Rolls Canned Cherries Sugar Cookies Tea Cocoa	Fried Ham and Eggs Baked Potatoes Green Beans Pineapple Layer Cake Coffee Tea
11	Cantaloupe Cereal Jam Cocoa Toasted Rolls Coffee	Foamy Omelet Toast Canned Raspberries Hermits Tea Cocoa	Baked Lake Trout Parsley Potatoes Cole Slaw Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea	27 (Sunday)	Grapefruit Bread and Milk Syrup Cocoa Waffles Coffee	Toasted Mushroom Sandwiches Stuffed Celery Olives Pineapple Cake (from Saturday) Tea Cocoa	Dressed Tenderloin Mashed Potatoes Fried Eggplant Cantaloupe à la mode Cookies Coffee Tea
12	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Bran Muffins Honey Cocoa Coffee	Split Pea Soup Pepper Stuffed with Corn Sliced Cucumbers Cheese Crackers Tea Cocoa	Chuck Steak Patties with Bacon Scalloped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Fruit Junket Cookies Coffee Tea	28	Apricots Cereal Jam Cocoa Toast Coffee	Fish Chowder Carrot and Almond Salad Apple Tapioca Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Call's Heart Brown Potatoes Turnip Sliced Peaches Sponge Cake Tea Coffee
13 (Sunday)	Grapefruit Scrambled Eggs Jelly Cocoa Toast Coffee	Vegetable Salad Toasted Cheese Sandwich Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Melon Ball Cocktail Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Peas Coffee Blanc Mange Tea	29	Sliced Bananas French Omelet Honey Cocoa Toast Coffee	Creamed Heart in Cream Puff Shells Olives Celery Canned Strawberries Hermits Tea Cocoa	Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding Mashed Potatoes Squash Jellied Peaches Coffee Tea
14	Peaches Cereal Jam Cocoa Brown Toast Coffee	Chicken Salad Celery Canned Pineapple Olives Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Spinach Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea	30	Orange Sections Cereal Marmalade Cocoa Toast Coffee	Pigs-in-Blankets Cabbage, Celery and Apple Salad Muffins Peach Jam Tea Cocoa	Beefsteak Pie Carrots Fruit Cup Hermits Tea Coffee
15	Stewed Apricots Cereal Jam Cocoa Toasted Rolls Coffee	Scotch Broth Asparagus on Toast Drawn Butter Sauce Grapes Tea Cocoa	Broiled Sausages Boiled Potatoes Corn Fritters Apple Crisp Coffee Tea	31	Cantaloupe Bacon Honey Cocoa Muffins Coffee	(Hallowe'en Supper) Baked Beans Brown Bread Doughnuts Apples Sweet Cider Oranges Coffee	Veal Cutlets Lyonnaise Potatoes Pumpkin Pie Coffee Tea
16	Orange Sections Cereal Scrambled Eggs Jam Cocoa Toast Coffee	Tomato Jelly Salad Olives Cheese Biscuits Chilled Melon Tea Cocoa	Sirloin Steak with Onions Mashed Potatoes Swiss Chard Chocolate Cottage Pudding Whipped Cream and Hot Coffee Chocolate Sauce Tea				

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.



## AN English DELICACY

Mothers of Canadian boys and girls—do you know that Lyle's Golden Syrup is now on sale in the Canadian stores?

No finer, sweeter, purer syrup is made. It is a pure sugar syrup, a product of the most famous of the English sugar refiners.



Obtainable at your grocer's in 1 lb., 2 lb., 4 lb. and 14 lb. tins.

### Lyle's Golden Syrup

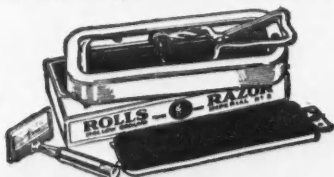
Packed by Tate and Lyle Limited,  
21 Mincing Lane, London, England.

*Sure it's cheaper to shave with a Rolls!  
and incomparably more enjoyable.*



\$6.95  
AND UP

Many a man who used to look on the rising sun with a sour eye now twinkles those same eyes merrily, thanks to the pleasure of the daily shave with a Rolls Razor. Strops itself—Hones itself.



## ROLLS RAZOR

Rolls Shaving Bowls, \$1.00 — Refills, 60c  
MADE BY EXPERTS FOR 41  
PERFECT AND ECONOMICAL SHAVING



## YOUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

Novel suggestions from  
the Chatelaine Institute

**Colors**—Black and Orange.  
**Decorations**—Black cats, witches, ghosts, pumpkins, bats and owls.

### Menu

Chicken, Orange and Brazil Nut Salad	Ripe Olives
Stuffed Celery	Brown Bread Crescents
Fresh Gingerbread	Hallowe'en Cookies
Pumpkin Tartlets	Cocoa
	Cider

**Garnishing**—1. Serve the salad in orange Jack o' Lantern cases and place on a bed of lettuce, chicory or curly endive.

To prepare the Jack o' Lanterns, cut a thick slice from the top of each orange. Scoop out the pulp, and with a sharp knife cut eyes, nose, a smiling mouth. Fill the shells with the salad and replace the top.

2. To stuff the celery, cut in three-inch pieces and curl the ends in salted water. Fill the "trough" with softened creamed cheese, and if you want it extra fancy, use your pastry tube for this.

3. Butter brown bread and slice thinly. Cut in half-moon or diamond shapes. Or you might cut white bread in rounds and make comic faces on them with chips and shreds of ripe olives.

4. Make plain sugar cookies in fancy shapes—owls, witches, cats and so on—by placing a cardboard design on the dough, and cutting around it with a sharp knife.

5. Bake gingerbread and serve with sweetened whipped cream piled on top. Garnish with chocolate shot or grated chocolate.

6. Paint Jack o' Lantern faces on marshmallows, using a toothpick skewer or small camel's hair brush dipped in melted chocolate. Serve a marshmallow floating in each cup of cocoa.

7. Bake pumpkin tarts and on them make funny faces with raisins or currants. Or add decorated marshmallows while still hot and return to the oven for thirty seconds. Serve cold.

**Entertainment**—Duck for apples, tell ghost stories, play "Murder," tell fortunes, blow bubbles, or be gay and foolish in any way you wish.



## ANNOUNCING "Goddard's" LIQUID Plate Polish

*For those who prefer a silver polish ready-mixed*

"Goddard's" Liquid Plate Polish is of the same excellent quality as "Goddard's" Plate Powder which, for 95 years, has enjoyed a world-wide reputation.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers  
J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd., Leicester, England

## 3 shortcuts IN HOUSEWORK

*"Floors, furniture, woodwork took hours to clean, before I protected them with Johnson's Wax."*



Rent a Johnson Electric Polisher from your dealer at small cost.

**1** Cheap wax makes floors gummy and sticky. Johnson's Wax gives a glossy surface—easy to clean.

**2** Fingerprints and dirt can't cling to chair arms and table tops protected with Johnson's Wax.

**3** With a gleaming coat of Johnson's Wax on window sills and door frames, dirt wipes off like magic.

### CHEAP WAX CAN RUIN GOOD FLOORS

Cheap wax leaves a greasy, smeary surface that attracts dust and grit. Johnson's Wax gives a bright, gleaming polish that wears like iron. Wards off dirt and scratches. Cuts cleaning time in half.

Send 10c for generous trial can.

## JOHNSON'S WAX

for floors  
and furniture

RADIO—"Fibber McGee and Molly"  
Monday Night, NBC Coast to Coast



S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Dept. C10, Brantford, Ont.  
Enclosed is 10c. Please send me generous trial can of Johnson's Wax and very interesting booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_



## To the Ultra Smart HOSTESS!

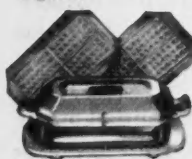


## Get ready for A BUSY FALL!

The fall sets a faster tempo to the social swirl. Bridge parties... teas... informal after-the-show suppers—All are a part of the activities planned by the smart hostess when the leaves begin to fall.

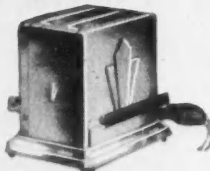
You'll find entertaining much easier and more enjoyable with Westinghouse Electric Appliances to do the work. They are the perfect combination of beauty and utility—quality and value! Ask your Westinghouse dealer to show you them or write for catalogue.

The BROCK Percolator available in three sizes (4, 7 and 10 cup) and priced at \$8.50, \$9.50, \$10.50. Just one of the many smart Percolator designs made by Westinghouse.



**For Waffles and Sandwiches**  
The hostess who likes to ask friends in on the spur of the moment will especially appreciate this Sandwich Grill and Waffle Iron, \$8.75. Waffle Grills, \$3.50.

**The Autocret Two-slice Toaster**  
The modern toaster... toasts two toothsome slices both sides at a time. Gleaming chromium finish with Micarta handles... \$8.75.



Canadian Westinghouse Co., Limited  
HAMILTON, ONT.  
BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

# Westinghouse Electric APPLIANCES

## SHE MADE SOME TARTS

(Continued from page 50)

### LEMON CHEESE TARTS

2 Eggs  
1 Cupful of sugar  
Rind and juice of two lemons  
1/2 Cupful of butter

Mix ingredients well and cook together until thick, then fill cooked tart shells with the mixture. This filling will keep in the refrigerator for several weeks.

### MACE TARTS

3 Eggs  
1 Cupful of brown sugar  
2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter  
1 1/2 Cupfuls of corn syrup  
1 Teaspoonful of mace  
Unbaked tart shells

Beat the eggs until the yolks and whites are blended. Add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Fill small unbaked tart shells with the mixture and bake for ten minutes in a hot oven—400 degrees Fahr.—and for ten minutes longer at 350 degrees Fahr. Makes sixteen to eighteen small tarts.

### ICE CREAM TARTS

Cut plain pastry in rounds, prick and bake on the outside of muffin tins or patty pans. Cool thoroughly, place on a board and put a layer of sliced peaches, bananas or other fruit, sweetened to taste, in the bottom of each pastry case. Add a scoop of very firm ice cream, then cover the top thoroughly with a thick layer of meringue, piled high. Place in a very hot oven—500 degrees Fahr.—for ninety seconds only, until the meringue is delicately browned. Be sure that the meringue completely covers the ice cream to prevent the heat reaching it.

### PECAN TARTS

1 Egg  
1/4 Cupful of milk  
1 Cupful of brown sugar  
1 Teaspoonful of butter  
1/2 Cupful of pecan meats  
1/8 Teaspoonful of salt  
1/2 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Beat the whole egg and add the remaining ingredients. Mix thoroughly and pour into tart pans lined with unbaked pastry. Bake at 425 degrees Fahr. for fifteen minutes, then at 325 degrees Fahr. for twelve minutes. Six tarts.

### SOUR CREAM DATE TARTS

2 Egg yolks  
1/4 Teaspoonful of salt  
1 Cupful of sugar  
1 Teaspoonful of flour  
1 Cupful of sour cream  
1 Cupful of stoned chopped dates

Beat the egg yolks well, add salt, sugar and flour, and mix thoroughly. Beat in the sour cream, then fold in the chopped stoned dates and combine well. Line tart tins with flaky pastry and fill two-thirds full with the date mixture. Bake in a moderate oven—375 degrees Fahr.—until brown. Cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and brown in a slow oven—300 degrees Fahr. Makes twelve tarts.

### PUMPKIN TARTS

1 Teaspoonful of ginger  
1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon  
1/4 Cupful of hot water  
7/8 Cupful of brown sugar  
1/2 Teaspoonful of salt  
2 Eggs  
1 1/4 Cupfuls of strained pumpkin (cooked or canned)  
1 Cupful of evaporated milk  
2 Tablespoonfuls of orange juice

Add the hot water with the spices, sugar, salt and beaten egg to the pumpkin. Blend thoroughly and add the milk. Scald the mixture in a double boiler. Add the orange juice and pour into baked tart shells. Place in a hot oven—425 degrees Fahr.—for fifteen minutes, reduce the heat to 300 degrees Fahr., and bake until the filling is set. Makes sixteen three-inch tarts. Serve plain or garnished with whipped cream. For a Hallowe'en menu, decorate with raisins or currants to form funny faces. Or top with a marshmallow and return to the oven for a few seconds until softened.

### CHEESE AND ALMOND TARTS

2 Eggs  
1/2 Cupful of sugar  
Salt  
1/4 Cupful of milk  
3/4 Cupful of soft or white cream cheese  
1/2 Teaspoonful of lemon juice  
1/2 Teaspoonful of grated lemon rind  
1/2 Cupful of currant jelly  
1/2 Cupful of sliced, blanched almonds  
Flaky pastry

Beat the eggs lightly with the sugar and salt. Add the milk, and the cheese which has been creamed thoroughly. Add the grated lemon rind and the juice.

Line tiny tart shells with pastry. Place one half teaspoonful of jelly in the shell and add a spoonful of the cheese mixture. Sprinkle with the almonds and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—until the custard is set and the almonds browned. Makes about ten tarts.

## To the MOTHER looking for ways to save!



## Use CUSHIONED WASHING!

Here's the modern washing principle that gets clothes cleaner... in less time... and with less wear—it's "cushioned washing"—perfected by Westinghouse and made possible by exclusive gyrator design. Exacting comparative tests have proved its efficiency—efficiency that saves your clothes from wear and tear... and cuts laundry costs to a minimum. Now is the time to turn in your old machine and enjoy the advantages of Westinghouse "cushioned washing."

Canadian Westinghouse Co., Limited  
HAMILTON, ONT.  
BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES



Your Westinghouse dealer has models priced at \$79.50, \$87.50 and \$94.50, (slightly higher in the West and Maritimes) and will gladly arrange terms to suit.

# Westinghouse Electric WASHERS



## and not a THREAD BROKEN

This lace curtain has been washed continuously for **six weeks** in an EASY Vacuum-Cup Washer. That's **more washing** than it would get in twenty years of ordinary use. The photograph above, taken **after** the washing test, has not been retouched in any way. There's not a thread broken, not a sign of wear or damage.

This is a dramatic way of proving the fact which thousands of EASY owners are proving **every washday**—that the Vacuum-Cup principle washes without damage, even to the most delicate of fabrics.

### A CHALLENGE

EASY challenges any other type of washing machine to duplicate the record established by vacuum-cup washing for safe, thorough cleansing, without harmful friction.

Vacuum-cup washing action is an exclusive EASY feature. You can now enjoy it at the lowest price ever offered anywhere! Ask your dealer about special EASY terms.

### WITH THE LIFETIME GUARANTEE



# EASY

*Vacuum Cup*  
**WASHER**

THE EASY WASHING MACHINE CO. LIMITED  
TORONTO CANADA

is in a simple chain stitch. The cloth may be round or square as preferred. Effective when worked with either bright peasant colors or one color to match your china. Stamped on heavy ivory-white or cream linen, the 45-inch cloth with four serviettes is priced at \$2.00; stamped on fine white linen-finished cotton—\$1.35. Please state preference in color of linen and cottons for working, which latter come to 60 cents if only one color is used or 90 cents for peasant embroidery colors.

**C332—Sunflower Work Bag**—An original and most effective design in deep gold and orange shades with green centres—in satin and chain stitches. Stamped on brown, navy or black art felt, with polished wood handles designed to slip on to the arm. A 2-inch gusset makes it particularly roomy. Size below handles about 11 by 18 inches. Complete materials, including lining with pocket, price \$1.50.

**C272—"Scotty" Bridge Cloth**—Finest quality art felt is used, in lacquer red or orange. "Scotty" is to be worked in black cross stitch and the binding in black to match. Thirty-one-inch square is sent unless larger size—up to 36 inches—is specified. Elastic is also supplied. The price, inclusive, —\$1.00.

Handicrafts may be ordered from *Chatelaine Handicraft Studio* by sending a postal order to Marie Le Cerf, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.



**C379**—For your table, a pumpkin tea cozy.

## Bad Girl

(Continued from page 9)

are no women's organizations either connected with the church or some other branch of women's activities such as Women's Institute, Home and School Club W.C.T.U., etc.

These organizations are made up of the mothers and women of the community who should consider it their first duty not only to know every girl in their locality, but to make her feel that they are there to help her and that the organization needs her. If the girl is desirous of changing her location and occupation she should understand that if she makes her desire known to the local organization they will put her in touch with the city organization which will give her all the necessary information. For this to be effective, the local organization should be in touch with some person in the city who, when a girl is coming to the city, will see that she is met and taken to safe and pleasant surroundings where she will be in a position to make friends with those who will be helpful to her. This is a very practical service that Women's Clubs could render to their country.

*Footnote: The narrative is based on fact, but the names are purely fictitious.*

**THE  
SUPER SPEED  
FROST  
CHAMBER**

**For the  
MODERN WOMAN  
WHO DEMANDS..  
GREATER SPEED  
IN FREEZING**

**THE Super Speed Frost Chamber** is an exclusive feature of the Beach Electric Refrigerator. Its larger freezing surfaces assure far quicker freezing. Its design allows more storage space in the food compartment, more room for bottles. It permits variable temperature control; provides better circulation; eliminates unnecessary condensation of moisture, and offers generous space for ice cube trays.

**SOME OTHER  
OUTSTANDING FEATURES  
THAT MILADY WILL  
APPRECIATE**

**Basket Door Racks**—removable  
**Convenience Shelf**—porcelain-  
enamel food compartment—  
automatically lighted interior—  
all-steel construction—quiet re-  
frigerating unit. Made in 3 sizes.

**NEW Beach ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR**

BEACH FOUNDRY LIMITED Factory and Head Office: OTTAWA  
Branches: Winnipeg Calgary Edmonton Vancouver

**I FLEW OFF  
THE HANDLE  
AT  
STOPPED-UP  
DRAINS  
UNTIL  
I USED**

**GILLETT'S  
LYE**

STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED  
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

**It cuts right through all  
clogging matter**

There's nothing like Gillett's Pure Flake Lye to clear drains in a jiffy! Use it regularly and you'll keep sinks, tubs and toilets running freely. Pour it down full strength—it will not harm enamel or plumbing. Kills germs and destroys odors as it cleans. Keep a tin on hand.

● Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

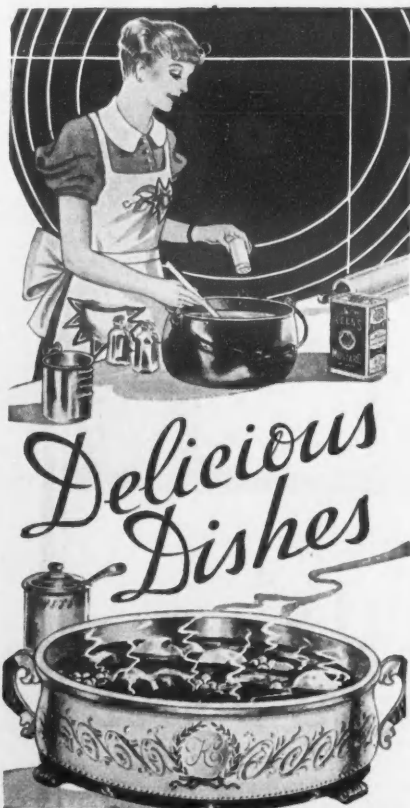
**FREE BOOKLET**

The Gillett's Lye Booklet gives dozens of practical hints for using this powerful cleanser and disinfectant.

Standard Brands Ltd. C-10  
Fraser Ave., and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.  
Please send me free Gillett's Lye Booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_





*Delicious Dishes*

*with these*

## MEAT RECIPES

It used to be that a roast was simply a roast and a stew was just a stew. But now variety is looked for in the daily menu, and since nearly every housewife keeps a book of her favourite recipes, it is possible to include many different ideas in the cooking of meats so that it is always possible to serve "something new", and at the same time improve the flavour and nutrition of the meat course.

If we were to get a peep into the kitchens of famous hotels and watch celebrated chefs preparing meats, we would find mustard playing its part. And it would be KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD, for the quality of KEEN'S can be relied upon where flavour is concerned.

### RICE AND SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup rice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sausage, 1 can tomato soup, 1 teaspoon Keen's D.S.F. Mustard. Boil rice until tender in salted water. Drain rice and put it in buttered casserole or baking dish, pour the heated soup over the rice and place sausages on top. Sprinkle with mustard, bake 30 minutes in hot oven.

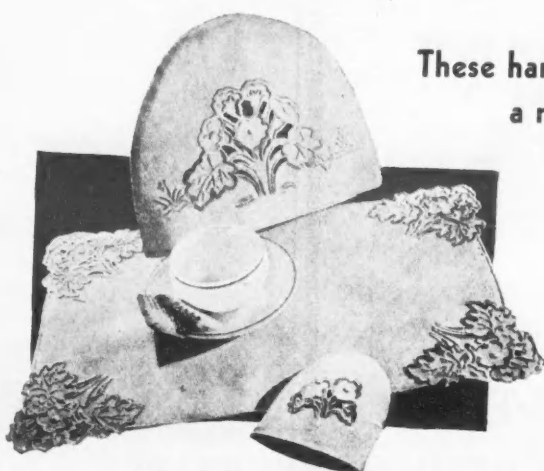
### SCALLOPED HAM

1 cup chopped boiled ham, 3 hard boiled eggs, 1 pint milk, 5 soda crackers, butter size of an egg, 1 teaspoon flour and 1 teaspoon Keen's D.S.F. Mustard. Boil the milk, thickened with flour, add butter, ham, eggs, crackers, mustard, pepper and salt to taste. Bake half an hour.

Keen's new booklet, "Sandwich Suggestions", will be mailed FREE. Write Colman-Keen (Canada) Limited, 1000 Amherst Street, Montreal.

**KEEN'S**  
**D.S.F. Mustard**  
AIDS DIGESTION

722  
Clip recipes for your kitchen library



C381—A charming breakfast set in white or colored linen.

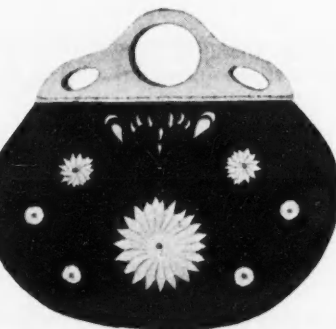
These handicrafts will win  
a ready sale

by  
**MARIE  
LE CERF**

## BAZAARS!

**C381—Breakfast Set.**—Cutwork set consists of large tray cloth, 15 by 24 inches, tea cosy, egg cosy and serviette—in white, cream, yellow, green and blue linen. Self or contrasting color may, be used for this exquisite cutwork. The set is priced at \$1.00; cottons for working come to 20 cents, and a cosy form can be supplied at 35 cents. A small piece of flannel will answer for the egg cosy form.

**C379—Pumpkin Tea Cosy.** Will fit average or even larger teapot. Wools in



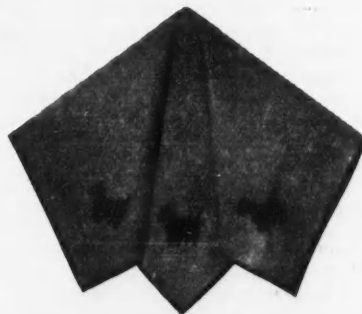
C352—Gay flowers on dark art felt

C375—  
Something  
novel in  
cushions.

pumpkin orange and green, with instructions for making cosy, are priced at \$1.00.

**C375—An Unusually Shaped Cushion;** the design may be either quilted or worked in simple chain stitch. Padding for quilting is not sent but complete instructions are given. All work is in one color (please state color desired or green will be sent) on black silk taffeta. Size 18 by 21 inches, front and back of cushion are priced at \$1.25; cotton for working chain stitch 10 cents, and a form can be supplied at 55 cents.

**C378—Hungarian Luncheon Set,** 45-inch size. A most elaborate set, but all work



C272—The "Scotty" bridge cloth.



C378—Richly colorful and far simpler to work than it looks.



*Everybody  
loves Pickles*

## MADE WITH MUSTARD

Variety is the spice of life, and a good shelf of home-made pickles does help a lot. Hot or cold meats, sandwiches, warmed-over dishes, all take on new interest when served with one of the many kinds of mustard pickle that any housewife can prepare.

Everybody enjoys mustard pickles. They add "spice" to the meal, and never seem to lose their popularity. And mustard pickles are easy to put up.

Mustard pickles are wholesome as well as appetizing—an aid to digestion. To ensure perfection and keeping quality, it is always best to use a high grade mustard.

KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD can be counted on for flavour and quality.

### AUNT MARY'S FAVOURITE MUSTARD PICKLES

1 quart small onions, 1 quart cucumbers, 1 large cauliflower, 2 heads celery, 2 red peppers. Put peeled onions in weak vinegar overnight. Next morning bring to boil and drain off.

Boil: 2 cups brown sugar, 1 cup flour, 6 tablespoons Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, 1 tablespoon turmeric and 2 quarts vinegar for 20 minutes, stirring constantly and, while hot, pour over vegetables. Let stand 10 days stirring every day. Then bottle.

### MUSTARD AND OIL PICKLES

12 cucumbers (4 to 5 inches long), 6 medium-sized white onions,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salt, 2 cups cold water, 1 teaspoon celery seed,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup mustard seed, 1 teaspoon Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, 2 tablespoons white sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salad oil, 2 cups vinegar.

Slice cucumbers and onions crosswise. Arrange vegetables and salt in layers, let stand overnight. Add water, stir well, drain off all the liquid. Add remaining ingredients, mix well, put into clean jars. Seal and store in a cool place.

Keen's new booklet, "Sandwich Suggestions", will be mailed FREE. Write Colman-Keen (Canada) Limited, 1000 Amherst Street, Montreal.

**KEEN'S**  
**D.S.F. Mustard**  
AIDS DIGESTION  
727  
Clip recipes for your kitchen library

# *The* TYRANNY *of* LEADERSHIP



## Leaders are Slaves.

They belong, not to themselves, but to those whom they serve. As servants—as leaders—they are not allowed to be lax or lazy or shifty.



Leadership in the realm of industry, commerce or finance compels the leader to give to his masters, the public, the perfection of service. Leaders must excel competitors in respect of their ability to make and sell at unbeatable prices. They are under compulsion to provide products and services than which there are none better, and to sell at prices which will retain consumers' loyalty.



Leaders, in order to maintain their leadership, must employ all that science, invention and progress offer in the way of betterment. Equal obligation is not on imitators or substitutors.



If you could know how our large manufacturers maintain their right to leadership, you would give them and their products your unswerving loyalty, and you would resist all efforts made to sell you imitation or substitute products. Non-leaders are not under the tyranny of leadership.



The trustworthy sign of leadership is sustained national advertising. So give your loyalty and favour to those products which are made and kept good through the tyranny of leadership. National advertising keeps them perpetually innocent as they stand before the jury of the consuming public.



## The Price of Leadership is high

It is a composite price made up of competency, honesty, fidelity, ardour, progressiveness, devotion, forcefulness, purpose and integrity. Let a leader fail ever so little, and the deficiency in him will quickly lead to his downfall and replacement.

*Turn your back resolutely on products and services on which the purifying sun of national advertising does not fall. Refuse imitation products which are offered to you for acceptance with the specious recommendation of "they are just as good."*

[[ This is No. 1 of a series of talks on why nationally advertised products should always be asked for and insisted on. ]]





## Smartness Starts with The Shoes

Well polished shoes are essential to a smart appearance. And it is easy to keep shoes looking smart always with the regular use of Nugget Shoe Polish. Nugget quickly gives a brilliant, lasting polish... preserves and weather-proofs the leather... keeps it soft and pliable... ensures lasting smartness and longer wear for the shoes of the whole family.

Men's shoes, women's shoes and the shoes of active growing boys and girls look better and last longer with the use of Nugget.

## NUGGET SHOE POLISH

There's a Nugget shade  
for every shoe made.



If it's white kid, keep it white with

**NUGGET WHITE KID  
CLEANER**

## What Is She Like?

(Continued from page 20)

tell me, proving to the hilt that charming comment of a friend upon the family, that they make "incredible statements in quite inaudible voices."

Sorted out, some of the statements came to this:

The fact that she liked the results of gardening rather than the effort that went to create a demesne. So that you might imagine her running out into the rain to greet the first primrose, at the call of any child—and staying out to enjoy it and all that goes with it. And seeing new possibilities in the prospect. But not digging by a map—if you know what I mean.

That she liked people: you will know that yourselves when you meet her. She has the keenest interest and a sincerity in her quick replies.

That she liked books: but that is so apparent.

And wrote them. Up to date, chiefly books for children.

That she has an immense interest in the Women's Institutes and all their works. And that—like her husband—she considers them one of the greatest forces for education, understanding and co-operation, in the world today.

That she likes clothes, in the way that every nice woman likes them—and knows them, too. A fact Canadians will be quick to notice. But that having made up her mind about her own, they become part of her natural equipment.

That she has not only an eager interest but a generous response, in regard to the personally social side of life. That she has the true sense of dignity, which is a gift.

And that her three sons and one daughter are closely her friends. Perhaps you will see them all in the next five years. The Hon. John Buchan, the eldest son, is, besides his official duties, a falconer of repute; a skilled disciple of Izaak Walton, an outdoor person with a passion for birds and all of wild nature. THE HON. William Buchan, not yet twenty, has had a year at Oxford, was assistant editor of the *Isis* there; has a searching and constructive interest in the theatre and the films, and the forms of expression that belong to them pre-eminently.

The youngest son, the Hon. Alastair Buchan, has just finished Eton, and may have a year in between school and University. Without doubt part of that time will be spent in Canada with his parents.

[Continued on page 71]

## The Baroness's Head

(Continued from page 53)

Agnes's eyes were large. "But what were you doing last night that might connect you with the murder?"

"Well—things had begun to stir, and I was getting all sorts of information. Yesterday evening Otho and I went for a walk. He was very dejected because of the quarrel with his grandaunt—he has a rather unstable temperament and was eager to defend himself, so that it wasn't hard to set him talking. Before I knew it, he was pouring out his troubles to me, complaining how little the Baroness understood him, how short-sighted she was. He was very bitter because she had several thousand Krone in cash, quite a large sum, which she refused to give him. I asked him if he were in debt, and he blurted out the fact that the money was for political purposes. Then, having confessed so much, he began revealing more and more. He was jolly indiscreet—that's all I can say."

"And then what happened?"

"While we were walking along, a chap came down the road—ordinary looking blighter wearing a hiking pack on his back. Otho and he exchanged two or three words. I took it to be another royalist, and decided that we had walked out to meet him. When he went on, Otho was full of excitement. He wanted to return to the Schloss at once, and didn't speak much on the way home."

"How late was it then?"

"It must have been half-past nine. There was still a little afterglow in the sky, the last bit of daylight. I suppose it was ten o'clock when we got back to the Schloss. I went to my room, and for the next hour was busy making notes of what I had heard."

"Notes! No wonder you didn't want the police to investigate you."

"I heard Otho come upstairs—heard him say good-night to Anton, who must have been making his rounds to lock up. The more I thought of the situation, the more I felt that something was about to happen—perhaps a conference of the leading personalities in the conspiracy, possibly including the King himself. I decided to watch

through the night, to see whether I could pick up any new information.

"At 11.30 I opened the door of my room and stepped out into the hall. The usual dim night lamps were burning, one at the head of the stairs opposite my door, one down the hall in front of the Baron's room, another at the other end of the hall where it turns into the wing, just by your own room. Everything was very still, as though everyone were asleep.

"I wasn't certain just what part of the house would be used to receive the conspirators, but decided that the most probable spot was the room called the 'office' just off the entrance hall downstairs. In any case, the entrance hall seemed the best observation point, so I went down the stairway. I was about halfway down when the old clock began to whir, and struck the second quarter.

"The hall was all very dark, only the light in the old lantern in front of the door burning dimly, and I could just see the two suits of armor holding out their halberds. I sat down in a chair, in deep shadow.

"A house as old as this is uncanny. I had the feeling that generations had come and gone under this roof since the beginning of time—that plots and politics had been hatched, families had risen and fallen, greeds and ambitions been nourished—and I, a Tuttle from Market Harborough in the County of Leicester, England, had found my way down here into Bohemia to play a part in the latest chapter of this intriguing, and sit there in the dark, in a chair—God knows what bones had rested on it, and where those bones lie now."

Agnes was listening intently, caught by his narrative, her eyes fixed upon his face.

"Then I thought I was a fool not to be asleep and in my bed. The quarter-hours went past—each time there was a whir from the clock's old mechanism, and the silvery note of the chimes. I wondered whether the clock had come overland as part of a delivery, two or three centuries ago, in a big-wheeled cart with an escort of riders through the robber-infested forest. The quarter-hours went past—and nothing happened. The square of moonlight drew across the floor. It was long after midnight, and all the place was sleeping.

"I had just about decided that my vigil was futile when all of a sudden everything in me woke. Somewhere upstairs there was the click of a latch. I had been sitting down there in the dark so long that everything

[Continued on page 64]

## For Tomorrow's Energy

EVERY child needs the energy-making food value of Fry's COCOA every day. It is a delicious beverage and a concentrated food in one. Give your children plenty of Fry's in drinks, sauces, puddings and other dishes. Build up their resistance with Fry's COCOA to the health hazards of winter.

Use Fry's Unsweetened Chocolate in convenient separate 1 oz. squares for your baking. Send for recipe book. Fry-Cadbury Ltd., Montreal, Que.



Fry's Chocolate Syrup—ready to use—delicious sauce for ice cream, fruit and desserts.

## What Would You Think?

AS an intelligent person what would be your reaction if you knew of friend after friend who, after being many years below par or miserable with chronic disease, had changed their living habits from the haphazard habits of civilization to habits along well-thought-out lines and became models of physical perfection and perfect health? Would you "pooh-pooh" it, make light of it? You could not and be intelligent, could you?



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 77th year.

Well, if you live in a community where my "Philosophy of Natural Health Through Natural Living Habits" is understood, where my books which teach it and my foods, Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub, which make it easy to live that philosophy, are known, you will easily find many such persons. Thousands upon thousands have come back to exuberant, exultant, exalted health through these means.

My books you may have to write to me to obtain, but Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub you can buy in your own grocery stores. Of all single means for building health these are without doubt the best. Write to me for my free better-health bulletins at 516 Vine Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.

*Robert G. Jackson M.D.*



## "I look forward to my Daily BOVRIL"

It is so delicious and sustaining and gives one just that pick up needed when one feels tired and depressed.

I never like to miss my

# DAILY BOVRIL

35-24M

## fear coffee?

● Notice that coffee excites your nerves? . . . pushes your heart? . . . prevents sleep? Take care, lest these threats become real troubles.

Give up coffee? Not at all! But give up coffee containing caffeine. Switch to a safe coffee . . . Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag, 97% caffeine-free! And it's delicious! Blend of finest Brazilian and Colombian coffees.

Kellogg's new million-dollar process extracts bitter caffeine, but leaves all the flavor intact . . . actually develops a new mellowness. So, make Kaffee-Hag Coffee strong . . . bring out its full, rich flavor . . . it never turns bitter!

Drink Kaffee-Hag Coffee for three weeks. Watch how you relax, sleep . . . how much better you feel.

Vacuum packed. Buy it from your grocer, or send 15c and coupon below for trial size.

KELLOGG CO., London, Ontario

Please send me a can of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee (97% caffeine-free) and booklet. I enclose 15c. in stamps. Chat, 10.35

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_

## The Thirty-nine Steps

(Continued from page 19)

substantial house. Hannay determined to take him into his confidence, and visited him in the morning.

His welcome was startling. "Good day, Mr. Hannay!" said the man. "And—how's Annabella Smith?"

He held up one hand, and Hannay turned pale. The top of the little finger was missing. "You—you're . . ." Hannay gasped.

The "Professor" laughed. "Exactly," he said, and Hannay saw he held a revolver. "Well, I might offer you the chance to—er, commit suicide conveniently, but somehow I don't place you as the type, Mr. Hannay. So—"

He fired point-blank. The bullet struck the crofter's Bible in the pocket of his overcoat. Hannay dropped to the ground, feigning death, and the "Professor" went out chuckling. Ten minutes later Hannay was hammering at the door of the village police-station.

They arrested him, promptly, for the murder in London. To his frenzied tale of the "Professor" they merely laughed.

"A verri respectable body!" they said he was. "Be still, you, till we mak' the necessary arrangements, laddie!"

Again Hannay was left. Again, desperate, and with handcuffs dangling from one wrist, he darted out of the station and down the street.

IN THE village hall a political audience was awaiting an unknown speaker from London. A stranger appeared, a man in an overcoat, and coolly took the platform. He was making the speech of the evening, and his audience was spellbound, when a girl in the front rows sprang to her feet with a scream.

"It's him—the murderer!" she cried, pointing.

It was the girl of the train on the Forth Bridge.

They took Hannay away—a couple of agents in plainclothes who happened to be in the hall—and in the car, at their request came the girl Pamela. She was coldly furious, and determined to see the murderer brought to justice.

But the car rushed past the police-station and out into the country. Hannay, the men told Pamela, must be brought before the sheriff of the county, forty miles away at Inverary.

"But this isn't the road to Inverary!" Pamela cried.

Hannay chuckled. "No," he said. "And what's more I'll make a little bet with you. That sheriff's got one joint missing from his finger—"

The car sped through the night, Hannay and Pamela silent in the clutches of the spies. All at once it pulled up on the desolate moors; a flock of sheep, thousands of them, were spread across the road. Cursing, the men got out—but before they did so they linked Pamela's wrist to Hannay's with the handcuffs.

For a moment Hannay sat silent. Then with a plunge he was out of the car, dragging the girl with him into the thick mist. He contrived to get out his pipe and thrust the stem, pistol-fashion, into her back.

"One yip out of you," he said roughly, "and I'll finish you first and then myself. I mean it, mind!"

HOURS LATER, drenched and weary, they staggered to the door of a roadside hotel. The pipe still performing its office, Hannay drove the girl to register them as man and wife, and they retired to the only spare room the house owned. Hannay turned to her grimly as the door closed.

"Now listen!" he said. "I'm a murderer, eh? Well, suppose I am—suppose I murder a woman every week. Nice prospect for you,

## One Girl's Experience

with a MUTUAL LIFE ENDOWMENT POLICY



### HERE IS A LETTER THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA,  
Gentlemen:

RE: POLICY NO. 82,203

I would like to express my appreciation of the Twenty Year Endowment policy which I had in your company. I have no hesitation in saying that I was exceptionally well satisfied with the result.

When I took out the policy the premium seemed a large amount to pay for twenty years, but was I happy when you delivered my cheque for the face of the policy plus the dividends—in all \$2,809.00—hundreds of dollars more than I had paid in! I felt sorry that I had not taken a policy for at least double the amount. I could have paid it just as well.

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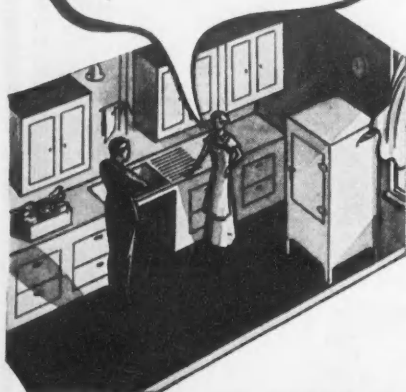
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When husbands and wives are partners in thrift, how extra nice to get a husband's praise for meals, too. You can do it. Get a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine from your grocer. There is enough in it to make four different desserts or salads, six servings each—all delicious, all economical. With Knox you don't pay for "factory-flavoring", sugar or artificial color. You use Nature's own fruits and vegetables instead. Just as an example, try this delicious

#### BEET SALAD

(6 Servings—uses only 1/4 package)

- |                                    |                              |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine | 1 cup hot water              |
| 1/4 cup cold water                 | 1/4 cup mild vinegar         |
| 1 tablespoonful lemon juice        | 1/4 cup sugar                |
| 1/2 teaspoonful salt               | 1 cup cooked beets, diced    |
| 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces  | 2 tablespoonfuls horseradish |

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar, lemon juice and stir thoroughly. Cool and when mixture begins to congeal, add remaining ingredients. Turn into a large mold or individual molds (tea cups will be very satisfactory) that have been rinsed in cold water and chill. To serve, remove from mold to bed of lettuce leaves or endive and garnish with mayonnaise.

NOTE: Two teaspoonfuls onion juice and two tablespoonfuls chopped green pepper may be added to this salad if desired.

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## The Baroness's Head

(Continued from page 62)

was distinct to me—even the deepest shadow, and it seemed to me that if anyone came by, they must be able to see me. I twisted close behind the suit of armor next my chair, and held up one arm to hide my face. The time was after half-past one.

"Otho came down the stairway. It must have been his footsteps that you heard, and that startled you out of your sleep. He was dressed in the sort of thing these people use for hunting or mountain-climbing—knickers, a pair of stout hiking boots, a short leather jacket, a cloth hat, and he had a rucksack slung on his back.

"The last thing he suspected was anyone in the hall. He went straight through, and stopped inside the front door to light a cigarette. Then he took hold of the latch. I felt a breath of night air and he was gone. And now tell me—you must have been at your window by that time—didn't you see anything of him after he went outdoors?"

"No, I didn't see Otho at all."

"That's very curious. His movements just after he left the house are a complete mystery to me. I don't know why, but I'd got it fixed in my mind that he was going to bring people into the Schloss, and that I would have a chance to overhear conversations and perhaps to see faces.

"Should I follow after him? He might be standing just the other side of the door. In that case, I'd have to tell him a cock and bull story about being unable to sleep and wanting a breath of air. But after all I belonged in the house and had as much right to be up and about as he. I was about to leave my chair and follow him, when I caught sight of something else coming down the stairs.

"I'll confess it gave me a shock at first—I thought, good God, it's a ghost! It was all in white from head to foot; it moved noiselessly, stepping like something ethereal.

"Then I saw that it was a girl in a white nightgown. I thought for an instant it was you, and I wondered if you were mixed up in this business. But it was Anna, the maid, coming downstairs as quietly as anyone ever stole through a house.

"At the bottom of the stairs she stopped and looked searchingly toward the door, and I realized that the whiff of Otho's tobacco was still in the hall and must have crossed her nostrils. She waited for a long moment, and I could imagine that she must be debating whether to turn on another light. . . . Then she turned and went on down the stairway into the basement. The clock struck a quarter before two.

"If Otho had gone away from the house, he had got such a start that I was afraid I shouldn't be able to find him. I went to the front door as quickly as possible. A second later I was outside, standing on the front steps with the damp air all about me.

"Away in the distance, coming from the direction of the road, there was the rumble of a cart. I listened for footsteps. Otho, I thought, must have gone toward the highway. If he had planned to meet someone, the rendezvous would be there. I crossed the lawn—that was where you saw me—and then went from tree-trunk to tree-trunk until I was close to the hedge; then I struck along toward the path. And you—you went back to bed and didn't see anything more?"

"I fell asleep almost as soon as I touched my pillow."

"I don't blame you. It looked peaceful enough. The house loomed up back of me against the sky, the main wing imposing and massive with the ell and tower rising above the trees. It was moonlight, and there was a night mist down in the valley. I could see a pair of headlights coming along the

highway and heard the popping of a motor lorry's exhaust.

"Then everything was still and Otho came running from the direction of the house, behind me. I heard his footsteps before I could tell who he was. He was breathing heavily, without any particular attempt at concealment, and from where I crouched I could distinguish him clearly, his body bent forward to find his way through the shadows. I wondered what he had been doing since he went out the door. Was he just going to the rendezvous? I let him get a good start, then it wasn't hard to follow him. His feet were thumping in regular, pounding steps. Just the same, I was less familiar with the path than he, and I was afraid I would stumble.

"Do you think people have a sixth sense of danger? I realized suddenly that he had stopped; and that I myself was standing dead in my tracks, wondering what would happen next.

"I felt he had grown alarmed and was coming back to investigate. I decided to get off the path at once. It would be better to lie down and wait than to beat a retreat; it would be more difficult for him to see a figure in ambush than one in motion.

"To one side of the path there was a grove of pine trees. I stepped in among the trunks and lay down at full length in the deepest darkness. A moment later I heard steps coming in my direction, moving cautiously and deliberately. I could imagine his eyes searching right and left, all his senses bent upon discovering the slightest sign of movement. I stopped breathing.

"The path was perhaps ten feet away, and I lay staring out through the tree-trunks. The tread came closer. Then it passed by without stopping, and I felt tremendously relieved. Lord, I was glad I'd chosen concealment rather than flight.

"Three or four minutes later I stood up. If Otho had gone back toward the house on his search to see that the coast was clear, he had presented me a splendid opportunity to move down closer to the road and find a hiding place from which I could watch his meeting with his fellow-conspirators. I stepped to the edge of the path and walked along noiselessly on the pine needles.

"Down in the valley were the buildings of the old brickyard. Suddenly I was astonished to see Otho appear a hundred yards in front of me, walking away from the drying-kiln in the full moonlight; he had almost reached the road. At the same moment I heard a distant motor-cycle far on the other side of the village—the heavy throb of a machine being ridden at high speed. It came on through the village square, the exhaust drumming in steady acceleration as the rider gave gas to take the little hill by the schoolhouse. Otho began to run.

"At the crest of the hill, above the brickyard, the machine made a halt; the headlight wavered from side to side, the engine idled free. . . . then it was off, first gear, second gear, and gone into the night. . . . the sharp pops echoed half a mile back from the edge of the woods—

"And Otho was gone, too! I became convinced that the entire night manoeuvre which I had witnessed was nothing more or less than Otho's sudden departure—probably arranged with the courier we had met the evening before. But still I could hardly believe my eyes. If Otho had been down there in front of me all the time, who had passed me going toward the house?

"I circled around toward the village. I felt tired and a little anxious; it was after half-past two, and I didn't want to be caught by dawn.

"Somewhere there was a dog howling; it seemed to me that half the dogs in the village had begun to bark. Some of them were yapping like curs, others were baying, and I noticed that the dog at the Schloss was lending his note to the chorus. I wondered if they knew I was abroad. . . .

"But I didn't see any more of a living soul. When I reached the door of the Schloss it was still unlocked. Once inside, I shot the bolt and went to my room and to bed."

[To be Continued]



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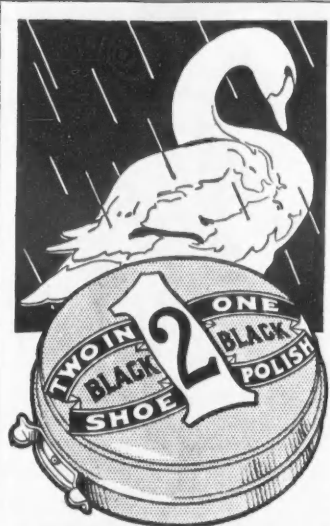
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## What is Good Style?

(Continued from page 31)

Thus it is that so many "special occasion" frocks make their bow only once before they are uneasily relegated to the back of the wardrobe. Later they emerge to be unhappily and exhaustively "worn out" for casual wear.

So, said the stylist, whenever possible avoid buying for a particular occasion. When it is absolutely unavoidable, exercise unusual discretion. Get advice from an expert about colors and design. If you're short and stout leave those gorgeous cut-velvets and brocades to the Junoesque. Queen Mary can wear them beautifully, but Mrs. Doherty is overwhelmed.

Above all, consider the garments already hanging up at home. If your budget can permit you one thing new only, then remember, if it is a frock, its relation to your brown coat and hat—your coral accessories. A beige crêpe, for instance, would be far smarter with such accessories than a green and coral print, lovely as that same print may appear in the piece.

### What is Perfection of Detail?

A woman's ensemble is only as good as its most humble part. That is what the saleswoman said. Consider your appearance "from the skin out." Not even the slender woman can wear today's frocks and suits successfully without a foundation garment to give her smoothness, and flat-seamed undies to carry through the sculptured silhouette. Handbags and gloves are the worst offenders against the harmony of an ensemble. What's worse than a dog-eared leather handbag with a lining that has seen its best days, unless it be a brand-new purse that is out of key with the ensemble?

This matter of harmony doesn't depend entirely upon color. Most women will shop diligently to match or contrast effectively their accessories. But there's the matter of size and shape and style to consider. The size of the handbag—and they're capacious this year—must depend both upon the figure of the wearer and the style of her ensemble. Unless you can carry a very clear mental picture of your new suit or frock, wear it when choosing your accessories, even your gloves. Fewer sins are committed in fall and winter, when straight pull-on gloves are almost a universal fashion, than in summer when you frequently see flimsy, flaring cuffs with tailored piqué or linen.

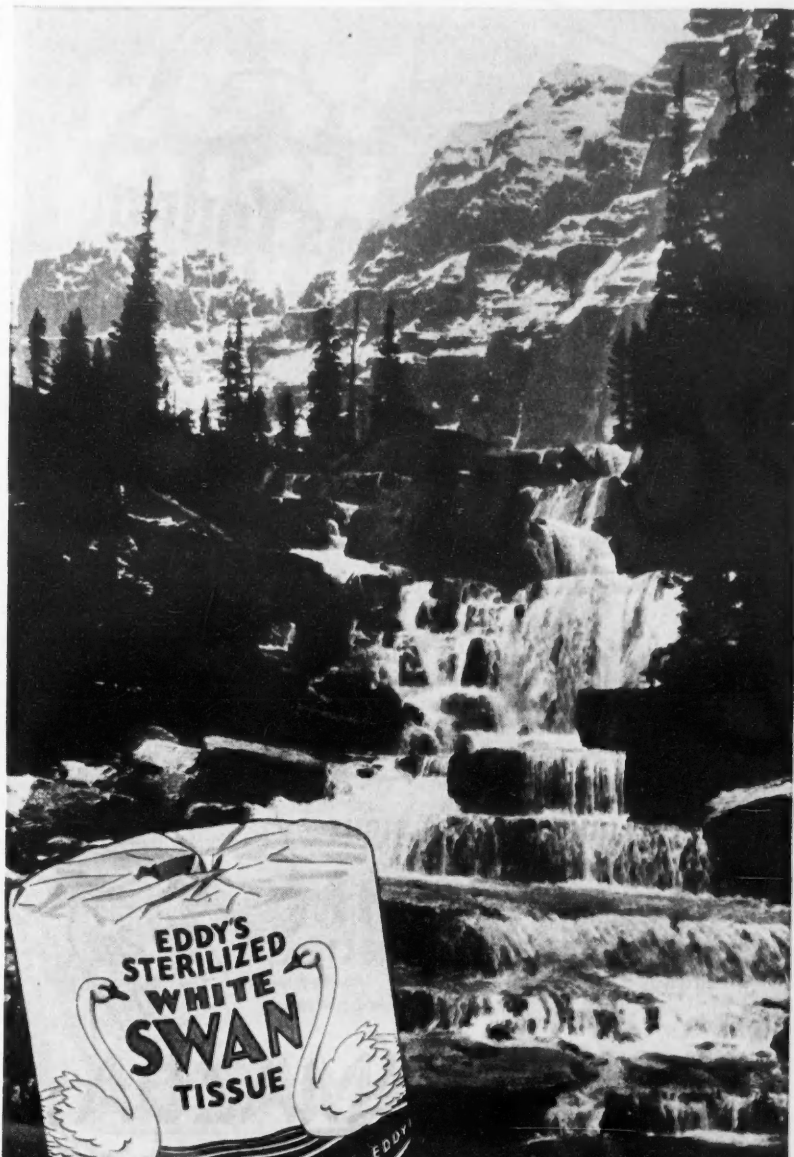
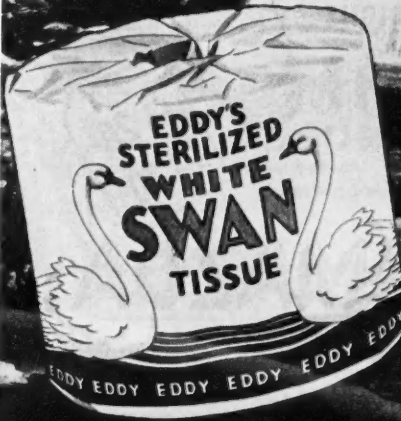
Shoes, according to the saleswoman, follow gloves and bags a close second in disagreement. You can be conservatively safe if you possess a pair of Oxfords and a pair of step-in pumps. Others, such as the colonial design or the low-cut sandal, are smart only with certain closely related costumes. A lot can be done with a pair of last summer's light shoes, whose good looks are beyond the services of a cleaner. Have them dyed a shade that ties in with your fall ensemble—not necessarily black, brown or navy.

### What is the commonest error women make?

Thinking back over her years of experience in selling frocks to all sorts and conditions of people, the saleslady concluded that the worst folly is a tendency to squeeze into a size too small, under the delusion that by so doing the figure shrinks to fit. Naturally, far from concealing, a too snugly fitting frock reveals all that is excessive in a woman's shape. If you're a "38," admit it and choose a frock in that size which is so designed to minimize those excessive curves. It can be done, and it's the saleswoman who can assist you, if you'll take her advice.

How can a woman make the most of her appearances as she grows older?

There's a natural tendency to become more conservative in selecting colors and styles. There's a lack of style knowledge which arises from engrossment in affairs of the

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Like children, Dick must have just the right food if he is to be happy and healthy!

When you give him **BROCK'S Bird Seed—with the Bird Treat**—he is assured of a perfect balance of many varieties of clean, wholesome seeds. The Treat rounds out the perfect diet.

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Scotland Yard refuses to help Pamela.

isn't it? If I were you, I'd do every single thing I tell you—and do it quick."

Still hauling her with him, he trailed over to the bed and collapsed on it. A minute later he was asleep—dead to the world. Pamela looked down at him a moment; then she began to work quietly with the handcuff that encircled her slim wrist.

From somewhere in the house, across the hall outside, there came a voice. It was speaking on the telephone, and Pamela froze at its familiar accents. One of the spies!

"What's that?" it said. "Isn't he there—the Professor? What? Gone—gone to London, eh? Tonight—in a hurry."

Pamela heard the instrument put down, and the spy swore.

"Bolted—cleared out! You hear that? Says it's too risky, with Hannay on the loose. He's warning everyone—the whole Thirty-nine Steps."

"Has he got the thing we're after?" "Yes—he's picking up our clever little friend at the Palladium on the way out."

The voices died away. Pamela was staring at the sleeping Hannay now, but there was an entirely different expression on her face. Realization had come to her at last.

Dawn stole in through the windows and Hannay stirred. He looked about him, puzzled. Pamela was half-asleep in a chair across the room from him.

"Hey!" he said. "How did we get out of these things?"

She held up her hands. "I—slipped out," she said hurriedly. "Listen!"

Breathlessly and in whispers she told him of the conversation in the night. "A lot of stuff—about the Thirty-nine Steps, whatever they are—someone's going to warn them—oh, yes, and someone's got scared and cleared out. He's picking up a friend at the London Palladium."

"The men... where are they? Downstairs?"

"No—they went away!"

Hannay shouted, "Went away! Why, you—you button-headed little idiot! One'd think even you might know that what they said was important. Can't you realize I'm wanted for murder, anyway, and that I've got to catch these people to clear myself..."

"Don't you talk to me like that!"

"I certainly will! Here we are, five hours late—and got to get to the Palladium in time..." He plunged out.

Helter-skelter, by express train, fast car, and airplane, the pair made for London. It was dark as they arrived, and the doors of the Palladium were already open. Pamela left Hannay and went straight to Scotland Yard. There an official was frankly incredulous.

"But my dear lady," he protested, "we're

assured by the Air Ministry themselves there's nothing missing. All their plans and documents have been checked."

"But there must be something! Haven't I told you about this Professor man bolting..."

The official shrugged. "If we listened to every story of that kind, madam..."

Pamela left him still protesting, and raced for the music-hall. The Assistant-Commissioner pressed a bell.

"Follow her!" he said. "I've an idea she'll lead us to Hannay."

IN THE theatre Hannay was restless as the orchestra commenced a haunting little tune.

"There!" he muttered. "That's it—that's the thing. It's been haunting me for days."

He glanced down at his programme. "Say!" he said. "Look at this—Here's Mr. Memory on again..."

Pamela followed his pointing finger, while at the back the Scotland Yard men closed in.

"I've got it!" Hannay said suddenly. "By the Lord, there's where the secret is. It's not on plans or on paper or anywhere but in Memory's brain. He's learnt it by heart!"

The little man was on the stage now, bowing and smiling. "Any question, ladies and gentlemen—any question you wish! I answer anything..."

Hannay leapt to his feet. "Here's one, then!" he cried. "Who are the Thirty-nine Steps?"

Memory closed his eyes and began to repeat as if by rote.

"The Thirty-nine Steps is the name of an organization collecting information on behalf of the government of..."

Crack!

The shot spat from a box, and Memory collapsed on the stage.

A man sprang to view, making for the exit. It was the "Professor." The Scotland Yard operatives rushed at him.

IN THE wings Memory lay dying. Hannay bent over him. "The secret, man! The secret they gave you!"

The little man gasped painfully. "Will it be all right, sir—me telling?"

Jerkily, disjointedly, he repeated it—hundreds of words and figures, technicalities involving England's newest airplane engine, the papers containing which had been stolen by the spies, memorized by him, and replaced.

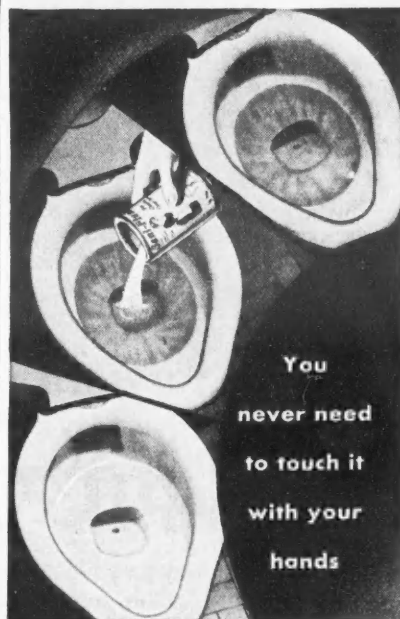
"Am I right, sir?" he whispered.

"Quite right, old man!" said Hannay quietly.

Memory's head fell back and he lay still. Hannay stood looking down at him—and as he did so, Pamela's hand stole into his. Richard Hannay had found adventure—and with it romance.

HANNAY	ROBERT DONAT
PAMELA	MADELEINE CARROLL
MISS SMITH	LUCIE MANNHEIM
PROFESSOR JORDAN	GODFREY TEARLE
CROFTER'S WIFE	PEGGY ASHCROFT
CROFTER	JOHN LAURIE
MEMORY	WYLIE WATSON

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.



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## Unwise as Possible

(Continued from page 28)

thing, I didn't realize—I'll bet you thought I was fighting off a fate worse than death."

"I don't think much, not at three A.M. But I couldn't account for the yells, quite. Somehow I couldn't imagine the Gilded Lily yelling. Come on, let's have a look at what you've dragged in."

They stood in the bedroom door and gazed at the tossing figure. "Seems harmless enough," Nick commented. A long moan came at them out of the bed and he shivered. "Gosh, does he do that often? No wonder you got the horrors. Why on earth didn't you call me sooner?"

"I didn't know—well, after this afternoon—"

Nick raised his eyebrows, puzzled. "What? Oh, you mean because you spurned my honorable proposals? Why, my dear, that was a positive relief. I'd make a rotten husband. Rodgers will do much better. By the way, how did he like this little number? Must have taken a bit of explaining."

"Explaining? Don't be absurd. I'd not think of telling him. He'd be wild."

"And that's a dandy basis for a fine happy marriage! O.K. Ann, start your practice in deceiving him early. You're going to need plenty." His arm had been lightly round her shoulders. Now he dropped it and went to sit on the bed. Ann was surprised how cold and lonely she felt without that comradely pressure; with the hardness of his words echoing in the room.

Lying on the sofa, wrapped in blankets, she waited; waited until she heard the creak of the bed as Nick settled into it. "Nick," she called at last. "I thought you were coming in to say goodnight."

"Sorry, I forgot." He sounded half asleep. "Sleep well, Ann."

She wanted to say, "I think you're a grand person," but tears got into her throat so she dared not risk her voice. That was the way gratitude always hit her. She did hope he hadn't been hurt about her not wanting to marry him. But no, he'd said he was relieved. He'd even dared to look relieved. In a moment she was going to be extremely angry about that. In a moment—and then sleep took her.

THE DOOR-BELL wakened her. She lay listening drowsily, but when a voice said, "What the devil!" out of her bedroom she sat up and began to remember. "It's the milkman, Nick, and I owe him six dollars. You answer."

"You've got a bathrobe and I haven't," Nick shouted logically. "Go on, lazy. We'll need milk. I can pay him."

Ann got grumbling out of bed. She was even muttering as she opened the door, but the sight of John Rodgers Third dried up all conversation at the source. She could only say, "How—how—" sounding like a blanket Indian in a movie.

"I had to come, Ann," he said, and she thought, still blankly, that here at last was ardor. "I had to attend a directors' meeting anyway," he went on, and her wry grin at herself encouraged him, it seemed. "Is it too unconventional if I come in for a moment?"

"He's being very brave," Ann thought, and then she got her mind back and panic seized her. She said: "But how sweet of you," and got the door almost shut. "I'm afraid—"

"There's six dollars in my wallet on the dressing table," Nick yelled. "Get cream, too; oh, and have we any eggs?"

John stood stock still, goggling at her and she saw his neck get purple. "I'm sorry," he said at last, turning away.

She put out her hand quickly. "Don't be stuffy. Come in. Nick's here for breakfast. Nick Chalmers, you know." She opened the

door wide and called over her shoulder. "Nick, it's John. Come on out and help me tell him what the little woman's been up to now."

The story took longer this time. Although John said nothing there seemed a great deal to explain. She watched his face anxiously, saw the dark flush recede and incredulity take its place.

"You mean you took in a hobo and put him in your bed? But, Ann, surely that's extremely unwise. Why, he may have something dreadful." Ann watched fear chase away incredulity. She'd never believed that John's sort of face could manage such a range of expression. "You can't tell what persons like that might pick up. Why, it might even be—"

"It might be smallpox or bubonic plague, but it isn't, John. It's just a cold. And you need not see him."

John Rodgers settled back from the edge of his chair. Small crinkles began to gather round his eyes. "So you got Chalmers to the rescue, eh? Now I think that was decent of him."

Nick appeared in the doorway, looking astonishingly trim, if unshaven, and John said, "How are you, Chalmers?" kindly. "I was just telling Ann how much I appreciated your helping her out last night. Darned sporting of you. Silly thing for her to do, of course, but women—!" He held out his cigarette case to Nick who said, "Thanks, not before breakfast," and bent his head courteously under John's voice as it went on and on. And on.

It was a fat voice, Ann noticed. "Very bad thing, this sort of unorganized charity," he informed them, leaning back comfortably. "Those fellows don't appreciate it, y'know. They've no gratitude. He saw that Ann was young and emotional; that window washing business was so much nonsense. He didn't want to work. It's my belief that the fellows who want to work—really want to, mind you—always find plenty to do. Oh, no, he didn't want to work. He just wanted to eat."

"Lots of people do," Nick agreed pleasantly. "Funny!"

"Now you should have sent him about his business, Ann. But you're inexperienced. I love your being tenderhearted; a woman should be. But the thing to do now is to get him out of here at once, and have the place fumigated. You get some clothes on him, Chalmers, and then I'll talk to him. I trust you're right about his not having anything contagious. You'll see how fast he gets well when he finds out he's not dealing with a woman. And don't you worry, Ann. I'll give him something. I never contribute except to organized charity but I'll make an exception for once."

"You're a silly child," he told her fondly. "I see I'll have to take better care of you. These impulses! Incidentally, my dear, what do you imagine the staff downstairs thinks? Won't all this look a bit odd?" It was really a noble attempt at broadmindedness, that light tone of his, Ann decided. He must be trying hard to show her that he could be as rakish and unconventional as anyone. And his neck bulged over his collar.

"I was careful about that, John," she said sweetly. "No one knows my invalid is here; no one was on at night to see Nick come in. But there is you. No one saw you come in. As you go out so early in the morning, better try explaining that to the doorman. Or do the very rich ever explain to servants? You'll have to decide. Because you're going out. And quickly."

In spite of herself her voice was rising. She got to her feet, glaring into his astonished face, feeling, as she pushed back her tumbled hair, exactly like a fishwife. It was exhilarating. Maybe she'd scream and stamp. She didn't know. Maybe screaming and stamping might get under his thick skin. Then Nick said: "Ann," quietly, and she stopped being hysterical. "So nice of you to drop in, John," she said. "Nick and I can take care of this perfectly, thank you. Do call me sometime."

There wasn't much more and she managed it lightly, and then, John, bewildered and

(Continued on page 71)

## HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?



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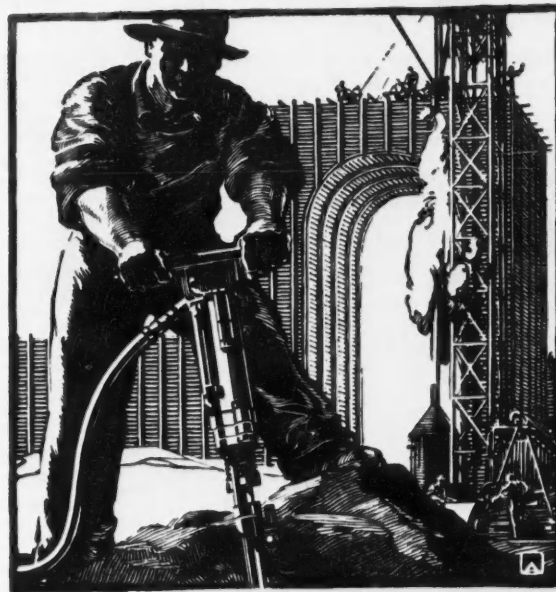
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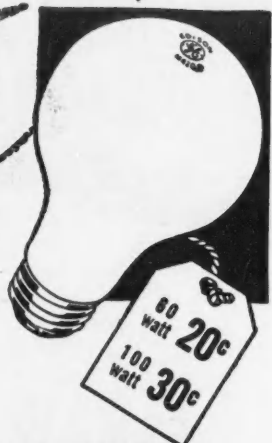




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home. There's an adjustment to be made to the maturing of one's figure, and a realization that the colors which used to suit fresh young skins and brown hair will not necessarily favor grey hair and pale cheeks.

Too many women, said the stylist, greet middle-age with a depressing array of navies, blacks and greys. Yet, for the middle-aged woman with greying hair there opens up an exciting world of new colors. She whose brown hair and eyes have tied her to brunette shades, can discover new adventures in the softer, dusty pinks and blues and reds. The new Du Bonnet red, the grey-toned violets, the smoky blues, are lovely muted colors that require only a little judicious make-up to clothe a woman beautifully in her gracious middle years. When choosing a color, hold it up to your face, and study its effect in a long mirror in the broad light of day. Only colors for frocks that will be worn at night should be selected by artificial light.

#### Are Canadian women fashion-conscious?

The little French designer who had been with Molyneux before becoming designer for an exclusive Canadian shop, answered deliberately, "Yes—and no." We are, apparently, fashion-conscious to the extent of knowing what Paris and New York favor. But we're dreadfully conservative. We must wait until New York has placed its stamp of approval on a mode before we dare follow Parisian dictates. Consequently, Canadian women lag behind the fascinating world of fashion.

Worst of all our faults, it seems, is the habit of fastening on a style we like, cutting it out of a magazine perhaps, then marching with it to our dressmakers and demanding something similar for ourselves. That is terrible, for in so few cases will the results be fortunate. Therein, the designer explained, lies the main difference between the attitudes of French and Canadian women. The Frenchwoman will defer to her dressmaker, suggesting personal modifications only after the broad design has been sketched out. The Canadian, on the other hand, trusts to her own judgment and seldom approaches the business of selecting clothes with an open mind.

Consequently, we see women like Mrs. Doherty—very chic according to the new top-heavy mode, yet missing that indefinable trick of personal smartness. For there are ways of circumventing fashion. Take, for example, the problem which instigated this article—the new top-heavy silhouette. Instead of accentuating her natural shortcomings, the stoutish woman would do well to modify the current fashion. Intricate stitching on the bodice of her frock will follow the trend without undue stress on fullness. An upstanding collar at the back, and a V neckline crossed at the base of the throat with a narrow cord, will lengthen a shortened neck, yet create the illusion of a high neckline. A stitched pleat from neck to hem will carry the eye downward, giving length of line to the figure. Never should there be flares or peplums over the hips, deep yokes or frills at the hem to cut off height. Dull fabrics should be chosen rather than shiny-surfaced ones, dark or soft off-shades rather than intense colors. The long, narrow V-back is a lovely evening decolletage, particularly for the statuesque in build. Tall hats should be favored rather than flat ones, smooth coiffures rather than curly topknots; simple tailored effects are better than more elaborate models.

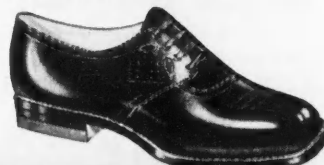
That's what the designer told me. And she added something that seems to sum up the whole situation. "Good style," she said, "is a compromise between fashion and personality." Which is, after all, what all four of us have been saying. What do you think?

### This Month's Beauty Culture Cover

The furs, hat and bag, worn in the photograph used for Chatelaine's Beauty Culture cover this month, are supplied by Stan Walker, Limited, Toronto. Photo by Photographic Arts.



THERE'S a spring to her step and comfort in her feet—she's wearing Hewetson Cushion-Soled Shoes. A stout leather sole for protection—an airy cushion for comfort—combine in this shoe to safeguard the feet of growing girls and boys—and it's less tiring, too. Ask for Hewetson's "Cushion-Welt" Shoes by name in your own shoe store.



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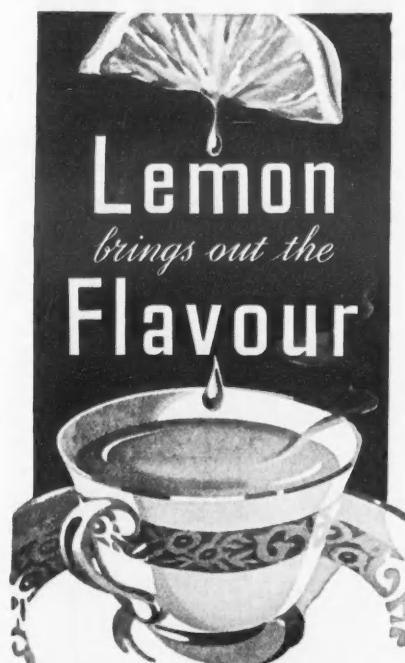
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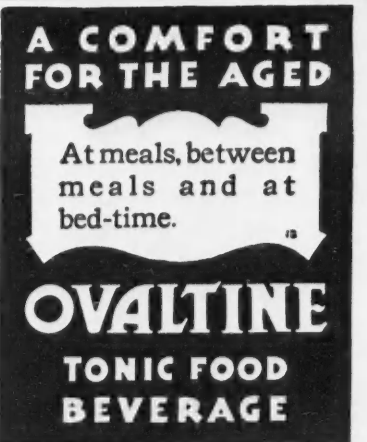




**BECAUSE** it releases the full flavour and fragrance of the blend, lemon-with-tea is fast becoming the custom. Slices or segments in the cup is the usual serving, but a teaspoonful of grated rind in the pot while brewing is a variation worth repeating.

Lemons in tissue wrappers trademarked "Sunkist" are practically seedless, bright-skinned and wonderfully juicy.

Write for *Free Booklet*, "200 Sunkist Recipes for Every Day." Sunkist, Sec. 3710, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California.



## Unwise as Possible

(Continued from page 69)

hurt, was gone, and Nick stood in the living-room door and watched her come down the hall.

"I must say, Ann, when you kick two million dollars in the teeth you do it with gusto," he remarked. "Don't you feel, my dear, that you're being extremely unwise?"

Ann giggled. "I wonder if he really will try to explain to Dennis?" and then, suddenly, they were roaring with laughter.

"Stop looking smug," Nick said at last, when he could speak. "Because if you think you've just struck a blow for the Forgotten Man you're wrong. He was absolutely right, you know, about unorganized charity and—"

"So right," Ann agreed. "And so certain of it." She went up to him and put her arms round his shoulders. "My kind of people," she said contentedly. She smiled up at him but his face sobered her. He looked very odd, solemn, even a bit angry.

"Don't fool, Ann. I—I can't take it, so early in the day."

She stood very still, her eyes holding his, her smile quite gone. At last, and it seemed a long time to her, at last his arms went round her and they kissed.

A querulous voice from the bedroom brought them back. "Can't a guy even get a cigarette round here?" it wanted to know. Nick released her and chuckled with amusement when he got a good look at her. "For heaven's sake, go and get tidy," he said. "You're a sight. And Ann," his voice was still gay but Ann thought she could hear a warning in it, "I can't make an honest woman of you till Tuesday when I get that cheque. Weddings cost money."

Ann laughed. "I've got five dollars," she suggested without shame. "I'm a poor widow-woman myself, mister. And you know how widows are. Understanding."

## What Is She Like?

(Continued from page 62)

Slim and fair, Alice Buchan married a little over a year ago, Captain Brian Fairfax-Lucy, whose ancestor once tried one William Shakespeare for killing deer—on which occasion the said William was acquitted. Today, Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy, an ardent Shakespearean, lives near Stratford-on-Avon, and has more than a little interest in what takes place there.

AFTER A while I went upstairs for a little talk with Lord Tweedsmuir, whose homely comfortable room, with fire and generous windows, looked out over an even wider prospect than the room below. Down in a small wood was a lily-pond; daffodils were breaking into bloom among the trees. And I thought of those words of Damodara:

"No man has known true happiness, who has not loved a vast horizon."

Since then, I have met Lady Tweedsmuir, her husband, her children, several times, at various occasions. Always, the first impressions have deepened.

I know she goes to you with a mind well stored with knowledge, but open and eagerly interested; with a very friendly feeling of kinship; willing to give of all that she has; but also willing to receive those things which Canada, as a Dominion, has it in her power so splendidly to bestow.

## Easiest, Creamiest Pull-Taffy!



### EAGLE BRAND MOLASSES TAFFY

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk  
½ cup molasses  
Few grains salt

Cook Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, molasses and salt together in a heavy pan. Stir over low heat until hard ball forms when tested in cold water. Cool on buttered pan. Pull until firm. Stretch into a long rope and cut in pieces.

● Far less chance of failure, with this recipe! Far quicker cooking! Far easier to pull! And oh, how creamy this taffy is! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts, 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Magic Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic) Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: The Borden Co. Limited, Yardley House, Toronto, Ont.

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## CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

If you are handy with a sewing machine and make your children's clothes, be sure to use

CHATELAINE PATTERNS  
on Pages 72, 73, 74.



While you're oiling-up home appliances with 3-in-One, don't forget Baby's carriage, Tom's wagon, Sister's scooter. They need it, too!

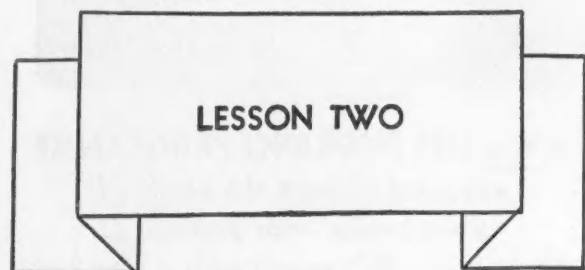


Blended from 3 oils for better protection.  
CLEANS-LUBRICATES PREVENTS RUST



# HOW TO DRAW FUNNY FACES

by JACK McLAREN



THESE ARE THE PROFILES OF THE HEADS SHOWN IN LESSON 1. NOTICE THE DEVELOPMENT OF EACH HEAD. SWITCH THE EYES, NOSES, MOUTHS, EARS AND HAIR AROUND FOR A VARIETY OF CHARACTERS.

SISSY



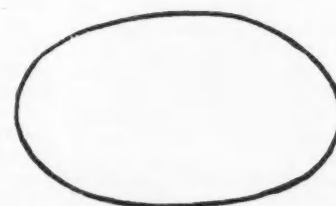
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HAPPY

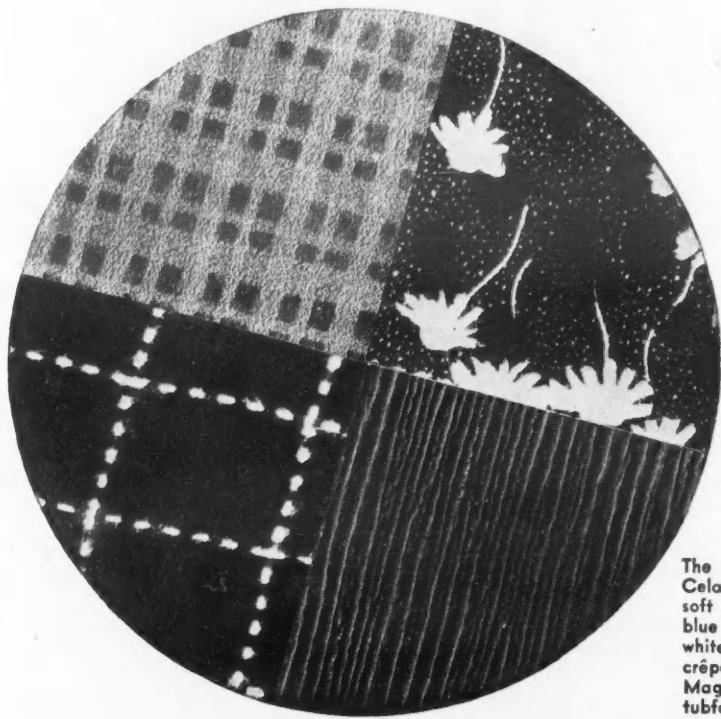


THIS IS the second in a series of lessons to show boys and girls how to draw funny faces. The course is by a famous cartoonist, and during the next few months in *Chatelaine* he will illustrate not only how to draw faces, but figures, hands and feet as well, and how to put these together so that they

make a completely harmonious picture. Last month he gave you the full-face views of these same faces, told you what materials you would need, and showed some important shading exercises. Now, if you've been practising those exercises—drawing straight lines, angles and waving lines,

speckly dots and solid masses—and if you've copied the faces shown last month, you are ready to go ahead with this lesson.

Keep practising the shading exercises. They will give your pencil and pen ease of movement. Next month Mr. McLaren will show you how to draw figures in action.



# GOING TO TOWN

The top section shows Canadian Celanese new plaid-weave sheer in soft green. At left: Viyella in a smart blue and black plaid, threaded with white hairy wool. At right is Carleton crêpe—daisies on a brown ground—a Magog Fastest Fabric, sunfast and tubfast. The lower section shows a new ribbed silk from Courtaulds—rust-red threaded with gold

**No. 555** — An effective example of the new pencil-slim lines for formal suits. There is fullness at the shoulders, before the coat falls sleekly to three-quarter length. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires 3½ yards of 54 inch material. Price 15 cents.

**No. 563** — Here's a coat that's just as masculine on a little boy as it's feminine on his sister. It has a deep inverted pleat at the back, and is double-breasted with a good overlap. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 54 inch material. Price 15 cents.



## COATS

Nubby tweeds and bouclé wools for sports. Smooth, velours-like fabrics with "embossed" designs, or ribbed wools for formality.

## SUITS

Tweeds, velveteen, basket-weave wools, Viyella plaid jackets and blouses with plain skirts. Afternoon suits of velvet, bengaline corded silk, blistered-surface satins, pebbly crêpes.

## DAY FROCKS

Hairy wools, plaid and checked Viyella, thin wool jersey, sawdust crêpes, satin-back crêpes, metallic-striped crêpes, Celanese sheers in check or plaid weaves; velvets, Carleton crêpes, which are cottons in striking designs and close, weaves suitable for fall.

## EVENING GOWNS

Brocades, lamés, taffetas, velvets, crêpe remain, gold and silver threaded crêpes, chiffon.

## COLORS

Blacks first, then cypress, olive, pine or moss green; coppers, golden-browns, wine and rust-reds, grey-violets and purple blues.





# CLOTHES THAT OTHERS ADMIRE

**No. 558.**—You'll like the smart folded collar, clever seaming, and the twisted braid which links the buttons together. A style that's chic in either wool or silk. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39 inch material.

**No. 556.**—Polished wood, metal or glass buttons are an exciting note on this wool frock with soft velvet bow. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39 inch and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 18 inch material.



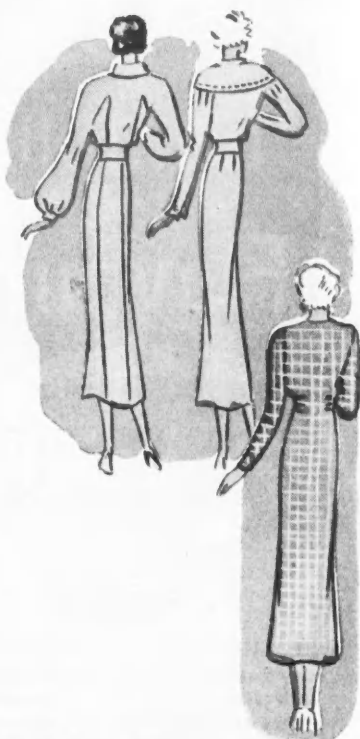
**CHATELAINÉ  
PATTERNS**

**PRICE 15 CENTS**

558



556



**No. 565.**—Silk crêpe combines with satin or velvet to create an unusually graceful, slenderizing gown for the maturer figure. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39 inch and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 39 inch material.



553

**No. 553.**—Make it as a suit or a dress—it's charming for either boy or girl. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39 inch material for dress;  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 39 inch material for suit; with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 35 inch contrasting material for each.

**No. 552.**—Wide box-pleats all the way round this little frock, so trim for school. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 35 inch and 1 yard of 39 inch material.



552



565

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Compiled as a convenience to the readers of Chatelaine;  
this index is not guaranteed against occasional error or  
omission, but the greatest care is taken to ensure accuracy.



## Chic — and CROCHETED

WITH the new season's silhouette basically the same and fashion interest centered at the neckline, a new collar will bring last year's frock right to the front of the mode. Here's one with a world of chic because it's crocheted, in happy harmony with rich Fall silks or sheer wools. One that you can make for yourself with delightful ease in just a few hours. The color is yours

to select... the thread J. & P. Coats' Mercer-Crochet.

J. & P. Coats' Mercer-Crochet is a strong lustrous and lasting thread, a joy to work with. Colors are vibrantly clear and bright or softly pastel... guaranteed fast... also white, linen and ecru.

Send for booklets containing many charming suggestions for newest notions in hand crochet.

### J. & P. Coats' MERCER-CROCHET

Made in Canada by the  
makers of Coats' and  
Clark's Spool Cotton.

Use only a *Milwards*  
Steel Crochet Hook —  
famous since 1730.

THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,  
Dept. X-46, P.O. Box 519, Montreal, P.Q.

Please send me Book No. 55, "Crocheted Neckwear", 10c [ ], Book No. 61,  
"Crocheted Dresses", 10c [ ]. Check literature you wish.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Women—hold fast the security of your home

● Do you value your home—and all that it stands for? ● have you children to provide for, and to start in life? ● have you a job, or the expectation of one? ● have you a few dollars saved for a rainy day? ● have you a share of stock, or an insurance policy? ● do you own a bond, even of minimum value? ● are you concerned in your men-folks' welfare? . . . AND YOUR OWN?

If you can answer "YES" to any of these questions YOU HAVE A STAKE IN CANADA, and are vitally concerned in Canada's future.

Then, surely, you want, above all else, a continuance of the greatest possible measure of stability and security in this country.

Today, the security we enjoy is the inherent right of every Canadian citizen. Upon it is built our social order, under which we pursue in peace our lives and lawful avocations, and fashion our future in freedom. It is the guardian of our own day, and the warden of our children's morrow. To all who make or share a home, to all who seek to provide for coming years, to all who work in any channel of production or of service, and to all who depend upon them, the rigid maintenance of that security of person and possession in this country is a matter of supreme importance.

The measure of stability and security which citizens of any country experience in these days of world-stress and international crises, lies largely in the hands of the government which they elect.

## Women of Canada!

You cannot afford to experiment. Security is vital to your home, your happiness, and your future welfare. For five years past, the Bennett government, through days of stress and struggle, uncertainty and unrest, has given you a sound and orderly administration of national affairs, guarding your security against the dangers of disruptive forces and economic chaos. And it has done more.

## Do you know that—

**BENNETT** has enacted a programme of social reform measures, this year, that brings new hope and a real prospect of greater happiness to every home in Canada. Every woman will realize to what great and beneficial extent this legislation affects both her men-folk and herself. For instance:

- (a) the enactment of an eight-hour day and a forty-eight hour week in industry has swept away the exploitation of human effort in the matter of excessive hours of labour by unscrupulous employers; has cast out of our economic system, forever, the hideous evil of "sweated" labour; and has made one day's rest in seven the law of the land from coast to coast.

- (b) the enactment of a Dominion-wide minimum wage law abolishes the "sweat-shop" and the under-payment of male and female help in factories, and for piece-work in the home.
- (c) the enactment of an unemployment insurance measure has provided means by which all employees, male or female, can insure themselves under a contributory scheme (embracing payments by employer and state as well) against the possibility of unemployment, without loss of self-respect and without heavy payments whilst employed.
- (d) the elimination of unfair trade practices, such as the deliberate forcing-down of produce-prices to producers by powerful corporations; by securing fair weight and measure for the consumer; by eliminating the evils of "mass-buying", and by many other prohibitions, has protected producer and consumer alike against exploitation.
- (e) the enactment of a housing programme will enable working men and women to live in decent and healthy homes in good surroundings, and will aid in abolishing "slums" in the big cities.
- (f) the amendment of the basis of taxation places upon the huge unearned income a greater burden of taxation than on the earned income—"taxing the most those who can afford it most".

These measures, with many more, passed during the last session of Parliament, constitute A GREATER PROGRAMME OF SOCIAL REFORM THAN HAS BEEN PASSED BY ALL THE GOVERNMENTS OF CANADA SINCE CONFEDERATION, COMBINED. And, if you so will, reform will go still further.

**BENNETT** has created jobs, through the expansion of industry and agriculture as a result of his vigorous policies, for more than half a million Canadian men and women in the past two years. Month by month, additional employment is being found by thousands of workers, who, had it not been for Bennett and his efforts to provide work for Canadian workers, would still be the unemployed victims of the world-depression.

**BENNETT** effected the Ottawa Imperial Trade Agreements, by which wider channels of marketing opportunities were opened to Canadian products and produce. These pacts have not only increased the volume and value of Canadian manufactures for export but have already induced 319 British and United States firms to establish plants or offices in Canada. This has meant increased opportunities for the employment of more thousands of Canadian men and women. The farmers' families also share in the benefits of these agreements, in the surer market and higher prices the farmers of Canada are now receiving for many of their products.

**BENNETT** has managed the finances of Canada during the depression without a single bank, trust company, or insurance company failure, and without the slightest impairment of national credit. No other country (Britain alone excepted) has such a record. This has spelt security to you and safety to your home.

**BENNETT** has restored to Canadian industry first place in the Canadian market, by tariff protection against the foreign goods that previously flooded this country. By so doing, he has kept open many factories which would otherwise have been closed, and so retained employment to thousands of Canadian girls.

**BENNETT** has provided for relief in Canada to the fullest capacity of the nation's resources. To relief, no less a sum than \$593,199,399 was provided by the Bennett government in four years.

**BENNETT** has met the forces of unrest and confusion—the gravest of all perils to the security and sanctity of the home—with firmness and courage, and all attempts at the disruption of our national and social structure have been defeated.

**BENNETT** has piloted Canada successfully through the greatest economic storm that ever launched its fury on the world at large. Now he is steering the Dominion safely through clearing weather towards the port of prosperity.

**BENNETT** seeks your support to continue his reform programme; to bring the Constitution up-to-date in order to sweep away the evils that still exist within the body politic of Canada; to preserve for our children the security we today enjoy; and to pass onto them, as they, in turn, take up the responsibilities which we must some day surrender, the great heritage of free citizenship in a happy, a prosperous, and a contented country.

Women of Canada: THINK OF YOUR FUTURE BEFORE YOU VOTE

# Vote Conservative

**"B.O."?**  
Nonsense!  
*Nice people don't have it!*

Oh, don't they?... *just think this over!*

EVERY NORMAL PERSON PERSPIRES A QUART DAILY! WE MAY OFFEND AND NOT KNOW IT

BUT OTHERS ALWAYS NOTICE. BEHIND OUR BACKS WE'RE CRITICIZED AS "UNDESIRABLE"

DON'T RISK POLITE SNUBS — SOCIAL RUIN. GET LIFEBOUY. BATHE WITH IT REGULARLY

HOW GLORIOUSLY FRESH AND CLEAN YOU FEEL! NO "B.O." NOW TO MAR YOUR CHARM. YOUR SKIN IS CLEARER, LOVELIER, TOO

LIFEBOUY does two important things for your complexion. Its rich, penetrating lather cleanses deeper, yet cleanses more gently. Tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." It lathers freely in hardest water; purifies pores; removes every trace of "B.O." (body odour). Its own clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau






## WHAT HER HUSBAND LEARNED ABOUT WASHDAY

OH, DARLING, YOU GOT THAT JOB

YOU BET I DID! I STARTED RIGHT IN TO WORK THIS MORNING

YOU ARE NOW LOOKING AT A SALESMAN OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST WASHING MACHINE COMPANIES IN THE WORLD

BRAVO!

AND BY THE WAY—THE FIRST INSTRUCTIONS I RECEIVED WERE ALWAYS TO RECOMMEND RINSO FOR LASTING SUDS AND WHITER WASHES

I MUST USE RINSO, THEN. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T BEEN GETTING REAL SNOWY WASHES FROM MY WASHER...

NEXT WASHDAY

I SEE YOU'VE BEEN USING RINSO. THAT SHIRT IS SO SNOWY

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME! RINSO'S THICK SUDS GET MY WASH AT LEAST 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

AFTER SUPPER I'LL HELP YOU WITH THE DISHES AND WE'LL GO TO A MOVIE

YOU'RE A DEAR BUT I WON'T NEED HELP. RINSO MAKES DISHWASHING QUICK AND EASY, TOO

**No washer? Then soak your clothes snowy, in these rich, safe suds!**

Just by soaking Rinso gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. Its rich suds save scrubbing and boiling! Even downright dirty clothes come sweet and clean as new. Colours come fresh and bright. And this gentle "no-scrub" method makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save money.

**Great for dishes, too**

A little Rinso gives thick, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Grand for dishes. How grease goes! Recommended by makers of 24 leading Canadian washers. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG package.

AND SEE HOW EASY RINSO IS ON MY HANDS, DEAR

**Rinso**

Millions use Rinso in Tub, Washer and Dishpan










# Anna Lee Scott PRESENTS HER NEW IDEA— *Animated* RECIPES THE RECIPES THAT PROCEED AS YOU READ



Cooking made simple as A.B.C. Note that you can stand the book up, lay it flat, turn it inside out without the pages flipping over.



The ingredients needed can be seen at a glance. When you're all ready, start out with the first line. Do what it tells you to do . . .



Then continue with the next line... and the next... proceed as you read! Every step is taken in the correct order. It's simple.



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Even the binding is of a new type. Open the book where you may, the pages lie flat. Turn it inside out, stand it up, lay it down—the pages never flip over.

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• The Maple Leaf Milling Company want to make it easy for you to purchase this new aid to good cooking. They therefore, are absorbing half the price of the book and paying postage if you take advantage of the offer shown to the right.

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Please find enclosed 50c. for a copy of the new Anna Lee Scott \$1 Cook Book, (the one edition indicated below) by mail, post paid.

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NOTE: Please indicate with a cross (X) the type of flour you use. The Pastry Flour Edition carries a bread section for use with Bread Flour, so in no instance do you require both editions.

**MONARCH**  
*Fancy Pastry*  
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FOR CAKES AND PASTRY

**MAPLE LEAF**  
*Cream of the West*  
**FLOUR**

FOR BREAD AND BUNS

# Gossip

by

H. NAPIER MOORE



IN AUGUST, my wife and I motored round the Gaspé Peninsula.

There's nothing unusual about that. Tens of thousands of husbands and wives did the same thing.

So did thousands of parties of men without wives. There's nothing unusual about that.

So did thousands of girls and women, travelling in pairs, trios and quartettes without any male accompaniment at all. And there's nothing unusual about that.

The fact that there is nothing unusual about it makes it a matter for comment. Even I can remember the day when people would have been horrified at the idea of girls, or even elderly ladies, dashing about the countryside on their own. It wasn't considered quite respectable.

Now, wherever you travel, car after car will whiz past you, with alert, positive young maidens and capable-looking silvery-haired women at the wheel and their counterparts packed in among the baggage.

No distance daunts them. No hill is ferocious enough to set their hearts aflutter.

Rarely indeed do you see them sitting helplessly by the roadside waiting until some chivalrous male stops and changes a tire. Not them. On their tummies you will see them, pushing a jack into place. Or wrestling with stubborn nuts. Or fiddling with the doodads under the hood.

And, as you pass, you realize the truth of the late Earl of Birkenhead's remark that there isn't a single department of life in which men still maintain undisputed supremacy unless it is cooking and women's fashions.

The spectacular highways which skirt the Gaspé coast and the North shore of the St. Lawrence have become two of the most travelled holiday routes in the world. It is therefore natural that the inhabitants should have become a bit tourist-conscious. But Quebec is still the Province of the Contrast of Ages.

Women from every other province in Canada and from every corner of the United States, back in their own homes, have had a glimpse into a vastly different feminine world. A world in which women are denied a voice in its public affairs; in which thousands of them labor in the fields from dawn to dark. A world of humble homes, or large families; of open-air bake ovens, of ox-carts and dog wagons; of hard work and scant returns.

And yet a world of contentment and happiness around the hearth. A world in which families remain unscattered. A world in which the church remains the community as well as the spiritual centre. A world in which the wife of the poorest fisherman, the poorest farmer feels the richer for the sight of a sunset over reddening hills.

A world of peace; of simple philosophy.

Things to be remembered, these, in moments of city life irritation.

A LOT of women will remember them. A lot won't. What the latter will talk about will be the woman from their own home-

town whom they met at Percé, and who told them she knew it for a fact that the Robinsons were planning to get a separation, which they themselves had always said was bound to happen. Of course they would be the last to breath a word about it to anyone, but . . .

You know the type.

So does Mr. Claypool, who burst through the front pages of the newspapers recently. Charles Claypool is a Justice of the Peace in Seattle. What he said was this:

"More divorces are caused by women who talk too much than by any other one thing."

"Men learn, when they are small, not to say everything they think. If they do, somebody knocks their block off. Nobody knocks a little girl's block off, and she says what she pleases until she is a garrulous old woman."

MELANIE BENETI knows the type. Read "Mrs. Dacier" on page five of this issue.

EVERY NIGHT in New York crowds of men and women are to be heard muttering about the desirability of knocking one young maiden's block off. It has been going on for a year or more, this muttering. And all because of the amazingly fiendish performance of a young Toronto actress by the name of Florence McGee. You have heard of the play, "The Children's Hour."

It is a stark play; a frightening play. And its theme is that of the sickening havoc wrought in the lives of two innocent girls by the malicious, gossiping tongue of a girl child whose block was never knocked off.

The night I saw the play I sat behind two matrons who were moved to bitter indignation. Between acts, one remarked: "That child's tongue should be torn out by the roots." The other agreed. Then in the same breath said: "Oh, by the way, did you hear about the trouble at Mamie's? My dear! What goes on!"

They had just a lovely ten minutes.

IN *Scribner's Magazine* not long ago there appeared an article by Helen Van Pelt Wilson in which she outlined what she most desired for her daughter. She summed it up in one word: Charm.

And because these words were written by a woman I take the liberty of helping myself to them.

"Other attributes than beauty add to charm. I am striving to develop a low, well modulated voice, as pleasing as it is rare. I shall see, too, that my daughter has some small talk, but not so small that no one wants to hear it. A knowledge of current events will give her something to say to people of all types and protect her from the necessity of gossip."





### YEAR-OLD clothes look new!

Here is the Curry family—Ann Marie, Fred, Tom, Angela, Mrs. Curry, Mildred Elise, James and David—posed for you in clothes washed regularly with Chipso. All these blouses and wash dresses are a year or more old. But Mrs. Curry is

proud to have her children photographed in them because they haven't lost their crisp and colorful new look.

Chipso is **SAFE**. Just as it protects Mrs. Curry's family wash, it can mean **savings to you**, in years longer wear from all **your** clothes, too.

**"I LIKE  
CHIPSO**  
it's quick  
and safe... our  
clothes don't fade!"

SAYS MOTHER OF 7,  
A "WONDERFUL HOUSEKEEPER"



### "Boys' clothes easy to wash with Chipso"

"I never worry about the big washings, no matter how dirty my four active boys get their clothes," Mrs. Curry says. "Chipso's **RICH SUDS**

soften dirt and float it out—without any of the hard rubbing which weakens materials and wears them thin. Our washings are on the line in a jiffy."

**"A** family of our size uses too many clothes to let washing accumulate for a whole week," says Mrs. T. B. Curry.

"We have three washdays a week. But they're not hard like old-fashioned washdays. They're **Chipso** washdays! The clothes are on the line usually in less than an hour—because Chipso loosens dirt like magic. Even the dirt grimed into the boys' wash trousers and gabardine play-suits comes out without hard rubbing! Our white clothes look **SNOWY**. Yet Chipso is **SAFE FOR COLORS**. These frequent washings don't make my children's clothes look washed out."

Mrs. Curry's home is radiant with fresh curtains, gleaming white woodwork, polished glass and spotless linen. "We use Chipso for all these things," she

says. "It's a comfort, because Chipso is easy on the hands, quick, never harms anything and it's so **economical!**"

You, too, can have easy washdays without using harsh soap. Chipso's strength is in its **RICHER SUDS**. It is **SOAPIER**—that is why it does quick work so safely and so cheaply. The big package goes far in suds. Get it this week at your store.



**CHIPSO**  
*makes clothes  
wear longer*

MADE IN CANADA



### Snappy work on dishes with good Chipso Suds!

And Chipso is economical—it takes so little to make suds that *last*. Chipso smells fresh and mild... and it's *mild* on your hands!